No. 1909—Vol. 73

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

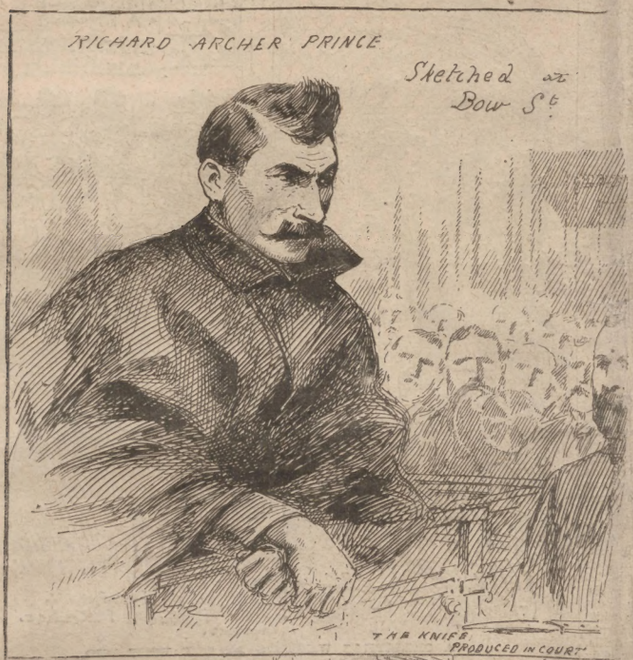
December 25, 1897

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by Henry James Taylor, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, aforesaid.

£1000 in case of Death, or **£375** for Disablement. And **£200** CYCLING INSURANCE.
Free Insurance for Train, Omnibus, Tram-Car, Cab, and Steam-Boat, for Readers of the "P.I.P."—*(See Coupon, with details, on page 402.)*

OUT OF PRINT AT THE "P.I.P." OFFICE. "THE STAR OF KLONDYKE." OUR TRIUMPHANT GOLDEN ANNUAL.



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM TERRISS AS ROMEO.
From Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

THE DIABOLICAL ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM TERRISS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

See "The Prompter" on the "Talk of London," Next Page.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COD-LIVER OIL.

The medical profession has found in ANGIER'S PETROLEUM EMULSION a palatable and most efficient substitute for Cod-Liver Oil, without any of its disagreeable nauseating properties. Besides its food value, which is fully equal to that of Cod-Liver Oil, it possesses decided antiseptic power, and has also a wonderfully soothing and healing effect upon inflamed or catarrhal conditions of Throat, Lungs, Stomach, and Intestines.

ANGIER'S Petroleum EMULSION

is pleasant to take and promotes appetite, aids digestion, and greatly improves the weight, strength, and general health. Beware of imitations made with ordinary petroleum. Our oil is obtained from particular wells, and is specially purified for internal use. Of Chemists, 2/9 and 4/6.

A SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT FREE. on receipt of 3d. to cover postage.

ANGIER CHEMICAL COMPANY, Limited.
Room E., 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

FOR ACHES AND PAINS Rub In ELLIMAN'S

"The only Genuine Rub on in the Market."
J. D. CAIN,
Captain and Trainer, Brooklyn Athletic Club, U.S.A., July 1st, 1897.

ELLIMAN'S

Bottles, 8½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s.
Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., SLOUGH, ENG.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN and want to give your friends an inexpensive Xmas or New Year's Present you should send us 1/- for the smoker's latest novelty, in the shape of a CIGAR-REST & ASH-RECEIVER which fits on the edge of any table, and is most useful for card players and all smokers. All the Press praise it, and all of them say it is just the thing

A MAN CAN APPRECIATE Then there's another novelty, this time for ladies—a compact PIN-CUSHION, THIMBLE, AND COTTON-HOLDER combined. Like the Cigar-Rest, it fits on any table or machine. You will be delighted with it. Price only 1/6. All goods sent post free. Particulars of other novelties will be sent you on receipt of post-card.

SEND AT ONCE THE DOMESTIC UTILITY CO., 55, Berners Street, London, W.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the GUMS, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

Relief and Health to your Infants.

Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

"ATLAS" LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE. 39/-

Equal in size and quality to any Machine. The Best and Cheapest for every use. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee. To ensure satisfaction we will send Machine on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL, and if desired balance can be paid 5s. Monthly. Call or write for Designs and Samples of Work.

THE "ATLAS" MACHINE COMPANY, 182, HIGH STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON. 65, Seven Sisters Road, N.; and 14, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA, Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT, Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION, Relieve BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH, Clear and give Strength to the VOICE OF SINGERS, And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. per box.

NOTICE.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are guaranteed to contain NO OPIUM or other poisonous ingredient.

CHRISTMAS TALK OF LONDON.

was heralded by a savage deed which naturally evoked a hearty outburst of sympathy with the family of one of our most popular actors. But, at this Yuletide season, of all others, a bright subject happily claims treatment first. This is the **Christmas Wedding**, sketched last Saturday afternoon by one of our Artists at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The fashionable church was crowded, as the charming bride, Miss Olga Mary Adelaide FitzGeorge, is the granddaughter of one of the best-liked members of our Royal Family—Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. The young lady is the daughter of the Duke's son, Rear-Admiral Adolphus A. FitzGeorge. The bridegroom was Mr. Archibald Hamilton, eldest son of Sir Edward Hamilton, Bart., of Iping House, Midhurst, Sussex. The Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal (the Rev. Edgar Sheppard) officiated. There were six grown-up bridesmaids and two little children. The former wore dresses of pale blue accordion-pleated glacé silk, veiled entirely with white mousseline-de-soie, also accordion-pleated; a narrow band of sable was introduced into the front of the bodices, a touch of the same fur being seen also in their brown beaver hats, which were trimmed with pale blue chiffon and brown and pale blue quills. The two little girls were dressed alike in frocks of white accordion-pleated chiffon over white silk, and white cloth Tam o' Shanter hats, turned up with lilies-of-the-valley and white quills. Master Georgie FitzGeorge and Master Guy Holden also followed the bride as pages, and wore white man-o'-war suits with "H.M.S. *Olga*" on the cap ribbons. The bridesmaids were Lady Evelyn Bertie, Lady May Pery, Baroness Fay de Steiger, Miss Stella Fauidel-Phillips, Miss Winifred Kemball, Miss Violet Hodgson, Miss Iris FitzGeorge, and Miss Daphne FitzGeorge. Mr. Christopher Erle acted as best man.

Rear-Admiral FitzGeorge

gave his daughter away. She looked very pretty in her wedding-dress of ivory-white satin, embroidered in an original design in pearls, paste, and turquoise, the blue stones showing up to perfection on the white satin. The train was draped with a Honiton lace scarf, caught up by clusters of orange blossoms. The charming young bride wore no jewellery, with the exception of a pearl brooch, the gift of her godmother, Queen Olga of Greece, at the time of her christening. Among the numerous company who received invitations to the reception, held at 11 and 12, Eaton Square, were

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge

(who was also present at the church), Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Prince and Princess Adolphus of Teck, Prince Alexander of Teck, Prince Victor, Dhuleep Singh, etc.; and subsequently Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Hamilton left for Folkestone en route for Paris. Among the seven hundred presents we may mention a horseshoe brooch in diamonds, pearls, and green enamel from Queen Olga of Greece; a gold bracelet, set with sapphires and diamonds, from the Prince of Wales; a beautiful diamond pendant-brooch from the Duke of Cambridge; a Brussels lace fan, mounted on mother-of-pearl sticks, from the Duke and Duchess of York; while the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha sent a large travelling scent-bottle in silver case, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz a very handsome hand-painted fan.

The Death of William Terriss

under the most painful circumstances—stricken down by the knife of a cowardly assassin as he was about to enter the Adelphi Theatre on Thursday se'nnight, the 16th of December—occasioned the utmost sorrow in all circles. The most muscular, active, buoyant, and bravest of our actors—a man with the figure and energy of thirty despite the undoubted fact that he had reached middle age—William Terriss was the last one would have expected to fall in this way. And in fair fight, his diabolical assailant would, no doubt, have been vanquished in the twinkling of an eye. For William Terriss was brave and strong as a lion. It was the blackest of ingratitude that this self-accused murderer, Richard Arthur Prince, should have stabbed to death the benefactor who had many times befriended him. How the fell deed which aroused our horror was done was thus explained at Bow Street Police

THE LATE MR. TERRISS
In his "Boys Together" uniform.

Court on the morrow of the crime by Mr. Terriss's friend and companion, Mr. J. H. Graves, a surveyor, of 44, Talbot Road, Bayswater—

"I spent Thursday afternoon with Mr. William Terriss at his residence in a flat in Prince's Street, Hanover Square, and at about seven o'clock in the evening we drove to the Adelphi Theatre. We drove in a cab, and at the corner of Maiden Lane, Strand, we both got out and walked a few yards along the lane to the private entrance to the theatre. This entrance was only used by Mr. Terriss and one or two others. When we got to this entrance Mr. Terriss took out a key and stooped to put it into the lock of the private door, when prisoner rushed forward suddenly, apparently from across the road, and with great rapidity struck two or three blows—I distinctly saw two—at Mr. Terriss. At that time I did not notice anything in the prisoner's hand. After two blows had been struck, Mr. Terriss turned round from the door towards me, and I think the prisoner again struck him. Two blows were in the back and one in the front.

"Mr. Terriss, to the best of my recollection, then called out, 'Oh, my God, I am stabbed!' I immediately turned round and seized the prisoner's arms, and when I looked round again I found that Mr. Terriss had collapsed on the ground. I fancied I saw a glint of something in the prisoner's hands. Three or four persons were standing near, and someone called out 'Murder!' or 'Police!'

"A constable appeared, and I said, 'I give this man in charge for stabbing.' Prisoner did not make any reply at that time. I and the constable took the prisoner to the Bow Street Police Station. On the way I said to the accused, 'What could have induced you to do such a cruel deed as this?' He replied, 'Mr. Terriss would not employ me, and I was determined to be revenged.'"

Mr. Terriss had been very kind to this man on certain occasions. Continuing, witness said he afterwards returned to the theatre, and found Mr. Terriss lying at the foot of the stairs, in the passage behind the door in Maiden Lane, attended by the doctor and several others. He died shortly after witness arrived. It appears the prisoner (of whom a faithful portrait is given on the front page) confessed at the station that he did the deed with the knife he handed to Inspector George Wood, to whom he said, in fact, "That is what I stabbed him with." An ill-conditioned actor, little, if anything, above the class of super, the man Prince, or Archer, comes from Dundee, and had been given employment some years ago at the Adelphi.

The Late Mr. William Terriss

did not come of a theatrical family. "Terriss" was a *nom de théâtre*. He was the son of Mr. George Lewin, an eminent barrister, related to the Earl of Zetland; the mother of the famous actor was a niece of Mr. Grote, famous as the historian of Greece, and commemorated in Westminster Abbey. Born in London in 1847, the future actor began his education at the Blue-Coat School, continued his studies at Windermere College, and then went to Jesus College, Oxford. Early in life he had an earnest desire to appear on the stage, and made several attempts to become an actor. The first trial was in October 1869, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham. His London début was at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the Bancrofts, when he played a small part in "Society." Between these stage experiments William Terriss embarked in strange adventures with extraordinary boldness. He tried tea-planting in India, horse-breeding in America, and was shipwrecked in fortune as well as on the actual ocean. On one occasion, he only reached England after voyaging part of the way in an open boat. No doubt these adventures helped to form that breezy, natural style which was so appreciated in such admirable dramas as G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt's "Harbour Lights." In fact, one of his pet names at the Adelphi was "Breezy Bill." He left the Bancrofts for Drury Lane, where I well remember seeing him as Robin Hood in Mr. Andrew Halliday's "Rebecca," adapted from Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." I was present when a little

A CHRISTMAS WEDDING AT THE WEST END.

£1000 AND £375 INSURANCES
FOR READERS OF THE
"Penny Illustrated Paper,"
AND
£200 CYCLING INSURANCE.

COUPON TICKET
SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE
OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited,
40, 42, & 44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.
(to whom Notice of Claims must be sent within seven days of accident to the above address).

This insurance holds good from Friday, Dec. 24, to Friday, Dec. 31, and carries the benefits of, and is subject to the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT and GUARANTEE COMPANY, Limited, Act, 1890," Rules Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6.

This insurance holds good in case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass or a passengers' compartment.

The Corporation admit that the purchase of this Paper is the payment of a premium under Section 24 of the Act.

No person can recover under more than one Coupon Ticket in this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature.....

squabble between Terriss and Mr. Chatterton, the manager, almost led to his throwing up the part at the dress rehearsal, but friends—the late Adelaide Neilson among them—smoothed over the difficulty, and Mr. Terriss subsequently played other and more important parts at Drury Lane. I saw him at the Court Theatre, March 30, 1878, as Squire Thornhill in "Olivia." Afterwards, at Sir Henry Irving's request, he appeared in the same character at the Lyceum Theatre. Justice is hardly done to his talents in speaking of him merely as a melodramatic actor. How admirably and with what spirit he played Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Mary Anderson and Harry the Eighth to Sir Henry Irving's Wolsey! His Captain Absolute in "The Rivals" was also first rate. Quite recently Mr. Terriss was seen as the Comte de Candale in "A Marriage of Convenience," at the Haymarket, and I thought his comedy acting superb. His Jack Gambier in "The Queen's Shilling" was another charming example of his style. For the last five years or so Mr. Terriss had devoted himself mainly to melodrama. I recall with deep sadness the fact of an intended revival at the Adelphi of "The Corsican Brothers," in which sombre drama he played Château Renaud so wonderfully well at the Lyceum Theatre. A score of plays might be named in which Mr. Terriss displayed extraordinary talent, rising far above the melodramatic standard. In character and disposition he was one of the most genial and manliest of men. More than once he risked his life in rescuing persons in danger. He

Won the Humane Society's Medal

for rescuing a sailor at Deal; and several times the brave actor behaved in the most heroic manner under difficult circumstances, revealed to his intimate friends. The inquest at St. Martin's Hall brought out fully the horror of the crime and the sadness of the incidents connected with the unfortunate actor's last moments. His sorrowing wife, his son, Mr. Tom Terriss, who strongly resembles him, and had only just returned from a provincial tour with "The Circus Girl" company, and his daughter, the charming and graceful

Miss Ellaline Terriss

(Mrs. Seymour Hicks), have received messages of sympathy from all the chief members of the profession. I trust that the universal regret expressed by the friends and admirers of the lamented actor will to some extent alleviate their intense grief. This fearful crime will form one of the blackest records in the annals of the stage. The funeral at Brompton on Tuesday last had almost the character of a national ceremony. The reopening of the Adelphi with the powerful drama of "Secret Service" will, it is to be hoped for the sake of the management, be attended by no diminution of the success of the piece.

"The Babes in the Wood."

Mr. Arthur Collins's first pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre will be an astonishing production. He has had immense experience as the late Sir Augustus Harris's right-hand man on the stage, and will introduce some extremely novel scenes. There will be a burlesque song and scene of a most humorous kind, respecting the rush to Klondyke. As for the scene in the property-room, I wonder how the people employed there will get through their work by Boxing Night. Fifty clever needlewomen have been incessantly at work getting the gorgeous and beautiful dresses ready. These will be truly superb, especially in the Coronation Scene. The gigantic typewriter, in which

Mr. Dan Leno

becomes entangled, and comes out literally staggering under figures and letters, will cause shouts of laughter; and the "demon clock," which is supposed to awaken Mr. Leno, is a magnificent pantomime property, constructed with great ingenuity; while the table covered with bottles which expand until they are about four feet high is another very clever device. The "dummy policeman" to be battered about by the Clown is a "member of the Force" of the most whimsical kind. The coins gilt for Mr. Herbert Campbell to put into a secret bag are enormous specimens.

The Orchid Scene,

I have already said, bids fair to be the most exquisite floral display ever seen at Drury Lane. The ballet costumes all represent flowers, with petals drooping from the heads of the wearers. Other petals curve outward. The collars and head-dresses are further elaborated, until the effect is that of beautiful orchids. There are eight varieties, all copied from nature, the Right Hon. Joey Chamberlain may be interested to know. The colours are orange, purple, scarlet, bright pink, mauve, etc. Sequins are sewn upon cloaks of the most extensive kind, twelve yards in circumference. From orchids of gigantic size will rise a swarm of humming-birds, their blue plumage making a lovely contrast to the flowers. The Grigolati Family will personate the birds, and I can promise delightful effects in this scene. Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Herbert Campbell, and Miss Ada Blanche (no longer the mercurial "Telephone Girl" for the nonce) may be depended upon to keep the pantomime fun alive, alive, oh! and the rare experience of Mr. Arthur Collins at Old Drury will be exerted to such advantage as to make "The Babes in the Wood" go with "vim" from start to finish.

"Cinderella," at the Garrick.

Life is full of contrasts. But none appears at this season of the year more striking than that afforded by stepping out of the dank, dark, and dreary streets of London into the glorious fairy-land of pantomime — such a fairyland, for instance, as the famous composer-manager, Oscar Barrett, is wont to create for us at Christmas. This year this arch-wizard seems from the vastness and costliness of his preparations determined to produce quite a Jubilee Pantomime. He has chosen once again "Cinderella." The old love story, which never palls, will be so magnificently mounted as to eclipse all his previous triumphs. If I mistake not, the King's Wood, painted by the great scenic artist Hawes Craven, with its exquisite effects of dawn, sunshine, and moonlight with a "Leaf Ballet" designed by the incomparable "Wilhelm," will be the talk of London. In this scene you will make the acquaintance of the Baron (W. Lugg) and the Baroness (Miss Kate Phillips), together with the beautiful

Cinderella (Miss Grace Dudley),

and their less well-favoured daughters (Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. John Le Hay); while Fred Kaye is Pedro. Just fancy the amount of fun these kings of comicality will produce. The part of Dandini is in the hands of graceful Miss Florence Harmon. The Fairy Godmother will be represented by Miss Cicely Richards, and the Cat (oh yes! there will be a cat, and a very good cat too) will be played by O. E. Lennon; while the Prince will be personated by that handsome actress and charming singer,

Miss Helen Bertram,

who lately took Miss St. John's part in "La Périchole." The whole pantomime is so replete with original ideas in dress and decoration, and so captivating in the melody of its solos, duets, chorus-music, and its masterly orchestration, that I still feel myself under the effects of the glamour of the successive scenes. It is impossible to conceive anything more lovely than Cinderella's boudoir, with the retinue of little fairy-like dressers. It is a dream of lace and glass and mother-of-pearl. What a transformation scene from the kitchen, where poor pussy purrs beside her desolate little mistress! Of course, you will expect the ball-room to be very grand, but it will be more than that. Nothing in artistic arrangement, electric lighting, and floral decoration has ever been done more elegantly than the *mise-en-scène* there presented. As an addendum to the Pantomime of "Cinderella," so cleverly written by Mr. Geoffrey Thorne, that gentleman has substituted in place of the Harlequinade a new and original Comic Scene which will be really funny without being vulgar.

My Customary Greeting

to the steadfast readers of the *P.I.P.*, though given at a time when all stagedom mourns the well-loved actor and man who "has gone aloft," is none the less cordial. Believe me, it comes from the heart of your faithful friend—

THE PROMPTER.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM TERRISS AND MISS MILLWARD IN "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME," AT THE ADELPHI.

Photo by Richard W. Thomas, Cheapside.

The British in Kassala.—Another forward step in the work of pacifying the Soudan has been taken by the transfer of the fort of Kassala, west of Massowah, from the Italians to the Anglo-Egyptian force, which is henceforth to hold it. Preparations for their camping in the Kassala Valley, under the splendid shade of a forest of the candelabra-topped dhoum palms, have been completed and arrangements have also been made for watering the nine hundred transport camels attached to the force. Tents have been provided for the officers, and two artesian tube-wells have been driven in the camping-ground. The water obtained from them is of excellent quality, as the main course of the Baraka rivers runs there.

Subscriptions to *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. For the United Kingdom: Yearly, 6s. 6d.; half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Christmas Number, 9d. extra. Abroad: Yearly, 8s. 8d.; half-yearly, 4s. 4d.; Christmas Number, 9d. extra. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct by Post Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to Henry James Taylor, publisher of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London. Note.—The last number due on a subscription is posted in a coloured wrapper.

SUPERIOR
CLOTHING
TO MEASURE.

WINTER OVERCOATS
MADE TO ORDER
From 25/-
Book of Samples and Easy Self-Measure Forms Post Free.
ISAAC WALTON & CO.,
Head Depot & Letter Order Dept.,
97-101, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY,
LONDON, S.E.
BRANCHES:
443 and 444, Holloway Road, N.,
3, 5, 7 and 9, Ludgate Hill, E.C.,
and at Newcastle-on-Tyne.
NOTE.—Applications for Patterns and Orders by post must be sent to the Head Depot.

Neave's Food
BEST & CHEAPEST.
FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, CHILDREN, & THE AGED.
"Admirably adapted to the wants of Infants."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, M.D.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
In 1-lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins, 1s. each

THE "SUNRISE" BURNER.

ANOTHER STARTLING DEVELOPMENT (Patented).
As applied to Table, &c., Lamps. Greatly Increased Light, with SAME CONSUMPTION OF OIL.
When applied to our Celebrated HEATING STOVES, which have "Held the Field" for upwards of a QUARTER OF A CENTURY, MARVELLOUS RESULTS are obtained.
INTENSE HEAT, AND NO MORE BROKEN CHIMNEYS!
COSTS NO MORE.
The greatest variety in the World to select from. *Sold by all Stores and Ironmongers. Illustrated Catalogue Free from*
RIPPINGILLE'S ALBION LAMP CO., BIRMINGHAM.
The ORIGINAL "Rippingille" Firm. Established 1872.

The Hon. Mrs. Turleton says—
"I do not by any means find it necessary to wear 'Hinde's' Curlers all night. I put up my fringe hair in them in the morning, and pin them back before commencing my ablutions. I can depend upon going down quite presentable."

HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS.

In foggy, rainy, or wintry weather Ladies will find the greatest assistance in preparing their toilet by keeping handy a few of these beautifully made "Hinde's Hair Curlers," which are sold in all towns and villages at **6d.** and **1s.** the box.

CHARMING CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

Nothing will be more appreciated as a present by your friend, Lady or Gentleman, than one of the famous

Campbell's Melodeons

COLD MEDAL 1891. PATENT BROAD REED.

They are the most popular instruments of the day. They will Cheer and Brighten the Home for CHRISTMAS. They have Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The Solemn Psalm, the Soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming Instruments. No Knowledge of Music required.

USEFUL XMAS PRESENT.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND WITH ORDER.

SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER."

CAMPBELL'S "GEM" MELODEON, 6c. 9d.
CAMPBELL'S "MINIATURE" MELODEON, 10s. 6d.
CAMPBELL'S "PARAGON" MELODEON, 14s.
CAMPBELL'S "FAVOURITE" MELODEON, 16s. 6d.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

WORTH DOUBLE THE MONEY. ORDER AT ONCE
Any of the above sent, Carriage Paid to any Address in Great Britain, on receipt of P.O.O.

NO DECEPTION HERE. 200,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., says:
"After duly testing the Patent Melodeon supplied to me by Messrs. Campbell and Co., I have much pleasure in saying that it is a most marvellous musical production at the money. It is got up in excellent style, the finish being superior. The tone is sweet, yet strong, and can be changed from 'organ' to 'celestial' at will."

Important Testimonial from Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves."

CAMPBELL'S Patent MELODEONS are the ONLY GENUINE Melodeons in the Market. Beware of worthless imitations.

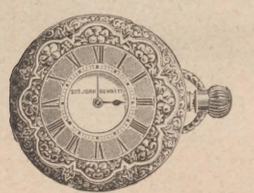
All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's Illustrated Privilege Price-List for Season 1898 now ready. 150,000 of these Valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send One Penny Stamp to **CAMPBELL and CO., 116, Trongate, Glasgow.** (Established 50 Years.)

N.B.—Campbell and Co. have the Largest Stock of Musical Instruments of all kinds in the United Kingdom.

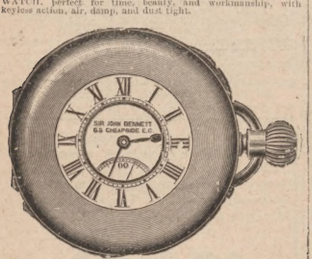
SIR JOHN BENNETT,

LIMITED,

Watch & Clock Manufacturers



£10.—In return for a £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.



£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS ¾-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates, Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with monogram richly emblazoned. Free and safe per post.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside, London.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.

Illustrated Catalogues post free.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

"P.I.P." NEW YEAR STORIES

The Editor has much pleasure in announcing that the popular writer and dramatist

GEORGE R. SIMS

will start the fresh series of Original Storiettes in the next Number of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER. Mr. Sims's exciting Newgate tale will be entitled—

THE SHERIFF'S STORY.

Safe Bind, Safe Find.

BY MARY H. TENNYSON,

Author of "Love Will Find Out the Way," etc.

[COPYRIGHT.]

IT was scarcely four on a March afternoon, but already the shadows were gathering in Mina Beauchamp's drawing-room, perceiving which, with a start, she sprang from her chair, and ringing the bell violently, glanced nervously over her shoulder in the direction of the French windows, through which the garden, with its formally laid-out beds of yellow and purple crocuses, could be seen.

"Light the lamps, close the shutters, and draw the curtains," she said, with a slight shudder, when the maid entered. "Mercy on us! What 's that?"

"It 's only master's key in the door. You are timid, Ma'am," the girl replied.

But when Robert Beauchamp came in, his wife interrupted his caresses.

"There, that will do, Bob," she cried impatiently. "Something dreadful has happened."

"Something dreadful?"

"Yes. Sir James Browne's house was burgled last night."

"Great Scott! Did they catch the man?"

"No. And he 's taken all Lady Browne's diamonds—a thousand pounds' worth."

"Well, darling," the young man said soothingly, after considering a moment, "that 's bad for the Brownes, of course, but I don't see that it affects us particularly."

"Doesn't affect us, Bob, to know that burglars are in our immediate neighbourhood, while I have those horrid old-fashioned diamonds of grandmother's in the house? I do wish you 'd put them in the bank; I can't wear them, they 're hideous; and I can't sell them, because they are to come to my children, if I ever have any. I wish they 'd never been left to me."

"Poor birdie!" the husband murmured. "Poor little timid birdie! What should you do, Mina, if burglars did come?"

"If they came, and you were away?"

"Yes. Should you show fight?"

"Good Heavens! No. I should pretend to be asleep, keep my eyes tightly shut, and let them take everything in the place. They don't usually commit murder if they are allowed to have their own way."

"What, you wouldn't make the slightest effort to protect my property?"

"Not the slightest, or my own either. I should get under the bedclothes."

Robert Beauchamp laughed again, but the next afternoon where he returned from the City he took a slip of paper from his pocket-book and put it into his wife's hand.

"What 's this?" she asked.

"It 's the receipt from the insurance office," he explained.

"Insurance office! Why, we paid that——"

"Not fire insurance, ducky. I've insured our property against burglars."

"Bob!"

"Yes, I was talking in the City of the fright you 'd had, and a man I know advised my insuring against burglars. He does, on the same principle that he always carries an umbrella to keep off the rain."

"And how much have you insured for?"

"Seven hundred."

"But the diamonds alone are worth seven hundred, and there are one or two old bits of silver."

"Oh, well, that doesn't matter. I only did it to comfort you, dear. Now we 're insured, you 're quite safe."

The following morning, however, for the first time since their marriage eleven months before, there was a decidedly angry controversy between the young couple. Robert's morning letters contained an imperative summons out of town on urgent business, and when he explained to Mina that he would have to be absent that night again, she received the communication in the worst possible spirit, declaring she had suspected for the last month or two that his affection for her was waning, and absolutely repulsing all his patient efforts to heal the breach between them, until he gave her his word that, at great personal inconvenience, he would return by the night mail and be with her by half-past three the next morning.

She had known little of him, certainly; but he had been so good to her when her old father had died suddenly just as they sighted England after the voyage from Australia. What she should have done without his help then she could not imagine, for her father had died without making a will, and she, his only child, had all the business of realising his little estate thrown upon her. But Robert had made everything clear, and when at length he asked her to be his wife he insisted that one-half of her property should be settled on herself. No one could have acted more honourably, but now—well, he knew how nervous she was, and he put his business first.

At ten o'clock every window in "The Nest"—for so the Beauchamps styled their cottage—was shuttered and barred, and, accompanied by the two maid-servants, the mistress herself superintended the bolting and locking of all the doors excepting the front door, which was left on the latch for the convenience of Robert; and then, silently, but with a decided sinking of the heart, the young lady went up to her bed-room, and unwillingly dismissed the servants.

An hour and a half passed quietly away, and then, suddenly, Mina awoke, and, with a start, raised herself on her elbow and listened keenly.

It was only twelve, Robert could not possibly be with her before half-past three, and yet she heard, so distinctly that there was no possibility of doubting the evidence of her senses, stealthy steps upon the stairs, one or two of which creaked loudly under the heavy tread.

"Good God!" she faltered under her breath; "they have come! They know he is away, and that I am defenceless. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

For a minute or so the terrified creature lay utterly incapable of movement, but perfectly aware that close to the bedside stood a man who breathed heavily and quickly; but after a minute, which seemed to the half-fainting woman an interminable period of agony, the intruder withdrew from the bedside, and proceeded to the other extremity of the room, where stood the small iron safe which contained the diamonds and all the other valuables possessed by the young couple, and immediately afterwards came the rattling of keys and the creaking of the hinges as the safe opened.

Then a veritable scare came upon Mina, and with no thought of the consequences, utterly forgetful of her determination to remain quiet whatever happened, without a glance at the man, whose back was towards her, she flung herself out of bed, and made a rush for the door.

At her movement a cry escaped the burglar, and he dropped the silver cup which he held, but before he had time to reach her the girl had gained the door, and slamming it behind her, had contrived, with fingers which were almost palsied with fright, to turn the key that was luckily outside, and to stagger into the spare room. Then throwing up the window, she screamed, "Help! Help!" in shrill, piercing tones, which rang out startlingly on the quiet night air.

For a few seconds Mina's shrieks continued, and then, to her unspeakable relief, a shrill whistle sounded close at hand, and in another minute two policemen came tearing up the deserted road at the top of their speed.

"What is it?" they demanded.

"Burglars! the poor lady screamed.

"Where? Where?"

"In the next room, locked in; and my husband insured against them only yesterday. Oh! for Heaven's sake come to me or I shall die!"

"You must let us in first."

"I daren't, I daren't! There may be others downstairs."

"Then throw us a key or something."

Quick as thought she flung the key from the window, and then wrapping the cloak around her shivering form, she reeled suddenly on her feet, and caught at the end of the bed for support.

At the door of the next room—the room in which the burglar was—she heard stealthy knocks, and then came a hoarse, stifled voice.

"Mina! Mina!" it cried, "for God's sake let me out. It is I—Robert."

With a scream of joy the girl unlocked the door, and flung it open.

"Robert! Robert!" she shrieked. "Oh, how did you get in? By the window? Where is he?"

And then her voice failed her, and she shrank away with a gasp. The window was shut, and the room was empty, save for the man who stood trembling before her, the perspiration streaming down his pallid, quivering face. Over his boots Robert Beauchamp wore thick list slippers, and on the floor of the room lay half-a-dozen silver cups and the cases containing the diamonds.

With scared, bewildered eyes Mina gazed speechlessly at him, but he paid no heed to her distress.

"Conceal me!" he muttered hoarsely; "conceal me."

But the girl was incapable of understanding, and with a curse he lifted his brutal arm; but before the blow had time to descend, the policeman's grasp had closed upon his shoulder, and the bull's-eye had been turned full upon the craven, ashen countenance.

"Bill Stubbs at last!" the officer cried. "Thank you, Ma'am, for your help. This is the chap we 've been wanting for the last five years. There are ten burglary charges, besides Sir James Browne's, ag'in him, as well as a little matter of bigamy over in Australy. Come, Bill, the lady will be glad to be quit of you; and, you gals, look to your missus; this business has upset her, and no wonder. You 'd better call in the doctor if she don't come to soon! Now then, Bill, step out. Quick, sharp 's the word!"

THE END.

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool has presented to the officers of the Cunard steamers *Etruria* and *Catalonia* framed resolutions of thanks and silver medals for conspicuous bravery in rescuing the crews of the French schooner *Vogue* and the Whitney steamer *Millfield*. The officers and men who manned the boats were also rewarded.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The Editor of the *Lancet* thus describes CADBURY'S COCOA, which is entirely free from added alkali or any foreign admixture. As a Sustaining, Strength-giving beverage, and a Nutritious food, it *fulfils every requirement*. Always insist on having Cadbury's, "the typical Cocoa of English Manufacture."—[ADVT.]

CHESS.

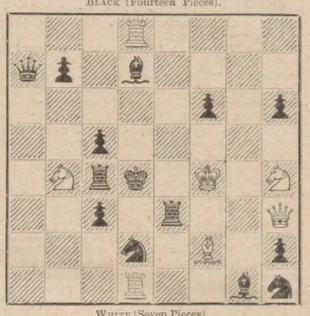
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 201.

1. Q to Kt 1st	Kt takes Q	2. Kt takes P	Mate.
1. ,,	R takes Kt	2. P to Kt 7th	,,
1. ,,	B to K 7th	2. Q to R 1st	,,
1. ,,	B to B 4th	2. Kt takes P	,, etc.

PROBLEM NO. 202.—By P. F. BLAKE.

BLACK (Fourteen Pieces).



WHITE (Seven Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE RUY LOPEZ ONCE MORE.

Once upon a time there was a wizard who conjured sprites and genii, and made them perform all kinds of tasks and services at his bidding. During the absence of the wizard one day, his apprentice thought he would do the same thing. He conjured a spirit to carry water for him and empty it in the house. The mystic powers promptly set to work, and soon the water rose in the house-tanks to such an extent that it overflowed, and threatened the poor apprentice with death. He did not know how to stop the spirits which he had set to work, and in a short time he was drowned. The same fate overtakes many apprentices who try to imitate the master on a chess-board, without having the powers of the latter to stop short when discretion and discrimination demand the laying of the spirit aroused from the deep. Mr. Steinitz has aroused many spirits from the unknown depths of opening play, but as soon as he recognised that tendency to give him a bad game, he curbed and restrained them, but anyone following Steinitz's lead without his power of curbing and restraining is bound to come to grief, as shown in the game given below, in which Black played one of Steinitz's defences to the Ruy Lopez.

Game played in the match between the City of London and North London Chess Clubs.

WHITE (L. Serrallier, City).	BLACK (A. C. Jackman, N. London).	WHITE (L. Serrallier, City).	BLACK (A. C. Jackman, N. London).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	B to K 2nd was requisite to	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	avoid disaster.	
3. B to Kt 5th	Q to R 3rd	10. P to Q 5th.	Kt to Kt 1st
4. Castles	B to B 4th	There is the true Steinitzian flavour about this move, but it is only he who dares venture on such play.	
This is one of Steinitz's defences, but the veteran knows the point at which danger may arise, and is therefore forewarned, and able to avoid injury.		11. B to Kt 5th	P to B 3rd
		12. P takes P	P takes P
5. P to B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	13. K to K 1st (ch)	K to B 1st
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	14. B to R 6th (ch)	K to Kt 1st
7. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	15. P to Q 6th	
8. P to K 5th	Q to Q 1st	A move that must have struck dismay. Q to Kt 3rd mate was threatened.	
If Q to Kt 3rd, then 9. P takes P gives White a good game. The necessity for retiring the Queen shows that Black's move of 3. Q to B 3rd stands self-condemned.		16.	K to R 2nd
		16. K to K 5 (ch)	P takes Kt
		17. Q to R 5th (ch)	Resigns.
9. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	Mate in five moves follows. White's play was of a remarkably smart and incisive character.	

DRAUGHTS.

R. JORDAN (Grangemouth).—Specimen page of "Book of Jordan-Stewart Match Games" received.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 158.—By B. T. STANLEY.

Black: 4, 10, 13, 20k, 25k, 26k, 29k.
White: 17, 18, 19, 22, 30, 12k, 32k.

White to move, and win.

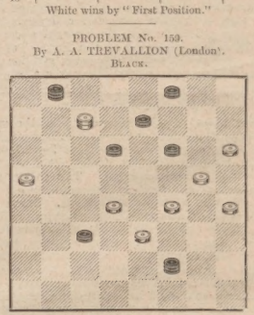
19 15	25—11	13—22	26—27	29—25
10—19	3 8	8 24	32 30	30 21
18 15				

White wins by "First Position."

PROBLEM NO. 159.

By A. A. TREVALLION (London).

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move, and win.

RE GAME NO. 112.

At 21st move the position stands thus—

Black (Mr. Veal): 1, 2, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14.
White (Friend): 17, 21, 22, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30.

Black to move.

Mr. J. G. Blundell writes: "Black played 10—15, leading to a draw. Would not 14—18, 22 15, 10—28 secure a win?"

END-GAME, BY MR. W. BELCHER.

Mr. William Belcher, president of the Draughts Association of London, recently gave a simultaneous display at Kingston, and the appended curious position occurred in one of the games—

Black: 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 24k.
White: 10, 13, 17, 21, 23, 28.

Black to move, and win.

The game proceeded thus—

24—19	8—11	5—9	4—8
23 16	16 7	13 6	B. wins.

Read GEORGE R. SIMS'S Exciting New Tale, "THE SHERIFF'S STORY," in the NEW YEAR NUMBER of the "P.I.P."

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Christmas Beef.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year," and it always brings with it beef. Now I am as fond of a bit of tender sirloin as most people, and at the Fat Stock Show I saw quite a new line in beef that I think will boom beef-raising in this country, that will not give the foreigner a chance, and that will pay. Yes, really! What say you to some dainty, sweet, and tender two-year-old beef! I recall with pleasure those prime sides and quarters hung up at the 1896 Christmas Show at Islington. If my memory serves me right—and I believe it does—those young heifers and steers figured out to make 10 cwt. to 12 cwt. each, and to have only cost one winter's keep. Well now, why can't we do this regularly? Let us have a joint on each of our tables this Christmas by way of marking the season and encouraging a new departure. It is certainly

To the Farmer's Advantage

to create a demand for young beef. Look at the amount it saves him by making it unnecessary to keep stock on to three and a half or four years old before he kills it. It will be benefiting trade too. "A seven-pound cut off a two-year-old sirloin, please." That order would puzzle a good many butchers to-day, but we ought to keep on seeing it. At even 1s. per pound, a joint like that for 7s. 6d. would not be dear. Let me break off here for a line or two, and give my readers a most deserving "rub." In my boyhood days it was the custom for fathers to carve, and all boys learnt from them. How many men, much less boys, nowadays could

Carve the Joint I Have Sketched?

I have drawn a few lines across and down it to show how it should be done. The first cuts should be from (what is, as the joint lies on the dish) the under side at A, cutting down to the bone. Fat should be cut from B to help with each portion. Now turn the joint back and cut long slices

A TWO-YEAR-OLD SIRLOIN, AND HOW TO CARVE IT.

from B to C, and again help with fat from D. The best cuts should be taken from both sides, leaving a solid portion of lean down the middle of the joint. Now to return to the farmers' question and deal with the best age at which to

Fatten and Kill for Profit.

A calf that is extra well done to in its early infancy, that is, turned out in summer to good grass till the best feeding of the grass is over, then put on a ration of chaffed straw, bran, roots with hay and silage, and is so carried through the winter and kept improving all the time, will come out an immensely better animal the following spring than yearlings usually are. Go out and look at some last spring calves and two-year-olds come next February, and observe what lean, half-starved objects they are! Farmers as a rule only let these young things have sufficient food to keep them in health. Th y never think of what they *might* make of them. Now picture those same animals having been brought on under the course I advocate. Take them further on—that is, to next spring. Put them out on your best pasture and keep them up to the mark with a daily ration of only a pound or two of cake and meal. When the pasture fails have a green bite of something else ready, or better still, eke out the pasture by

Giving Cut Greenmeat.

By the end of summer roots will be ready, and a two or three months' real stall fattening on roots, chaff-meal and cake, with daily exercise to keep them in health, will make those twenty or twenty-two months old animals as good in bulk as they would be a year later under "grazing" practice, and better in quality of meat. By this practice the country could turn out three times the amount of beef it is doing to-day. By this plan not half the land now under pasturage would be needed for that usage. By this system—now mark, I am challenging every farmer in the kingdom—intensive culture would begin to develop, and we could spare the half of the grazing land, say

Eight Million Acres for Wheat Growing.

Eight million acres under wheat, producing forty bushels to the acre, would mean forty million quarters. This would make us quite independent of foreign producers of both corn and beef.

A Good Christmas Fowl.

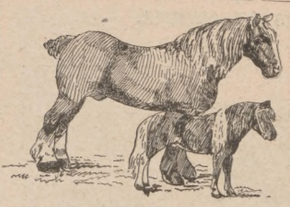
The Plymouth Rock is about at the top in popular fancy just now as a Christmas fowl on account of being a capital

THE ORIGINAL PLYMOUTH ROCK.

winter layer and affording such a lot of fine fat cockerels for the Christmas tables. The breed is of American origin. It is only twenty-five years since the first pen of Rocks was exhibited in this country. Then the type was as per my sketch. Since then the barred and the buff varieties have spread wonderfully, and almost every fancier has had a turn with them. The cause of their success is easy to see. A commencement had to be made with the good old-fashioned cuckoo colour. They had both utility and fancy points, and they were hardy and vigorous, and yet as precocious at early laying and fattening as our best older breeds. Since the buff variety came in, the popularity again rebounded. It is a pity that the yellow leg cannot be bred out and the type be kept pure; but it cannot, and that defect is a fatal one to the breed's success as an A 1 prize-winner as a table-fowl.

A Christmas Book.

It is not often that such a valuable book as "The Book of the Horse" is cut up into cheap editions, but that is what has come of the book I am taking a sketch from and making this note of. The book now comes out in sixpenny and shilling parts. It tells how to breed, rear, and train the monthly parts. It tells how to breed, rear, and train the horse; how to bit, saddle, harness, and ride and drive him; how to sell and buy him; and, in fact, it is a most complete



EQUINE TYPES.

book. So many of my readers are on the look-out for horsy tips that I am sure this bit of news will be welcome. Don't bombard me with applications, dear friends, for the publisher's address. Ask any bookseller to get it for you.

Special Small Farming for 1898.

This topic, now of national importance, is to be one of the chief themes of this Rural column for some time to come. Though not perhaps the prime originator of profitable small cultural methods, or what the French call *petite culture*, I am an ardent apostle of it, as my readers well know, and I have been helping to prepare for my readers something that will, I am sure, be welcome and acceptable. There is now existing for the use of readers of these notes in particular, and for all who aspire to "a house in the country," an organisation club, and bureau, through and by which they may more easily attain their aims and desires in any and everything pertaining to the securing of land, small farms, cottages with gardens, and legal and professional advice and help in all rural affairs. The services of a solicitor, a surveyor, a land valuer, a veterinary surgeon, or a farming expert are available for almost nominal fees, and in some instances gratis. I shall be happy to put readers in touch with the organisation. This new departure for the encouragement and development of agriculture, horticulture, and the various other cultures, should prove of immense and permanent benefit not only to the husbandmen but to the country generally.

Wishing My Readers

every good wish of the season, I would earnestly request one and all to recommend all their friends to buy *The Penny Illustrated Paper* regularly throughout 1898.

Small Farm near Eastbourne.

"Hallamshire."—On the lines of the one I gave a sketch and account of near Hastings, a farm near Eastbourne should answer capitally. In fact, neat salads, dessert gooseberries, cherries, with n w-laid eggs, chickens, ducklings, cream-cheese, small pork, and vegetables will always create a business near any big centre, or any pleasure-resort.

Re Iron Cottage and Books.

"K. M."—The wood and iron cottage topic will come up again. As to the books—you have the address; and the latest one of the series, the pamphlet form of which was published at 4d., by way of introduction to Book III., the enlarged book on Fruit Culture is to come out in serial form in the *Rural Monthly*, beginning on Jan. 1, 1898. It, too, can be obtained at 18, Cheapside, E.C. Price 2d.

Scotch Greys.

"E. Prime."—I will give them a note and illustration early next year. You will get them in your neighbourhood from Abbot Brothers, Thurton, Norfolk.

Sketch of Cottage.

"J. Rollinson."—I will make you a plan with pleasure, and also put you on to the materials if you give me some idea to begin upon.

A One Hundred Egg Incubator.

"A Boddy."—About £6 to £8, according to make and quality. As to making a foster-mother. You want a flannel-lined box with a hot-water holder or heater—crudely. I mean to give a good pattern and details of it as soon as the hatching season begins.

Irish or Fox Terrier as House-dog.

"A. B."—Either; but the latter is most alert.

Jersey for Yorkshire.

"Mrs. W."—I shall be pleased to send you the name of a good dealer, but don't you think the Jersey a little too tender for your climate? A cross-bred Kerry-Jersey or Ayrshire-Jersey would be better, I think.

Making Pigs Pay Farm Entry.

"J. W. P."—I will answer your query about the things you will have to take to. Written notice at the Michaelmas term. There are the growing crops; any manure in stock; a certain quantity of hay, straw, etc.; and any structu es and machinery the outgoing tenant is leaving, and the landlord is willing to agree with you and him about. Land improvements the landlord compensates for, and he may also for the erections. As to the letter you send me about the profits you make by pigs, I should like to print it to show my readers *what is being done*. You can improve on your cross—the old Pembroke breed and Large Whites for 200 lb. pigs at eight or nine months old. Berkshire crossed Middle White, or with any fine-haired white sow, would be more like that mark. They would beat your price of 9s. 6d. per score, too. As you say, breeding gives the *first* profit as well as the last. Why buy pigs to fatten (although, as you say, that pays even if you have to buy all the meal) when they are so profitable to breed and rear for oneself?

Killing Gorse and Bracken.

"C. O. C."—You must grub the gorse, and afterwards hoe or fork up the seedlings, should any come up. No manure will act as you suggest. Bracken is killed by using a bracken-roller in spring. The growth gradually dwindles, and the plant at last dies out. Yes, if you plough every five or six years, as you say, and manure well for the crops, gorse and bracken will both die out in time.

Bitch that Barks while Chasing.

"J. H."—There is no remedy except to strap the mouth up close.

Sketch of Cottage.

"G. Phillips."—See "K. M." and "J. Rollinson," above.

A Merry Christmas!

Once again, and heartily as ever, I wish the old wish—a "Merry Christmas to you all!" Here is a wish, accompanied by a seasonable toast, with three times three, please, and we shall all join in I am sure. It is for the good old bright, ever-green, ever-up-to-date *P.I.P.! P.I.P.! P.I.P.!* And here's to you all my friends, and, once more, a Merry Christmas to everybody!

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London. All readers should order their copies in advance of the nearest Newsagent, or at the *P.I.P.* Office.

Trustworthy Pamphlets on Western Australia.—"A Land of Promise" is an authentic account of the conditions and resources of Western Australia, prepared and published under the immediate supervision of the Commissioner of Crown Lands. It is intended for wide spread circulation in the British Isles, and is where outside the province, with the view of attracting attention to the varied capabilities of this rising country, and the opportunities it accordingly offers for bona fide settlement. The West Australian" Land Selectors' Guide," 31 pp., with map, gives an official description of the surveyed agricultural areas and lands open to free selection before survey. It also contains notes of the agricultural Bank Acts in force in the Colony. The Agent-General for Western Australia, 15, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., will be happy to send a copy of both or either of these publications to such persons as forward to him a newspaper wrapper, addressed and stamped with 1d. stamp.

"A GREAT COMFORT."—Yes, it is often misery for a person to cough and cough until it distress both himself and friends almost beyond endurance, but KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES would stop all that; they are simply unrivalled; one alone affords relief. Sold everywhere in tins, 13½d. each.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD'S LARGEST, GRANDEST, BEST AMUSEMENT INSTITUTION.

BARNUM & BAILEY.

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

IN

GREAT OLYMPIA, LONDON.

EVERY AFTERNOON at 2 o'clock, and EVENING at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30 p.m.
For a Saunter through the Menageries, among the LIVING HUMAN CURIOSITIES and FREAKS, to feed the Three Herds of Elephants, and to visit the 500 splendid Horses in the Annexe.
A TRULY MAGNIFICENT SHOW.
A most Marvellous and Amazing Show. Containing EVERY ARTIST and RIDER of KNOWN ABILITY. A most astonishing Array of American talent. The Highest Salaries Paid; the Best Performers Secured. Hesitating at Nothing to Procure the Best of Everything.
GRAND and MAJESTIC ACTS. Utterly dwarfing every effort of previous years.
A MYRIAD UNAPPROACHABLE and PEERLESS DISPLAYS and DARING and INTREPID FEATS. EVERY PERFORMER a CHAMPION in his SPECIAL LINE. Every Actor a Star. EVERY ACT a NOVELTY. Every Feat, Display, and Acrobatic Attraction a Genuine Surprise. Everything in Fact and Vanity a Perfect Revelation.
YOU NEVER SAW THE LIKE BEFORE.
All Countries and All Nations represented by their Best Artists, Wonders, and Marvels. The Greatest Aërial Acts Ever Devised. The Grandest Riding Ever Seen. The Cleverest Acrobats Ever Beheld. The Best Gymnasts Ever Performing. The Most Thrilling Feats Ever Witnessed.

THE GREATEST AND MOST SUPERB SHOW EVER DEVISED BY MAN.

In Three Big Equestrian Rings, on Two Huge Platforms, an Immense Racing Track, Spacious Aërial Enclave, and Stupendous Spectacle Stage. Two Monster Menageries, Three Herds of Elephants, Droves of Camels, Llamas, Alpacas, Guanacos, and 50 cages of rare Wild Beasts. 500 Splendid Blue-Ribbon Horses.
A WORLD'S FAIR of WONDERS at Your Doors.
And added to its Wealth of Marvels and embarrassment of Curious Features, the Elegant, Original, Historical, Spectacular Military Drama,

THE MAHDI; OR, FOR THE VICTORIA CROSS.

In and of itself a perfect and truthful revelation of all the thrilling, glorious, and brilliant military events connected with

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Actually 1200 Men, Women, Warriors, Soldiers, Sailors, Camels, Horses, and Real Native Soudanese, with their Arms, Weapons, Accoutrements, Tents, and Paraphernalia.
An Overwhelming Equestrian Department, teeming with every valuable attraction, filled with wonders, overflowing with grand features, crowded with startling surprises, brimful of novelties, running over with mirthful scenes, and abounding with thrilling sensations and glorious events. The Arenas, Rings, Stages, the Ground, and the space above presenting a Bewildering Scene of Grand Displays, comprising Every Known Show Feature, and hundreds never seen before. The Whole World's Most Wonderful Objects, whether of the Land, Ocean, or Air, in Fin, Fur, and Feather.

THE GREAT OLYMPIA HIPPODROME,

Presenting, in Vast Amplitude of Detail, Wild Beast, Chariot, and Pedestrian Races, Fearless Contests, Trials of Speed, Skill, and Endurance, participated in by the most noted Turf Celebrities and Record Breakers. High and Long Distance Jumping Horses and Ponies. Thundering, Rushing, and Furious Chariot Trials. Equestrian Struggles. Acrobatic Contests. Bareback Rivalries. Terrific Efforts. Athletic and Tumbling Tournaments.
OLYMPIAN PASTIMES of Electrifying Originality. Most Daring of the World's Male and Female Jockeys. The Funniest Clowns on Earth. Stupendous Mid-Air Feats and Awful Flights Through Space.
WHOLE MENAGERIES OF TRAINED WILD BEASTS.
All kinds of Races, Acrobatic Feats, Aërial Acts, Ground and Lofty Tumbling, and Novel Surprises. The Tremendous Efforts of Champions in RECORD BREAKING TRIALS of SKILL.

70 Fine Horses Performing in One Ring at One Time.
500 Blue-Ribbon Horses in the Horse Fair.
20 Wisest Elephants Performing in Three Rings.
50 Champion Acrobats in Mid-Air Feats.
300 Artists in Amazing and Electrifying Acts.
40 Tiny Trained Ponies and Zebras.
20 International Pantomimic Clowns.
3 Only Lady Clowns on Earth.
80 Marvellous Trained Animal Actors.
20 Glorious Racing and Gladiatorial Events.
10 Noted Jumping Horses, all record-breakers.
2 Double Menageries of Wild and Trained Beasts.
3 Huge Circular Arenas for Equestrian Acts.
2 Big Stages for Acrobatic Feats.
1 Grand Hippodrome Racing Track.
1 Stupendous Spectacle Stage the Length of Olympia.
1 Museum of Living Human Curiosities.
50 Golden Cages of Rare Wild Beasts.
1 Giantess Gorilla, Johanna, only one in captivity.
20 Champion Male and Female Equestrians.

The WORLD'S FAIR of MODERN MARVELS.

100 MARVELLOUS ACTS IN THE IMPERIAL PROGRAMME.
50 JOCKEYS AND CRACK STAR LIGHT WEIGHTS.
THREE COMPLETE CIRCUS COMPANIES IN ONE.
100 Acrobats, Gymnasts, and Athletes, 1000 Men, Women, and Horses in the Military Drama. Giants, Midgets, Dwarfs, Tattooed People, Sword Swallowers, Bearded and Long-Haired Lady, Dog-Faced Boy, Armless and Legless Men, Moss-Haired Girl, Fire Kings and Queens, Jugglers, Snake-Charmers, 1000 Marvellous Sights and Curious Creations, Seven Open Dens of Trained Wild Beasts, Three Herds of Wonderfully Taught Elephants.
An almost endless succession of NOVEL DISPLAYS and ACTS of INTREPIDITY and DARING, nowhere else to be seen and now offered the public for the first time.
And ONE TICKET admits to ALL the MYRIAD ATTRACTIONS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Amphitheatre Seats, 1s., and 2s.; Arena Seats, 2s., 3s., and 4s.; Balcony Seats 3s.; Stalls, 5s. and 7s. 6d.
Private Boxes, five to six Seats, £3 3s. Single Box Seats, 10s. 6d.
Special prices for Royal Box when not engaged.
Admission to Promenade only (without seats) after 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. 1s.
At Two o'clock Exhibition only, Children between 4 and 10 years of age, half price to all except 1s. and 2s. Seats.
All Seats (except 1s. and 2s.) booked in advance at Olympia from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily, and the Principal Libraries as follows: Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside, E.C.; 3, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W.; Windsor Hotel Buildings, 48, Victoria Street, Westminster; 4, First Avenue Hotel Buildings, Holborn; 1, Prince of Wales Building, Coventry Street, Piccadilly; Hôtel Métropole, Northumberland Avenue; 148, Fenchurch Street, E.C.; Hôtel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue; Savoy Hotel, Victoria Embankment, W.C.; Grand Hotel (In the Vestibule), 167, New Bond Street, W.; Junior Army and Navy Stores, York House, Regent Street; Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington; and Harrod's Stores, 101 to 105, Brompton Road; William Whiteley, 39, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, W.; Army and Navy Stores, 105, Victoria Street, Westminster; Alfred Hayes, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C., and 26, Old Bond Street, W.; Lacon and Ollier, 168A, New Bond Street, W.; Gastrell and Co., 15, Sussex Place, Kensington, S.W., 53, St. George's Place, Knightsbridge, S.W., and 11, Pont Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.; Cecil Ray, 17, Wigmore Street, W., and 4, Bank Buildings, Gloucester Road, S.W.; Ashton's Library, 38, Old Bond Street, 35, Sloane Street, S.W., 27A, Leadenhall Street, and Stock Exchange, E.C.; Gordon, Adams, and Co., 100, High Street, Kensington, W.; J. B. Cramer and Co., 207, Regent Street, W.; District Messenger Service and News Company, Limited, 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., and 193, Piccadilly; and at their other District Messenger Offices throughout the City, including the Hotel Cecil; Basil Tree, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly, W., and 304, Regent Street.

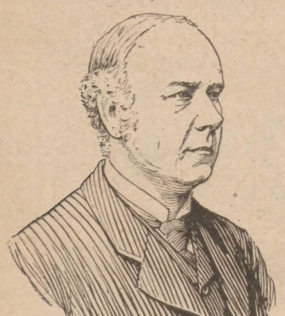
SALE OF SEATS OPENS DEC. 20.

Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30 p.m., Performances begin at 2 and 8 p.m.
Early Gate (Hammersmith Road) opens 12 o'clock noon, and 6 p.m. Early Entrance Fee, 6d. extra. One Ticket admits to everything advertised without extra charge.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

MANY A BRIGHT EXAMPLE HAS THE QUEEN SET her loving subjects, but none more seasonable than the charitable and festive celebration of Christmas at Osborne, where the Christmas Tree gives fresh gladness annually to the Whippingham School children and to the lucky youngsters of Her Majesty's tenantry. With similar Good Cheer to all on their Sandringham estate do the Prince and Princess of Wales keep Christmas; and their Royal Highnesses — to whom as well as to Her Most Gracious Majesty we one and all right cordially wish "A Happy Christmas"—will themselves be cheered by a congenial family circle, comprising the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Wales, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark.

The Sad News of the Death of Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., the ex-Solicitor-General of Lord Rosebery's Administration, occasioned general regret on Monday. The most humorous and most genial of pleaders, Sir Frank Lockwood expired from an attack of influenza on Sunday in his town house. He seemed to be in excellent health but a few short months ago. Born



THE LATE SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

in 1846, the son of Mr. C. D. Lockwood, of Doncaster, Sir Frank was educated at Manchester Grammar School and Caius College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. in 1868. It is significant that on leaving college he joined a touring dramatic company, and in later days readily admitted that his success as a speaker was attributable to the experience he gained on the stage. Called to the Bar in 1872, he joined the North-Western Circuit, in which he enjoyed a large practice, took silk in 1882, ultimately becoming leader of circuit. He was M.P. for York. On becoming Solicitor-General in 1894, Sir Frank was returned unopposed. During his visit to America last year, in company with the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Russell of Killowen), Sir Frank Lockwood made many fresh friends, and regret at his premature death will be universal. Sir Frank married, in 1874, Julia, daughter of the late Mr. Salis Schwabe, of Glyn Garth, Anglesey, and that lady, with two daughters, survive him.

The Czar's Name-Day Celebrated at St. Petersburg.—Saturday last, Dec. 18, being, in the Russian calendar, the Feast of St. Nicholas and the name-day of the Czar, His Majesty, accompanied by the Czarina and the Empress Dowager and the other members of the Imperial family, assisted at divine service in the Winter Palace Chapel. The Imperial party afterwards witnessed a church parade of a body of troops, Prince and Princess Francis Joseph of Battenberg being also present.

The Emperor William paid the Russian Ambassador at Berlin a long visit, and congratulated him on the Czar's name-day. His Majesty had a long talk with the Ambassador about political matters, especially the Chinese question.

Prince Henry of Prussia's Squadron, consisting of the *Deutschland* and *Gefion*, anchored at Spithead on Sunday, the Prince having been invited to visit the Queen at Osborne before proceeding on his voyage to China.

Russia has Followed Germany's Example in China.—We learn from St. Petersburg that a Russian squadron, under Rear-Admiral Ivanow, has entered Port Arthur, with the entire acquiescence of the Chinese Government, with the intention of passing the winter there. "This action" (cables Reuter's agent) "is solely due to the need of a temporary winter station, and there can be no question of forcible occupation, or of any hostile demonstration or intention against China, Germany, Japan, or any other Power."

General Hammond has visited Forts Maude and Ali Musjid, finding the road uninjured and the Khyber Pass deserted.

The Earl of Rosslyn has decided to join the ranks of the actors. It is understood that he will be provided with a part in Mr. Pinero's "four-act comedietta" at the Court Theatre in the New Year. His Lordship, who was born in 1869, is a half-brother of the beautiful Countess of Warwick. Lady Warwick was the daughter of Colonel the Hon. Charles Maynard, who died in January 1865. Her grandfather, the last Lord Maynard, died in the following May, when the title became extinct, and the lands in Essex became hers. Her mother, Mrs. Maynard, married in 1866 the fourth Earl of Rosslyn, who had been Ambassador to Spain, and was once High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland. Agricultural depression hit the Rosslyns hard, and the present Earl has had additional financial troubles. He has often appeared in amateur theatricals.

LORD ROSSLYN.

Prince Alexander George of Teck left Southampton on Saturday last, and sailed for South Africa to rejoin his regiment, the 7th Hussars, at Natal. The Duke of Teck drove from White Lodge with his son to Surbiton, and saw him off.

BARNUM'S FREAKS AT OLYMPIA.

LEAH MAY, THE GIANTESS.

ELASTIC SKIN WONDER.

DELNO FRITZ.

Sir E. J. Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, has promised to open the new South London School of Arts and Crafts, erected in Peckham Road by Mr. Passmore Edwards as a memorial to the late Lord Leighton, on Jan. 6.

General Sir Henry Lynedoch Gardiner, K.C.B., Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, formerly Equerry to Her Majesty, who died last week, had had a distinguished military career. Sir Henry was seventy-seven years of age. Having received his education at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he was gazetted a second Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Artillery, December 1837. In 1839 he became a Major-General, a Lieutenant-General in 1882, and in 1890 received the honorary rank of General. Sir Henry's first experience of active service was during the Canadian rebellion of 1838. During the Indian Mutiny he took part under Major-General Michel in the operations against Tantia Topee in Central India, and showed zeal, energy, and ability. Sir Henry received the India Mutiny medal, and was awarded a good-service pension. The Queen fully appreciated Sir Henry's many admirable qualities. He married, in 1849, Frances, daughter of Mr. Francis Newdigate. General Gardiner was knighted a few months ago.

LATE GEN. SIR H. GARDINER.

Death on the Malarious Gold Coast.—Universal regret has been felt at the news that Sir William Maxwell, Governor of the Gold Coast, had died on his passage home—a victim to the same malarial fever which carried off the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. Sir William was born in 1846, his father being the late Sir Peter Benson Maxwell, at one time Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements. He proceeded in 1865 to Penang, where he was appointed a police magistrate. For his services as Deputy Commissioner with the Larut Field Force in 1875, he received the war medal. Coming home in 1881, he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and, after visiting the Australian Colonies to report upon the Torrens land registration system, returned to the Straits Settlements to become Commissioner of Land Titles. In 1886 he distinguished himself by obtaining the release of the eighteen survivors of the crew of the British ship *Nisero*, who were kept in captivity on the west coast of Atchin for ten months. For this service he received the thanks of Her Majesty's Government, and was made a C.M.G. In 1895 he became Governor of the Gold Coast, and had not long taken up the post when the British expedition was despatched to Ashantee. At the close of the operations—in which he played a responsible and valuable part—he returned to England, and was made a K.C.M.G. During the past twelve months his work has been largely concerned in developing our West African possessions, and in preventing French aggression in the British Hinterland—work of the most delicate and important character.

The Sudden Death of M. Alphonse Daudet in Paris last week, while dining with his family, called forth the heartiest public sympathy with those the distinguished French novelist has left behind. M. Daudet hailed from the South, having been born in Nimes on May 13, 1840. With his elder brother Ernest he went to Paris in 1857 to seek his fortune as a writer. For a long period his existence was an uphill one. Taking up his quarters in a garret, he applied himself to verse-writing. One of his poems attracted the attention of the Empress Eugénie, and secured for him the patronage of the Duc de Morny, then the most influential politician in France. At last fortune turned. Daudet received an official appointment, which enabled him to devote himself to his literary work. In 1872 came, at short intervals, "Les Aventures de Tartarin de Tarascon," and perhaps the most powerful of all Daudet's novels, "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," in 1874. Afterwards, in quick succession, came "Jack," "Le Nabab," "Les Rois en Exil," "Numa Roumestan," and "Sapho." His son, M. Léon Daudet, himself a *littérateur*, was married to Mdlle. Jeanne Hugo, granddaughter of the poet and heroine of "L'Art d'être Grandpère," but has recently been separated from her.

Mr. George Edwardes is to Produce his First Pantomime this Christmas.—This will be at the Grand Theatre and Opera House, Croydon, of which Mr. Edwardes is now the sole proprietor, he having purchased the freehold some time ago, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Sass, responsible manager. The subject of the pantomime is "Cinderella," specially written by Mr. Horace Lennard, who has also been retained to direct the production. Mr. Meyer Lutz has charge of the musical portion of the work, while Madame Katti Lanner is responsible for the ballets. The scenery is, of course, altogether new, and the entire production will be on a magnificent scale. Special attention is being paid to the dresses, some of the handsome costumes in the great ball-room scene having actually taken prizes at the recent Covent Garden Ball. The cast of characters includes many well-known names—Miss Maggie May (of Daly's Theatre) is to be Cinderella; Miss Grace Palotta (of the Gaiety) the Prince; while Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Hetty Chattell, Mr. Lionel Rignold, and Mr. Fred Wright, jun., have all important parts.

The Phenomenal Success of "The Circus Girl" at the Gaiety, and of "The Geisha," at Daly's, bears witness to the excellence of Mr. George Edwardes as a judge of the kind of entertainment the playgoing public are most partial to. People visit and revisit these popular theatres again and again to be amused by the humours and light musical attractions of "The Circus Girl" and by the sweet melodiousness and cheery vivacity of "The Geisha." On Boxing Night a new edition of "The Circus Girl" is due at the Gaiety, with fresh jokes and songs. Mr. George Edwardes' company gave their six-hundredth performance of "The Geisha" at Daly's Theatre on Friday, Dec. 17. This delightful musical play was entirely re-dressed and new scenery was provided. On Christmas Eve (Friday, Dec. 24), in lieu of a night performance, there will be a special matinée of "The Geisha," at 2.30. This is to be a sort of children's fête. The management will present to members of the audience seasonable souvenirs in the form of little "Geisha" character dolls for the Christmas-tree.

Two French Anarchists, Named Delion and Voillard, were committed for extradition at Bow Street last Saturday, on a charge of murdering a woman at Chaumont in October. They were dumbfounded in Court by being confronted with a confederate brought from France on purpose.

The Case of Lord William Nevill's Bill.—On Saturday last judgment for the defendant was given by the Lord Chief Justice in the action to recover £11,113, brought by Mr. Samuel Lewis against Mr. H. Spender Clay, upon two promissory notes, signed by the latter under peculiar circumstances. Lord Russell seems sadly worn in face. He is still very pale.

The Royal Courts of Justice "Smoker" (sketched and noticed in the *P.I.P.*) added the goodly sum of £120 to the Staff Sick and Provident Fund, a satisfactory result upon which Mr. Francis Stringer and all concerned may be warmly congratulated. A legacy of £200 was left by the late Mr. Olyett to the *Referee* Poor Children's Dinner Fund, to which every kind-hearted soul has tens to subscribe.

The Mercers' Company, one of the oldest, richest, and most benevolent of the great historic companies which have added lustre and dignity to the City of London for centuries past, boasts an admirable school on the site of Barnard's Inn, Holborn, fortunate in having a most genial, erudite, and accomplished Head Master in the Rev. D. L. Scott, LL.D. Out of its great wealth, the Mercers' Company has helped forward many a good philanthropic work with noble subscriptions. This month Mr. John Watney has had the pleasing duty, on behalf of the Mercers' Company, to send the regal sum of *one thousand guineas* to the University of Cambridge for the rebuilding of the University School of Medicine and Surgery. Mr. Alexander Peckover has generously contributed the same handsome sum to the fund. The Vice-Chancellor, indeed, publishes a list of £3425 in subscriptions in response to the Duke of Devonshire's appeal.

How Brave Stoker Lynch Nobly Won the Albert Medal.—The Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport was on Dec. 16 officially informed by the Admiralty that the Queen had been pleased to confer the Albert Medal of the first class on Stoker Lynch, of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Thrasher*. The latter vessel and the torpedo-boat destroyer *Lynx* stranded on Dodman Point, and there was loss of life. After the *Thrasher* grounded her main steam-pipe burst, and Lynch, who is a native of Youghal, Ireland, made good his escape by the manhole. On reaching the deck, he heard the cries of his comrade, Paull, of Teignmouth, Devon, and went back to what seemed certain death to help him out of the engine-room. Both men were badly scalded, but Lynch brought Paull out. Paull was landed at Gorran Haven, where he succumbed to his injuries. Lynch, terribly burnt, was also taken there, and, after a dangerous illness lasting several weeks recovered. Lynch, it is stated, is the only man in the Navy on whom this distinction has been conferred. There is one officer and there are only about twenty recipients in the Navy of the Albert Medal of the second class. Admiral Fremantle has also expressed his intention of promoting Lynch.

With best wishes for A Joyous CHRISTMAS

The Popularity of Miss Kate Bishop, our poetical contributor, continues among all classes of the Military Service of the Queen all the world over. The latest proof of this is very gratifying to "Kay Bee." This is the receipt of a Christmas Card from a Gordon Highlander in the Tirah Expedition, and illustrated with his own hand. Writing from Camp Maxtura on the 15th ult., Miss Bishop's correspondent stated in explanation of his post-card sketch (redrawn for the *P.I.P.*): "I have sent you a post-card with a scrawl to show you my 'Home, sweet Home' for the time being. The tree to the left covers three offices, the one in the foreground being the Line of Communication office, the centre is the Post Staff office, the end one is my office. The square place in the centre is the Mess; to the right of it is the kitchen. The tents are occupied by myself and orderlies. Don't laugh too much over it, but accept the wish on it from one who will never forget the soldier's friend."

KAY BEE'S CHRISTMAS CARD FROM A GORDON HIGHLANDER.

The Coldstream Guards' Smoking Concert at the Tower of London last week was graced by the presence of Miss Kate Bishop (the Laureate of the Regiment) and Miss Yardley, a true friend of the soldier ever since the Crimean War, and by many other civilian visitors. The ladies and Colour-Sergeant Dyble and Sergeant-Major Best, with "Uncle Bob," were sketched by a *P.I.P.* Artist, who has to thank his hosts for a very pleasant musical evening. A Merry Christmas to the Coldstreams, and all other gallant "Soldiers of the Queen."

Our NEW YEAR'S STORIETTES will be Started by GEORGE R. SIMS IN NEXT WEEK'S "P.I.P."

THE RACING WORLD.

WE who are accustomed to see some sort of racing every day can scarcely understand a week like this with only two days utilised for jumping at Birmingham.

Christmas is Not Quite a Holiday

in training stables where are steeplechasers, because many horses have to be got off for Boxing Day meetings. But it generally is a jolly time, for trainers are almost without exception very hospitably disposed, and delight in seeing all hands enjoy themselves. Some of them make it a rule to take the head of the table and carve for the staff. I could name the

Master of One Stable at Epsom

who declares that at Christmas he sets himself the hardest day's work of the year, and is always afraid of getting too tired to eat his own dinner when his turn comes. Rare twists the boys have always. On these occasions they would surprise you by the form they show. You must understand that "lads" and "boys" are terms covering as many years as "postboy" used. Some apprentices who do not develop talent for racing, riding, or put on too much weight for that business, yet are useful in the saddle, spend their lives as

"Boys" in the Stable

where they learned their trade, or in the same line elsewhere. Not a bad life either if you are fond of horses, and are with a kind-hearted employer; in fact, next to a hunting man's groom, who has the best of cattle kept for him, and is paid wages to take his pleasure and do a little work, you can't find a better. They live in the open pretty much, have plenty of fresh air, change of scene it sent about, and the horses are well fed and lodged. There are two things I never could understand. One is how all butchers learn to whistle in the shrill fashion which is unattainable to the general public. Number two is why all boys in a racing stable

Manage to Sing.

They all can, somehow, as you would discover if you heard them doing a chorus after a feast, or, which is a more frequent opportunity, any day on the Downs or other training-grounds, when the master is not handy and the head lad is a good sort, who doesn't nag, but lets the boys amuse themselves. Where the deuce they pick up all the "new and popular songs of the day," as the street-vendors used to describe them, I can't imagine. But there it is. Somebody at the London theatres or music-halls starts a new song; before it scarcely has time to become popular you shall hear it of a morning on Newmarket Heath, as—well, I won't mention names — any trainer's string passes you (and, I may add, likely enough four or five other tunes all going at the same time), so you shall hear it on Epsom Downs, or away in Wiltshire, on the lonely uplands of Beckhampton, where Galtee More is trained; up by the Scotchman, over against Chilton, the black patch of trees that overlooks the classical gallops used to wind up Lord Lyon. How it is done I do not profess to know; I only record, and I am a truthful recorder, too. There must be a musical lending library somewhere, or is it a phonograph laid on between "the halls" and the stables? And, what is more—well, what is more is that I mustn't write any more now or I shall not get my work done so as to be all clear and free to go and take a holiday on Christmas Day, and help my friend and train r carve and hear the "lads" warble. A Merry Christmas to all our good friends whose hearths are not desolate, and comfort in the New Year for the bereaved ones!

BENDIGO.

"P.I.P." SNAP-SHOTS OF OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

A THROW-IN BY OXFORD.

CAMBRIDGE RUSH FOR THE OXFORD GOAL.

THE PENNY LAWYER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. S. (Constant Reader).—Perfectly legal. If the will was made by a solicitor, he should hold it as an independent person. Or it can be deposited at the Probate Registry, Somerset House, Strand, London.

J. E. T. (Wages or Damages).—If you can prove negligence in driving you might recover a small sum. You had better consult a solicitor.

ORPHAN.—The younger children can commence proceedings by their "next friend" for compelling "B" to furnish an account of his dealings with the estate. Any relative can be next friend.

G. H. H.—Sue the builder in the County Court.

WALKLEY.—The eldest surviving child should apply for letters of administration with will annexed.

G. J. B.—Pay.

C. B. (A Weekly Reader).—The right of way must be kept clear. Give the builder notice, in writing, to clear the way, and, if necessary, instruct a solicitor to apply for an injunction to preserve your rights. Be prompt.

MERCHANT.—Has he commenced proceedings against you? If not, wait till he does, and then instruct your solicitor.

QUERY.—The wife should apply to be appointed "committee" of her husband's estate pending lunacy.

W. B.—Both parties must live in the parish for twenty-one days, unless the banns are published in the two separate churches and the proper certificate forwarded by one clergyman to the other.

G. REDLEGG.—(1) Attend at the County Court on the day of hearing with your witnesses and explain to the Judge. (2) If your father left any estate the doctor is entitled to be paid, and can sue the executor.

G. W. H.—Issue a County Court summons.

ROBERTS.—You are welcome. Your complaint is a frequent one. The obvious remedy is to order your newsagent to send you the *P.I.P.* every Friday morning.

W. J. C.—You are liable for all arrears up to the date of the death of the child.

CARLISLE.—You should instruct your solicitor to take steps to protect your interest.

HORACE.—The notice was perfectly legal.

ANXIOUS.—You are certainly not liable for the repairs unless caused by your own wilful default.

P. G.—We have no knowledge of the rules of the society, but have no doubt that the committee are acting within their rights.

W. W. W.—If it is the custom of the trade in the North to stop wages for boys' lost time, they would be entitled to set that off against your claim, if you should take proceedings in the County Court on your son's behalf.—LEX.

Lady Dilke, the accomplished wife of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., is now nearing the completion of those studies in the art of the days of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. on which she has been engaged of late years. Her work, when finished (says the *Athenæum*), will deal not only with the architecture, sculpture, painting, and engraving of the French School during those famous epochs, but also with the history of the Paris Royal Academy.

THIS DESPICABLE OLD EARTH.

"I HEAR that you are now and then troubled with dyspepsia. If so, will you favour me with your views on the subject, especially mentioning any form of diet or medicine which you find to relieve it. Yours, &c.——."

It was by yesterday's post that I received a reply to the letter from which the above is an extract. My object in writing was purely one of business, not chiefly to elicit my friend's ideas on disease. It proved, however, that the liveliest passage in his answer was on that very point. I quote it word for word—

"Yes; I've got dyspepsia. I've had it for ten years. When I have it the worst it seems to me that the world, the flesh, and the devil are leagued to destroy me. I feel that I am on the verge of bankruptcy, and that one by one my friends have forsaken me until I haven't a solitary one left on this despicable old earth. Then, after a day or two, I awake to discover that I have had a little harder attack of dyspepsia than usual—that's all. As for dieting and medicines, they are no good. You might as well try to suppress a hurricane by turning a hose on it. The only hope is to take to the woods, live on berries, and stay there till the trumpet blows."

There you have my friend's opinion, and the people who agree with him in *all* he says are an exceeding great army. Now I have the pleasure to introduce one who agrees with him on the badness of the complaint, but *not as to its curability*.

"For many years," she says, "I have been a sufferer from indigestion (or dyspepsia) and liver complaint. I had dark spots floating before my eyes. I had a constant feeling of sickness, and retched and spit up a bitter fluid. My appetite was poor, and after meals I suffered from fullness and pain across the chest. I had, too, a sinking pain at the stomach, and at times could scarcely bear it.

"My breathing was short, and I could not lie down in bed properly, having to be propped up with pillows. All my food seemed to turn to wind [fermentation in the stomach], and I was always belching up a sour fluid.

"I lost a deal of sleep at night, and became too weak to get about. In fact, I was unable to stand without support. I saw a doctor, who gave me medicines, but nothing did me much good.

"At Michaelmas, 1893, my daughter recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, and got me a bottle from Mr. A. Ralling, the grocer, at Wells. When I had taken it I felt wonderful relief. I was free from pain, and my food agreed with me, and I felt stronger and brighter than I had done for years. I kept on taking it, and soon I was well and strong. By taking a dose now and then I keep in good health. You may publish this statement if you desire to do so. (Signed) (Mrs.) Rebecca Mary Claxton, Wighton, Walsingham, Norfolk, July 9, 1896."

Now, any intelligent person will see that this brief letter of Mrs. Claxton's can possibly be no more than a shadowy outline of her long experience with her ailment. Had she the pen of a ready writer, and the time to use it, she could have drawn us a vastly more vivid and realistic picture. Still, the memory of pain fades fast when pain itself is gone (fortunately, no doubt). Such tales can hardly be told so that others shall know the facts for what they really were. All dyspeptics, whose knowledge of this body-racking, mind-destroying disease was obtained from long endurance of its tortures, will be quite content with what the lady has said. A "despicable old earth" indeed this is—when the diabolical genius of dyspepsia is the power that creates and the artist that decorates it.

But in one respect—the most important of all—my correspondent was wrong. The "only hope" is *not* to take to the woods and live on berries, but to take Mother Seigel's Syrup, and stick to home, love, and duty. For that this remedy cures dyspepsia—even when life seems not worth a rusty farthing—is a fact to which the witnesses are as the leaves on the trees. I wish only to add that I wrote to this effect by to-day's post, and sent him a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup. When he tells me he is a new man—as he will by and by—I will let the public know it through this newspaper.

THE UP-TO-DATEST CHRISTMAS PARTY: BARNUM'S FREAKS AT OLYMPIA.

THE "GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"

is a title that correctly describes the most extraordinary collection of eccentric and novel features ever brought together in any public exhibition—a Napoleonic masterpiece of organisation on the part of Mr. Bailey, of the renowned firm of Barnum and Bailey. Apropos of a *P.I.P.* Artist's Drawing above of the most novel of Christmas parties, let us first call attention to

The "India-Rubber Man,"

whose flexible skin can be pulled out to any extent. Even his nose can be elongated until it resembles an elephant's trunk. The "India-Rubber Man" "pulls himself together" literally, by letting his skin flap back upon his bones like a sail against the mast of a ship when the wind drops. He is a genial, not to say "expansive" individual, and we predict that this curious example of Nature's eccentricity will be a popular personage. But in this marvellous entertainment at Olympia stranger still is the Russian

"Dog-Faced Man."

He gives one the impression that it is a Skye terrier who has taken a sudden fancy to masquerade as a man. It might be imagined that such a being would be isolated from the world, that his (or its) fate would be like that of the leper, shut off from contact with humanity. But no; this strange freak of Nature has some human gifts. Fortunately, he does not bark, or yelp, or howl. He can speak, and in tones by no means repelling.

The Armless Man

is decidedly genial. Happily (as indicated in our Drawing) he can use his legs with great freedom, and his toes serve him instead of hands. He can unlock a door, write a letter, or tie up a parcel with his toes. He seems quite happy, and if he cannot embrace a lady, he is evidently on good terms with the fair sex. Sydney Smith, in very hot weather, wished he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones. This is what

The Human Skeleton

at Olympia can do, and does, in summer weather. He also sits in, or out, his bones all the year round. Mr. J. Coffey, "the Skeleton Dude," as he is called, is not influenced, like ordinary mortals, by what he eats and drinks. He "puts away"—that was our informant's expression—several meals a day, but the food he eats is never transformed into flesh. This wonderful person regards his anatomy from a scientific point of view, and discusses the causes of his lack of flesh quite cheerfully. Another curious specimen of humanity is

The "Legless Wonder"

(Mr. Eli Bowen), whose tremendous arms compensate for his deficiencies in the lower part of his body. This peculiarity does not distress him. He can use his strangely affixed feet with much skill. The legless man wins admiration, indeed, for his philosophy. The graceful giantess (Leah May), Delno Fritz (the bayonet-swallower), and the "India-Rubber Man" are photographed on another page.

The Great Soudan Show

provided by Mr. Bailey at Olympia will have special interest just now, when we are preparing to reconquer that portion of the world and march to Khartoum. The vivid realisation of a Nile Expedition such as the Sirdar is now leading will prove very interesting, arranged, as it has been, by the valiant War Special of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Bennett Burleigh, with the assistance of cheery Mr. Louis Edwards as military costume-designer. Real Soudan natives will add to the life-like nature of the scenes.

To the Stirring Hippodrome Races

will be added astounding trapeze flights and champion juggling, and all the sports of the Circus in three Rings; the largest show of elephants in England in the menagerie with cages of wild beasts, and the clever gorilla or chimpanzee, Johanna, and a monster stud of rare horses. The excellence of the refreshments will be guaranteed by the fact that Messrs. Joseph Lyons and Co. will supply them.

ENGLAND MOURNS FOR THE SAD LOSS

Photo by Bassano, 25, Old Bond St., W.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM TERRISS,
MOST POPULAR HERO OF MELODRAMA.

OF HER BEST MELODRAMATIC ACTOR

MR. ARTHUR COLLINS REHEARSING THE GRAND PANTOMIME OF "THE BABES IN THE WOOD": MISS ADA BLANCHE, DAN LENO, AND HERBERT CAMPBELL AT HOME AGAIN AT OLD DRURY.

See "The Prompter" on the "Talk of London."

MANAGER GILLMAN PRODUCES A GRAND WATER HUNTING SCENE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MR. OSCAR BARRETT PROMISES "CINDERELLA" RE-GLORIFIED AT THE GARRICK.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

ENGLAND'S VICTORY OVER AUSTRALIA

on the Sydney ground at the end of last week was one over which cricketers in this country may, with every show of reason, become enthusiastic. The conduct of the Sydney trustees in postponing the commencement of the match without consulting the captains is a subject upon which I need not dwell, and except to say that it would be a very great pity for such a course to become general I let it pass. As it happened, the match, happily, was played in fairer conditions than might have been the case had the start taken place on Dec. 10 instead of Dec. 12. An early

Piece of Good Fortune

was met with by the Englishmen, as they won the toss, and in his second innings McLaren, who in the absence of Stoddart captained the visitors' team, was given in when, on his own admission, he should have been given out—caught at the wicket (the bat striking ball and ground at the same time deceived the umpire). Beyond these two things, however, the luck cannot be said to have been with one side more than the other, and the latter incident had not a very important bearing upon the result. In my last week's notes I was able only to give up to the close of the second day's play, when the Australians, who had gone in against 551 runs—the highest number ever hit by an English side in a test match played on Australian

From a Photo by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker St.

MISS HELEN BERTRAM,

THE HANDSOME PRINCE IN "CINDERELLA" AT THE GARRICK.

See "Talk of London."

soil, and the second best on record in connection with international matches in the Colonies—had lost five wickets for 88 runs. On the third day, however, there was some grand cricket by H. Trumble (70) and C. McLeod (50), whose displays, with that of S. E. Gregory (46), retrieved the innings from absolute mediocrity. Following on, the Australians began in not too hopeful fashion, but with two wickets gone J. Darling and Clement Hill raised the

Enthusiasm of the Australians

to a very high pitch. Their cricket was of the best, and, considering the uphill character of the game, fully entitled to the lavishness of the applause bestowed upon it. Darling made 101, and his companion 96, and, thanks chiefly to them, the deficit of 314 was made up for the loss of five wickets. At this the hopes of the Colonials ran high, but though J. J. Kelly (46), J. J. Lyons, and G. H. S. Trott met with success, the result was not equal to the anticipations that those of sanguine temperament had indulged in, and the Englishmen were set but a moderate task—95 runs. Thirty of these were hit off before the fourth day ended, and assisted by the indulgence to McLaren already alluded to, the remainder were hit off for the loss of one wicket. McLaren was not out 50. The batsmen who chiefly contributed to the victory were

Ranjitsinhji, McLaren,

Hayward, and Hirst, and J. T. Hearne carried off highest honours in the bowling department, taking nine wickets for 141 runs. Of matches between England and Australia the former have won twenty-six (fourteen in Australia and twelve at home) against fifteen, of which twelve were secured on Colonial wickets. The Australians greatly missed George Giffen, who may, it is stated, be prevailed upon to play in the next test match. Taken in their entirety the English newspapers are to be congratulated upon their enterprise in obtaining such good messages of this match. Those who sought information by means of the special service had to pay something like fifteen shillings for each word: a grand thing for the extremely well-managed

Eastern and Eastern Extension Telegraph Companies,

which bind us fraternally with Australasia and other distant parts of the British Empire.

Oxford and Cambridge.

From cricket to football is a remarkable change, which is accounted for by the Antipodean relationship of the two countries in which the games were played. I told you in my notes of the 11th inst. that I thought Oxford would have the better of a tough struggle, but I must confess that the Cambridge team played below the form I expected. Their forwards gave evidence of plenty of strength, and they were able to push their opponents, but the backs were unable to take advantage of this, the play of the halves being such as to cause the three-quarters to be well marked before they could get away. The defeat was not, however, severe, Oxford's success being by two tries to nothing.

North v. South at Rugby Football.

Almost as far north as possible was the venue of this match on Saturday, no nearer to the foggy south than Carlisle, where it was dull and threatening, conditions which probably had their effect upon the attendance, as the number of spectators did not exceed 3000. The ground was slippery owing to recent rains, but the match was nevertheless fought out in very interesting fashion. Indeed, it was one of the best-contested matches ever played under the title. At the same time, though it seems curious to say so, there was seldom any doubt as to which was the better side. Admirably matched forward, there was a marked difference in the play of the backs. The Northern players tackled well, but their attack was moderate only, and this lost them the match, their opponents being remarkably good, both at half and three-quarters. So far as regards points, there was but a difference of 2, the Southerners winning by 9 to 7. Of twenty-nine games now played between North and South, the latter have won sixteen, and three have been drawn.

Blackheath and Cardiff

did not play after all, for the fog descended all over the South Eastern district, and getting to Blackheath was more difficult than finding the pea under the thimble. The Welshmen started on their journey in order to be at the appointed spot in due time, but after spending a considerable portion of the afternoon in a railway carriage, entertained by fog signals and whistles of more or less discordant tones, the end of the railway journey was reached as darkness was setting in. The remainder of the journey was not attempted, a return being made to the delights of a southern suburban railway journey when like the course of true love, things are running anything but smoothly.

Coventry and Richmond

shared a better fate, for the mist lifted at Richmond, and the Midlanders were not disappointed of their game. They may have been displeased with the result, though they could not do other than own that Richmond fully deserved their victory of a penalty goal and a try to nothing. The defence of Coventry was very good, some of their tackling being very smart; but this only had the effect of lessening the severity of the defeat. To the match between

Oxford University and Devonport Albion

at Devonport some 14,000 persons were attracted. The play was chiefly with the forwards, but it was nevertheless vastly interesting, particularly so to the home club supporters, for Devonport won by a try to nothing. The Light Blues were at Edinburgh, and victory crowned their efforts against Edinburgh Wanderers. It is to be regretted that the fog kept not away from Tufnell Park on Saturday, for the

Casuals and Mr. N. L. Jackson's Team

had arranged that the proceeds of their match should go to the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund. The fund, I am glad to say, will benefit to the tune of about £40; but in pleasanter circumstances there would have been a much bigger sum to hand over for the benefit of the little ones, for whom the proprietors of our estimable contemporary, ably assisted by their friends, have done so much. That the play was splendid it would be difficult to deny, because no one could see it; but six goals were scored, and this must be taken as sufficient proof that something was done. Of

League Matches,

six were brought off, but in circumstances which caused the play to be very uncertain. Only eight goals were scored in the six matches, three of which were left drawn. Blackburn Rovers, Preston North End, and West Bromwich Albion were those who met with success. Aston Villa played a draw with Stoke, and the match between Sheffield United and Bolton Wanderers could not be played. The cross-country match between the

Blackheath Harriers and S.L.H.

for the "Nichols" Cup had to be postponed, much to the regret of all, as both clubs had succeeded in getting together strong teams. The several sad events which have occurred recently have had their depressing effect upon me as upon very many others; but, gentle reader, the season of good cheer is at hand, and though we may not all be able to enter into the

Spirit of Christmas

with that joviality and heartiness we could wish, I sincerely hope that peace, contentment, and goodwill may be enjoyed by everyone of the myriad subscribers to the *P.I.P.*

BANSHEE.

INCE you're allowed beneath the mistletoe
To kiss a maiden fair,
When once you meet (the chance is rare, you know),
See that you keep her there!

The hand that carves the turkey is the one that rules the roast.

The Learned and Sprightly Contributor of "Pages from a Private Diary," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, confesses that nonsense verses have for him a special fascination; and in illustration of his tastes in this way cites three samples after the pattern that Mr. Edward Lear has made so popular. They have been sent to him by a correspondent, and are as follows—

There was a young wife of Antigua
Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you are!"
He said: "Oh, my queen!
Is it manners you mean,
Or do you refer to my fig-u-re?"

There was a young girl of Madrid
Whose bike went amiss on the skid;
The bike it was broken,
And words they were spoken—
I'm sorry she did, but she *did*.

There were three young ladies of Birmingham—
I know a sad story concerning 'em:
They stuck needles and pins
In the right reverend shins
Of the B-sh-p engaged in confirming 'em.

Guest (in restaurant): "Waiter, I hope you're not giving me one of those rabbits they inoculate?"
Waiter (whispering): "This is cat."

NO DANGER.

Christmas in Camp.

A Soldier writes to his Friend. Scene—Camp near Dargai. Time—Evening.

DEAR BOB—

You've spent your Christmas where the hills are capped with snow,
Where there was no lack of holly, nor, I bet, of mistletoe,
Nor of anything which tells us of the time of mirth and cheer—
Something different, I fancy, to the way we spent it here.

All around us dusky mountains, in a purple dimness lost,
Shot with silver by the moonbeams: not a decent bit of frost,
Or a good old British snowstorm; not a carol or a chime,
Not a sound or sight to tell us of the dear old Christmastime.

But before I start relating what was said and what was done,
Can you answer me a question which has puzzled many a one?
How is it that the English, whether facing friend or foe,
Take things cooler far than any Scot or Irishman I know?

I thought o'er that this Christmas; in our corps, you know, we've got
The English and the Irish, and, as we have proved, the Scot.
But I'll start at the beginning how we spent our Christmas here,
Where the Eastern skies hang heavy o'er a country wild and drear.

There were memories to cheer us, there were some to make us sad,
For we missed the Christmas greeting, and the face of many a lad;
And we thought of home and country, and I'm not ashamed to say
That to hide the tell-tale teardrop many a soldier turned away.

First we drank in tender silence to the comrades gone before,
Then we drank success and glory even greater to the corps;
And we honoured him that led us to our greatest glory scene—*
May his name be heard for ever 'mid the hills of Aberdeen!

Then I played and sang a ballad that was English to the core,
All about the Briton's freedom and the freeman's happy shore:
But, bless you, all the English sat as cool as mountain snow,
And a Bristol lad said softly, "Needn't tell us what we know."

Then I tried 'em with a simple little song of old home ties,
But they only murmured something about "smoke" and "smarting eyes";
Though that selfsame lad from Bristol ere the song was done arose,
And walked towards the window, where he loudly blew his nose.

'Tisn't that they have no feelings—you should see 'em in a fight!—
But they seem to think that showing their emotions isn't right.
And that question won't be answered, Bob, on any earthly spot,
Why the English take things cooler than the Irish or the Scot.

Then I sang an Irish ballad; 'twas "The Wearing of the Green."
Well, shout followed shout to greet it, with a kind of choke between.
When 'twas ended—well, the cheering from the Irish, they *were* cheers!
Till "The Meeting of the Waters" fairly drowned the lot in tears.

Then I sang—what did I sing, Bob?—you can guess: a song that thrills
Ev'ry Scot of Scotland worthy, like the pibroch mid the hills,
Ay, we all shook hands together, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne";
And the grey blue skies of Scotland through the darkness seemed to shine.

And the bagpipes they were skirling "Scots wha hae" with might and main,
As the Dargai rock-scalers cheered Mathias once again.
Ay, the Scottish soul to Scotland when it hears her songs returns,
And we drank in silence, standing, to the mem'ry of her Burns.

But the song that joined together every British heart as one
Was the song we fairly thundered when the Christmas feast was done;
For the English, Scotch, and Irish looked upon the same home scene,
In the selfsame dear old Britain, as we sang "God save the Queen."

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee")

* Colonel Mathias.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illus. Guide (259 pgs.), 3d., Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., Ldn. 50 yrs.' reputation. Hairdressers fitted. Mgr., H. MYERS.—[ADVT.]

ASTON'S SOVEREIGN EMBROCATION cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Aches, Wounds, 1s. 1½d.; by post of the Proprietors, 1s. 3d.—ASTON CHEMICAL CO., Birmingham.—[ADVT.]

Rosalind's London Fashions.

JUST now, when all the fortunate fair are fathoms deep in Balls—and "hops" of less pretention—Theatres, Dinners, At-Homes, and all sorts of gaieties dear to the heart of woman at the festive season, I must indulge in a chat about the fascinating chiffons for evening wear. There are lovely fabrics and designs galore.

* * * *

The "Back, Back, Hair" is being carried higher yet. The Pompadour is pronounced the best form for the moment. It is rolled back *ondulé* entirely, and carried

COIFFURE A LA POMPADOUR.

almost on to the top of the head, where it is coiled in rolls, *not* ropes. This is illustrated in Fig. 1, with one of the new hair mounts consisting of a small wreath of violets worn round the coil. On the left side a white osprey dotted with diamonds is placed, and it will be noticed that, though rolled back *en masse*, sundry small curls are allowed round the face to avoid an unbecoming hard severity.

* * *

Everything for Evening Wear at the moment is like the "Geisha's" amorous goldfish—a "glit, glit, glitter" with jewels, sequins, paillettes, spangles, and tinselled embroideries. To be successful, this razzle-dazzle style must be of the very best materials. A charming evening gown, by one of our modish designers of evening robes, is sketched in Fig. 2. This has a white satin skirt, embroidered across the front with a scroll in jewels and tiny gold sequins; a low-cut bodice of the same—with a band of embroidery across the top—fastening at the back. Over this is an open-fronted pouched blouse of white chiffon, embroidered with tiny gold sequins and jewels, with a high (wired) collar of the same, and butterfly sleeves. A jewelled belt enzones the waist. A chain of gold and pearls is also sketched here, suspending a heart of diamonds. It has been said that these pretty ornaments have become *demodé*; nevertheless, they are still being worn for evening. A new evening glove is also introduced in this sketch. A white kid, joined halfway up by a continuation of white lace, kept in place by a running of narrow white satin ribbon at the top.

BLOUSE OF JEWELLED CHIFFON FOR CHRISTMAS.

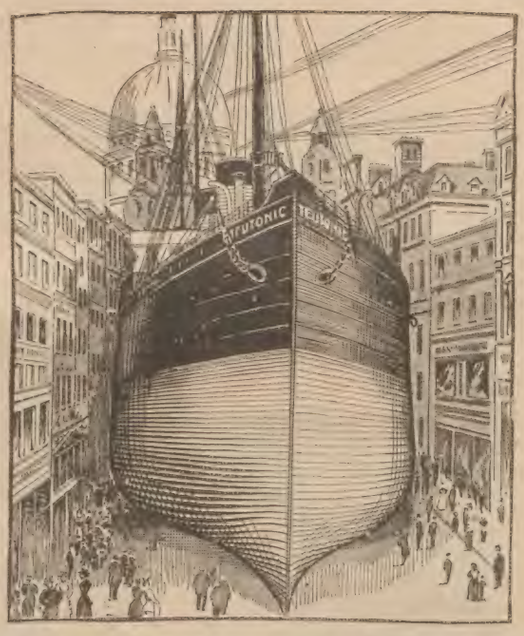
* * *

One of this Seasons Newest Features is the domino or evening wrap, illustrated in Fig. 3. It is, in this model, of a very pale blue broché, lined with white satin. The hood is in one with the body, and edged with a full pleating of white lace, pink and white velvet chrysanthemums at intervals. Crossing over, it fastens on the left side with a long bow and ends of white satin ribbon. The cuffs have lace ruffles, a satin *chou*, and chrysanthemums.

NEWEST EVENING WRAP FOR PARTY OR THEATRE.

READ the New SENSATION, "THE KLONDYKE CASE," A LAW COURTS Romance, in NEXT WEEK'S "P.I.P."

A Ship in Ludgate Hill.



An Ocean-going Steamer in Ludgate Hill would be a strange sight, yet this illustration gives a very slight idea of the enormous manufacturing capacity of the

Sunlight Soap . . .

Works. All the cargo space available in this ship could be filled twice over with the Soap manufactured at Port Sunlight in eighty-eight working hours; in fact, enough Soap to Wash the Hands and faces of every Man, Woman and Child on the Earth.

USED ALL OVER THE CIVILISED WORLD.

We beg to remind Cyclists that all

ROADSTER
PATTERN
DETACHABLE

DUNLOP TYRES

Bear a 12 Months' Guarantee, which stipulates that during that period we will—

FREE OF CHARGE—repair tyres which fail by reason of fair wear and tear, indifferent material, or bad workmanship. We have but to call attention to our enormous output to emphasise what this guarantee means.
It means that every tyre we make must be of the best. But, to safeguard your interest as well as our own, we are prepared to carry out the above, and that in the most liberal manner possible.
The same our is given to complaint as to praise, so that in event of having cause to be dissatisfied with your tyre, under the conditions named, kindly communicate with us, and the matter will receive immediate attention.

"All About Dunlop Tyres for 1898," Post Free.

The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, Ltd.,
160 TO 166, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C., LONDON:
WORKS: ALMA STREET, COVENTRY:
BRANCHES: BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON, NOTTINGHAM, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, DUBLIN, &c.

It's quite a HOME-MADE SOUP!

EDWARDS'
DESICCATED **SOUP**

is made from Home-grown Vegetables and Meat, and is a very Tasty Soup. The Brown, White and Tomato are all equally good.

FOR COOKERY PURPOSES

You should use GRAVINA, which is very handy and economical in the kitchen. It is particularly suited for enriching gravies, sauces, stews, etc., and gives substance and piquancy wherever used.

If you cannot get them at your Grocer's, send to Fredk. King & Co., Ltd., 3 Camomile Street, London, E.C.
8 penny stamps for an 8d. tin of Brown, White, or Tomato.
6 penny stamps for a 6d. tin of Gravina.

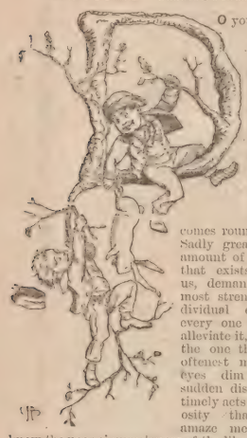
My Dear, **BUY IT!**

TADDY'S
MYRTLE GROVE
CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO.
Sweet. Cool. Fragrant.

TADDY & CO., MINORIES, E.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

WELCOME CHRISTMAS!



O you ever try to realise, my dear readers, the vast amount of kind-hearted feeling that gathers to a head when blessed Christmastime comes round again? Sadly great as the amount of misery is that exists around us, demanding the most strenuous individual effort of every one of us to alleviate it, I confess the one thing that oftenest makes my eyes dim is the sudden discovery of timely acts of generosity that fairly amaze me when I know the poor circumstances of the liberal givers. Give freely, dear friends, who have the means. Out of your store, help some poor pilgrim that has fallen by the way. Cheer by seasonable gifts the hearts of humble toilers, whose lives are deplorably gloomy in big cities. Resolve to make this Christmas and coming New Year full of golden memories to young and old whose lot is cast in darksome and toilsome ways.

It Is Encouraging

that the passing Diamond Jubilee year of our good Queen has been blessed, on the whole, with fine weather: and that we shall not have long to wait now, after a pleasant spell (I hope) of Christmas and New Year feasting, for the rejuvenating Spring of '98, which I am sure we all look forward to with keenest anticipations. When we go shopping at this festive season (of course, we have all provided ourselves with something becoming for Christmastide), the question, "What shall we wear at the

Dances on New Year's Eve

or Twelfth Night," is being asked by many rosy lips. But when papa gives his darlings a cheque or a gold piece for a Christmas Box, all doubts vanish, and away the girls and Ma rush to buy the materials upon which they have set their hearts. And I have no doubt that, with few exceptions, white was chosen, for nothing is now so much seen at dances as

White, with Trimmings of that Beautiful Jewelled Lace,

which sparkles and glances like the bright eyes

PRETTIEST BALL-DRESS OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.

of the wearer. The transparent sleeves, which I described a week or two ago, are, by a strange and ugly freak of fashion, worn even at balls; but no pretty girl whose arms are soft and white and round will disfigure herself by adopting them, for nothing more inelegant has been seen for many a day.

The Newest Evening Wraps

are short and full. The material is generally brocade, and the trimming soft white fur. The collar must be high and very fussy, so high, indeed, that the wearer's face seems set in a complete frame; and in many instances even the ears are quite hidden.

The Evening Mantle,

with the elaborately trimmed yoke and the full bishop's sleeves, is not as popular as it was a year ago. It is so very troublesome to get on and off at a theatre, and it crushes the ball-dress more than a cloak. My young friends can safely put garlands of flowers upon their frocks, but

If Flowers are Worn

very much of the iridescent trimming should not be used.

The Pretty Ball-Dress

sketched is one of the graceful fashionable costumes supplied by MM. A. and N. Thorpe, Court modistes, of 117, Westbourne Grove (mention of which popular thoroughfare reminds me that Mr. William Whiteley has a charming display of the newest gowns to vie with those of Messrs. Thorpe). To return to this sweetly pretty Thorpe ball-dress or party-costume up-to-date, the material is of apple-green satin. Isn't the cut perfect? The dainty satin bodice, you will observe, is veiled with white chiffon and lace appliqué; and there are trails of La France

Photo by Fradelle & Young, 293, Regent St.

MR. ARCHIBALD HAMILTON (ELDEST SON OF SIR EDWARD HAMILTON, BART.), MARRIED TO MISS OLGA FITZGEORGE.

roses on the shoulders. The exquisitely embellished skirt is trimmed with two flounces of tambour lace in the style illustrated, and finished with a fringe of tiny rosebuds. Now, don't trouble to thank me for presenting you with this captivating model; but show your gratitude by recommending all your friends to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* all the year round.

The Princess of Wales's Beautiful Borzoi, "Alex,"

was sent to Her Royal Highness in the early part of last year from the kennels of Mr. Rousseau, one of the chief Russian breeders. At the Charity Dog Show at Earl's Court last week "Alex" won a number of first prizes, as well as a special in the shape of a handsome silver blotting-book, presented by the *Gentlewoman* for the best Borzoi in the Show.

By the Institution of the "Truth" Doll Distribution

to the poor suffering children in the noble hospitals of London Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., has done untold good—has infused the fresh life of Hope and Gladness into hearts faint with sickness, and, mayhap, hastened the recovery of many a pallid mite. Mr. Labouchere is, in fine, a cheery benefactor. A little bird has whispered to me that it is either he or Mrs. Labouchere who presented *eleven thousand new sixpences* for distribution to the poor children with the *Truth* dolls and toys, which have this week made a grander show than ever at the Albert Hall. Mr. Tom Smith, "the Cracker King" (whose bonbons will add vivacity to many Christmas and New-Year feasts) has made the princely gift of 25,000 crackers to the *Truth* Fund Administration, of whom Mr. and Mrs. Horace Voules are the guiding spirits, the Editor of *Truth* (Mr. Voules) working like a Trojan to secure the happiness of his thousands of young and helpless clients at Yuletide.

The Christmas Marriage

of Miss FitzGeorge and Mr. Hamilton, portraits of whom are printed on this page, and the wedding of whom is sketched in our "Talk of London," is described by "The Prompter." I heartily wish the young couple every happiness.

I Wote about Hairdressing

so recently that I have nothing new to say except that the back hair is brought a little more forward upon the head in the evening than in the morning. The front hair is still worn waved, but not arranged over the ears, and the forehead is beautified by a little soft, fluffy fringe. All stiffness is reserved for the bows, into which the back hair is cunningly arranged.

Skirts for Dancing

just clear the ground. Evening frocks for girls of ten, twelve, or fourteen are simply made with full skirts, baby bodices, and handsome sashes; bronze shoes and black silk stockings are still the thing for young girls and children.

A correspondent writes quite a piteous letter, in which she implores me to tell her how that veteran game,

"Dumb Crambo," is Played.

There are one or two varieties of the game, but the best is played as follows: If there are a dozen children, six go out of the room, and then a word is chosen by the six who remain in, and, as soon as they have decided, they call in their companions, and say: "We have chosen a word which rhymes to 'day,' or 'say,' or 'may' [as the case may be]. Tell us what it is." Then the others may perhaps hit upon the correct word, which is "pay," and in pantomime they must perform the word. Clever young people are able to make quite an interesting scene. Suppose the word "hair" or "hare" has been chosen. There is a wild beast which rhymes to either word, and the children or their elders who are guessing must go down on all fours and imitate his rolling walk, and they must growl and dance grotesquely in an ungainly fashion. If the children who have to guess fail to do so, they must go out of the room, and the others take their place and choose the word. "Dumb Crambo" causes much amusement.

Some children are very fond of reciting, and there is a capital little book to be bought for sixpence called

"Dean's Child's Reciter,"

which is full of pretty little pieces. Among them is a sweet and amusing little poem called "The Heron and the Wild Ducks." The address of Dean and Son, the publishers, is Fleet Street, E.C.

Clark's Civil Service College,

2, Chancery Lane, is by far the most successful educational institution for preparing girl candidates for the Post Office, other Civil Service posts, and for commercial establishments. Thoroughly familiar with the kind of competitive examinations young women have to undergo, Mr. George T. Clark, a man of remarkable energy and gifts as a teacher, loses no time in bothering his pupils with useless knowledge. He goes direct to the point. Hence the unprecedentedly large number of his girl students who secure positions. Mr. Clark's prize-distribution (performed by that excellent speaker, Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., D.C.L., President of the London Chamber of Commerce) at the Queen's Hall last Monday night proved a very pleasant function. Not only did an exceptionally intelligent group of girls receive the rewards of their industry; there was also a delightful concert, arranged by Mr. Munro Davidson. Rarely have I seen so bright a gathering of girl students. The rising generation is one to be proud of.

I have such a variety of letters upon my table that were I to answer all of them in one week there would be no time to touch upon other subjects. A good many girls want to know what they can do to

Prevent Flushing and Blushing.

The latter, if it is not accompanied by painful shyness, is not ugly; but shyness is now so rarely seen that I fancy girls will not blush much longer. But if there is a shy girl among my correspondents, I recommend her to think about herself and her appearance as little as possible. Flushing sometimes requires medical treatment,

Photo by J. Thomson, 88, Gracechurch St.

MISS OLGA M. A. FITZGEORGE (GRANDDAUGHTER OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE), MARRIED TO MR. ARCHIBALD HAMILTON, DEC. 18.

See Sketch in "Talk of London," Page 402.

THE MOST DIGESTIBLE Infants' and Invalids' Food. The most delicate stomach can take it. Builds up body, brain, and muscle. HORLICK'S MALTED MILK is absolutely pure. Requires no cooking or added milk. Of all Chemists. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 10s. Free sample sent, on application, by HORLICK & Co., 24, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

"Strongest and Best."—*HEALTH.*

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

"The Richest in Flesh-forming and Energy-producing Constituents. There is no better Food."—*Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.*

250 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BRIDEGROOM: "Our friend has kindly wished us all happiness and prosperity in our joint career, and hopes we are prepared to meet all the changes and chances of fortune; he little knows how well we are prepared (putting his hand in his pocket, and bringing out a box of Beecham's Pills); with *these* we are ready to face *everything*."

"Oh! you want to know why I don't cough this horrible cold weather. Well, I must tell you I always keep a PONCELET'S PASTILLE in my mouth, and feel perfectly safe."

LISTEN! YOU WHO COUGH, TO GOOD ADVICE, AND TAKE . . PONCELET'S PASTILLES.

Testimonial from Madame KATTI LANNER, Directress of the Ballet at the Empire:

"To Mr. E. Poncelet, Verviers. "London, Oct. 29, 1897.

"Dear Sir,—I generally use your Pastilles, and I acknowledge with pleasure that they do me great good, and are especially effective in preventing colds and throat troubles, to which we are always exposed on the stage. "KATTI LANNER."

PONCELET'S PASTILLES are most Agreeable to the Taste. They Prevent and Cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Throat Irritation, &c., when all other remedies have failed. Their Action is Immediate.

1s. 1½d. BOX OF 100, OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Wholesale Depot: FASSETT & JOHNSON, 31 & 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

The following is a list of Principal Bakers who do not sell

HOVIS BREAD.

ENGLAND.		SCOTLAND.		IRELAND AND WALES.	
TOWN.	BAKERS' ADDRESSES.	TOWN.	BAKERS' ADDRESSES.	TOWN.	BAKERS' ADDRESSES.

HOVIS BREAD is baked and delivered daily by all good-class Bakers in the British Isles, and can be obtained in every town and many villages. On receipt of post-card we shall be pleased to send you address of our nearest agent, who will supply you with Hovis Bread, Biscuits, and Flour; or 6d. and 1s. samples of these will be sent on receipt of stamps by S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield. Be sure each loaf has "Hovis," in raised letters, on the side.

and that I cannot give. It may, and possibly does arise from indigestion or tight lacing. Cosmetics are of no use in either case. Rose-water will not hurt you; but

Do Not Put on Powder;

and in spite of all that you may hear, or have read to the contrary, it is an excellent thing to wash the face at night first with hot water—not too hot—and then with cold. If the water is very hard, soften it with a little borax. Do not rub the face hard when drying it, but dry it properly. Do not use soap, and do not wash the face except at night. It is an excellent plan for those who wish to

Have Good Complexions,

and who live in the country, to wrap themselves up in a waterproof to go out when it rains and to let the soft drops splash upon the face. The only aids to beauty used by one of the most celebrated and loveliest women in the world were quiet, sufficient sleep, and walks in the rain. But I know that women love to apply cosmetics and powder, and for them I say choose the best and simplest of the former and use the latter sparingly. Do not wipe the puff on the face; the powder should be put on in a succession of quick dabs. But a gentleman friend of mine tells me—and a frank avowal from the sterner sex may be serviceable to many of my friends and readers—that anything in the shape of powder for the face, belladonna for the eyes, and blackening for the eyelashes and eyebrows is repugnant to men, who value women for their naturalness, and believe that Nature "unadorned is adorned the most." As to the colours to be worn with a red face or a face which flushes,

Avoid Green.

Green is the complementary colour to red, and intensifies it. Also turquoise blue must be avoided. Dove grey tones down the red. If the complexion is quite clear, with a bright colour, a pale, soft green can be worn, but avoid the grass-green, the apple or the emerald green.

If girls have much, or any, rough work to do, let them

Rub the Hands Over

before they begin with lanoline or vaseline cold cream. Even if they have to wash up the tea-service they should do this. I have still some hints to give about the complexion, but my space is exhausted, and I must say a few words about food.

People seem to be growing weary of the ever-lasting roast beef and apple tart for Sunday dinner. I am not speaking now of Christmas Day, when turkeys grace so many tables, but of the ordinary Sunday dinner. Why not try

A Brace of Fowls

boiled and with their insides, not their crops, filled with oysters? One fowl of fair size, with a piece of boiled bacon, not fried rashers, ought to dine four persons. Truss your fowl for boiling; and fill the inside with oysters, bearded and washed in their own liquor. Make both crop and the other end of the bird secure; put into a jar, and plunge the jar into boiling water. Keep it boiling for an hour and a half, renewing the water if it seems to be boiling away. Next take the gravy which has flowed from the fowl and the oysters into the jar—there ought to be a good deal—stir in some cream or butter that has

Cholly: "I say, Bobbie, does your sister Ethel hang up her stocking Christmas Eve?"
Bobby: "Yes; so do I."
Cholly: "Well, I say, Bobby, just you stick this pug-dog into her stocking to-night, and I'll give you a shilling."

A BIG CONTRACT.

been beaten to a cream, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Add a few oysters, which you have scalded, but not boiled, in their own juice; make the sauce quite hot, but do not allow it to boil; pour some of it over the fowl, and send the remainder to table in a sauce-boat. A tiny bit of mace pounded is an improvement to the sauce. The above is Mrs. Beeton's admirable recipe, and I know that it is good.

The Sweets

may be mince-pies and a plain rice pudding or jelly, or a shape of cornflour made with pure milk and stewed pears.

I cordially wish all my kind readers a

Very Happy Christmas

and a Bright New Year. I often think with something like envy of the hundreds of homes which, as I write, are preparing for the most beautiful festival of the year—

There are no scenes like the home scenes,
Though wide through the world you roam,
For the heart, however it wander,
Will pine for a sight of Home;
And back from far-off rambles
To the dear old spot will fly,
Like a sail speeding over the waters,
Or a bird through the evening sky.

Try, one and all, to make Home as sweet and happy and cheerful as possible as the Old Year goes out and the New Year comes in, and spare something to raise the drooping spirits of poor friends when the message of the carolling bells is laden with glad tidings of great joy.

MARGUERITE.

Under the Mistletoe.—She: "Papa said you must not stay after eleven o'clock." He: "It's nine o'clock now." She: "Mercy! We have only two hours to say good-night."

The Strong-Minded Lady: "My dear child, you ought to join us. You want a vote, don't you?" The Pretty One: "No-o; I guess a voter will do for me."

THE ROUTE TO KLONDYKE.

In our wonderfully successful Golden Annual, "The Star of Klondyke," we give a Map to show that the best route for British emigrants bound for the new El Dorado to follow next Spring (not earlier, as Winter holds Klondyke in the iciest of grips) would be by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Victoria, Vancouver's Island, and then to Dawson City. Fresh proofs of the world-wide extent of the *P.I.P.'s* circulation have come to hand in the shape of several long letters from regular readers in Vancouver's Island. Each correspondent warmly commends the Canadian in preference to the United States route to the Alaska Land of Gold. But we can only spare room for the pith of one subscriber's

Courteous Letter from Victoria, Vancouver's Island,

taking exception to the American route suggested by the Klondyke traveller whom Mr. Howard Paul interviewed for us:

"In the first place [writes our Correspondent] Dawson City, the Klondyke River, the Stewart River, Bonanza Creek, Gold Bottom Creek, etc., are all in Canada. So also are the head waters of the Yukon River. Now, all persons going to that country need

A Suitable Outfit,

and unless the goods are bought in Canada they are subject to duty—which is an important item. In the next place the city of Vancouver, with the finest harbour on the Pacific Coast, is the terminus of the world-renowned

Canadian Pacific Railway.

the home port of the splendid steamers of the Empress line, running regularly to Japan and China, also of the steamers of the Canadian Australian line. We have also at Victoria regular steamers sailing to Juneau, Skagway, and Dyea; while others are being fitted up for the trade, and will be ready for the early spring business. Several are far ahead of any now on the route, either to Skagway or St. Michael's. We have also spacious warehouses, replete with everything required by miners going to the Klondyke, and at reasonable prices.

A Route from Vancouver,

viâ the Strakeen River and Testin Lake, will be opened in the spring, thus avoiding the dangers of the White Pass, now known here as 'The Dead Horse Trail.' The trip across the Canadian continent from Halifax, Quebec, or Montreal, by the C.P.R. to Vancouver—all through Canada—is made with ease and comfort, and is used by the English Government for the transportation of Marines. It is an event notable in any man's life. The scenery is magnificent and unexcelled by that of any other route; so that for Englishmen and Colonials, as well as for miners from elsewhere, bound for

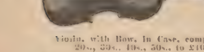
The Klondyke Goldfields,

the City of Vancouver, British Columbia, should be taken into consideration when arranging for a starting-point on the Pacific Coast. Maps and reliable information can be obtained at Victoria, Vancouver Island, regarding the various routes to Dawson City, and the best time to go. "I am, yours faithfully,

"G. W. Grosvenor."

YORKSHIRE RELISH
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST SAUCE IN THE WORLD.
672,192 BOTTLES SOLD IN ONE MONTH IN ENGLAND.
SALE UNPRECEDENTED IN THE HISTORY OF SAUCES.
A teaspoonful in your basin of Soup is a marvellous improvement, and with your Fish, Chop, or Steak it is simply delicious.
SOLD IN BOTTLES 6d., 1/-, & 2/- EACH
Proprietors: GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & COMPY., LEEDS.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Mandolines, Guitars, Banjos, from 20s.

Violin, with Bow, in Case, complete, 20s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to £10.

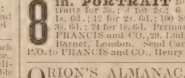
Pianos, Brass instruments, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction. SPECIAL TERMS TO BANDS.
29, HAYMARKET, LONDON.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST POST FREE.

BROOME'S MUSIC
Price List Post Free.
100 New Numbers added.
NEW NUMBERS.
842 My Hope, My All in All—Song.
823 Say that I Love Alway—Song.
828 Ship's Fiddler—Song.
830 Among the Heather—Piano.
835 Old Chelsea March.
840 Santa Rosa Waltz.
841 Song that Reached—Kuhe.
866 Regulation March.
867 In the Golden Days Waltz.
868 Beryl Gavotte.
875 Gypsiana—Piano.
876 Katie and I—Song.
877 Merryland Barn Dance.
2d EACH
By post, 3d.; or 13 copies sent flat per Parcel Post, 2s. 6d.
Ivy's Pianoforte Albums, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Each Number contains 10 original Piano Pieces, Dances, &c., easily arranged by Alan Macey and William Smallwood. No. 5 is the New Sunday Album. Invaluable to students and teachers. 7½d. each, post free; or the 5 numbers, Parcel Post, 2s. 10d.
Buy of your Local Agent, or W. H. BROOME, 15, Holborn, E.C.

WHY BE FAT?
when a lady who has discovered a simple means of self-cure for this distressing ailment, without taking nauseous drugs or pills, will gladly send full particulars on receipt of stamped envelope.—Mrs. TREVOR-WELLS, The Limes, Belmont Road, Lee, London.

Musical Instruments
CASH OR EASY TERMS.
MELODEONS, MANDOLINES, VIOLINS, FAIRY BELLS, and the Latest MUSICAL BOXES, &c. Send 1s. for our SPECIAL MOUTH ORGAN. Send 1s. for Four of the Finest Accribelle VIOLIN, E STRINGS.
Agents Wanted. Write for Catalogue Free to
GEO. ROSS & CO., BLACKBURN, LANCS.

TO BUSINESS MEN. . . .
All Business Men should provide a copy of
PITMAN'S MANUAL OF BUSINESS TRAINING
for the use of each of their clerks.
Suits any Business. Increases the work done. Freedom from Confusion. Obviates Mistakes. Minimum Worry.
PART I. NOW READY. 16 PAGES, 1½d.
BUSINESS ROUTINE . . . . DEALT WITH . . . . . . SCIENTIFICALLY AND . . . SATISFACTORILY . . . . . .
BUY A COPY and you will see its real worth. Start the New Year under this scheme.
Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., London, Bath, and New York.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

4/- PER MONTH, or for Cash, at Factory Prices.
String, Brass & Wood Wind Instruments of all kinds. Mechanical Organs from 19/6 upwards. Carriage Paid.
Price List Free.—DOUGLAS & CO. 7, SOUTH ST., LONDON, E.C. (Near Moorgate St. Stn.)

8 in. PORTRAIT for 3s.; 6 Cabinet Portraits for 3s.; 3 for 2s.; 6 Carte Portraits for 1s. 6d.; 12 for 2s. 6d.; 100 Stamp Portraits for 3s. 6d.; 24 for 1s. 6d. Permanent Enlargements. FRANCIS and CO., 29, Ludgate Hill, and New Barnet, London. Send Carte or Cabinet with P.O. to FRANCIS and CO., Henry Road, New Barnet.

ORION'S ALMANAC, 1898. Now Ready. Selling Everywhere. Of all Booksellers and Newsagents. Price Sixpence. ORION foretold the Indian War and Anarchist Assassinations, and other startling events.

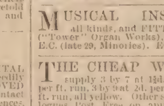
VARICOCELE.
WEAKNESS OF THE BLADDER, LOSS of VITAL STRENGTH and NERVOUS DEBILITY Speedily RELIEVED and CURED by HALE'S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT. Two Guineas. No Metal Contact with Skin. Very Comfortable. Medical References. Particulars and Consultations Free.
HALE & SON, Medical Galvanists, 105, Regent St., W.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.

EASY TERMS. THE JUNO. LISTS POST FREE. CASH DISc. & CARRIAGE PAID.
Rigid, Light, Swift, Guaranteed. JUNO Lady Safeties, £12. 20 monthly payments. JUNO 12 monthly payments.
Send at once for New Season Illustrated Juno List, sent post free to any part.
METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO., LTD., 75 & 76, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C. N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed. Our large new Cycle Riding-School, 1700 ft., now open.

IF YOU REQUIRE A NEW SUIT,
Trousers, Overcoat, &c., purchase a REAL SCOTCH TWEED direct from the Manufacturers. Nothing like them for wear. We supply these direct from our looms, in any length, or make any garment to measure from easy self-measurements. Business or Knock-about Suits a speciality. Patterns Post Free. Orders Carriage Paid.
Abbotsford Tweed Manufacturing Co. (Dept. B), Galashiels, Scotland.

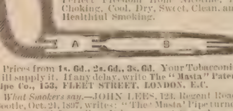
MY SPECIALITY. A Luxury for Breakfast and Tea.
THE FINEST SMOKED HADDOCKS IN THE WORLD
from the Largest Fishing Port in the World. Mild or High Cured, on your table, carriage paid, at 4d. per lb., in packages from 7 lb. P.O. payable—
J. F. RATTEN, Fish Docks, Grimsby.
P.S.—Once tried you will want no other.

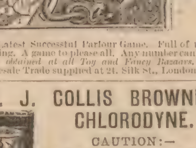
PIANO PLAYING BY EAR
ARTHUR'S HARMONIC INDICATOR!!

This Wonderful Invention instantly enables anyone, even if ignorant of music, to VAMP brilliantly on the Piano or Organ to thousands of Songs, Waltzes, &c., in any key. No figures nor notes to learn! Everyone delighted. Post free, 1s. 7d.—A. E. ARTHUR, 98, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS' ("Tower" Organ Works), 2, Church Row, Aldgate, E.C. (late 29, Minories). Established 1827.

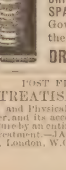
THE CHEAP WOOD COMPANY supply 3 by 7 at 1½d. per ft. run, 3 by 8 at 1¾d. per ft. run, 3 by 9 at 2d. per ft. run, 3 by 11 at 2½d. per ft. run, all yellow. Other sizes equally cheap. Catalogues Post Free on application to The CHEAP WOOD COMPANY, 72, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK,
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.
TWO AND A HALF PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand.
TWO PER CENT. on minimum Monthly Balances of Current Accounts when not drawn below £100.
STOCKS and SHARES purchased and sold.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. Francis Ravenscroft, Manager.

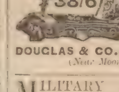
A REMARKABLE PIPE! Why? BECAUSE THE "MASTA" PIPE

Absolutely carries out what is claimed for it—viz., Simplicity of Construction, Perfect Freedom from Nicotine, no Choking, Cool, Dry, Sweet, Clean, and Healthful Smoking.
Prices from 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. Your Tobacconist will supply it. If any delay, write The "Masta" Patent Pipe Co., 153, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.
What Smokers say.—JOHN LEES, 124, Regent Road, Bootle, Oct. 21, 1897, writes: "The 'Masta' Pipe turned out most satisfactorily. It is very sweet to smoke, and absolutely dry."



1/-
The Latest Successful Parlour Game. Full of moral teaching. A game to please all. Any number can play. To be obtained at all Toy and Fancy Bazaars. The Wholesale Trade supplied at 24, Silk St., London, E.C.

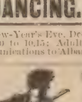
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

CAUTION:—
GENUINE CHLORODYNE.
Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, SPASMS, &c., bears on the Government stamp the name of the Inventor,
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

POST FREE, THREE STAMPS.
A TREATISE on the Cure of Nervous and Physical Exhaustion in Men, Loss of Vital Power, and its accompanying diseases; their successful Cure by an entirely Original and Effective System of Treatment.—JAMES MURRAY, 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

LOCKSTITCH MACHINE FULL SIZE.

Complete, with all Accessories, 38/6 for Cash or 9 payments of 5/- PER MONTH
Carriage Paid.
SENT ON TRIAL.
Illustrated Price-List Free.
DOUGLAS & CO., 7, South St., LONDON, E.C. (Near Moorgate Street Station.)

MILITARY CLOTHING.—4000 Good, Large, Dark Grey or Blue Waterproof Cloth Overcoats for Sale. Put out of service for other pattern. Either, carriage paid, for 7s. 6d. Name size required. H. J. GASSON, Government Contractor, Rye.

GOOD, Heavy, Large, Dark Grey Waterproof Cloth Capes, come well down the waist, very warm, as used by the Army on night duty, but passed out of service for other patterns, not soiled in any way. Post free from 2s. 6d., from H. J. GASSON, Rye.

PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.

RITCHIE'S MUSICAL INDICATOR enables anyone entirely ignorant of Music, to play the Piano, Organ, or Harmonium beautifully by ear, improvise, and vamp to songs in all keys in ONE WEEK. 98,000 sold, and every customer delighted. Post Free, 1s. 8d.
W. RITCHIE (C Dept), 6, Wood Street, Liverpool.

DANCING. HOLBORN TOWNHALL, Gray's Inn Road. H. R. JOHNSON'S PETIT BAL, Dec. 27. Dancing, 8 to 3.30. Tickets, 2/3. New-Year's Eve, Dec. 31, Juvenile Fancy Dress Party, 5.30 to 10.15; Adults Dance, 10.15 to 3.30. All communications to Albany House, Tavistock Place, W.C.

VIOLIN MADE EASY

By practising according to the method explained in this book, Violinists will make as much progress in one year as they otherwise would make in FOUR years. Also contains "How to Read Music at Sight," which is invaluable to Pianists, Violinists, Vocalists, &c. Post Free, sevenpence.
W. RITCHIE, (A Dept.), 6, Wood St., Liverpool.

Theatricals
COSTUMES, WIGS, ETC., LENT ON HIRE for Every Description of Play; Historical and Fancy Dresses, Military and Naval Uniforms, Dress Suits for Balls, Carnivals, &c., Sale or Hire, at the lowest possible price. Every necessary for the Stage supplied. Catalogues on application, Post Free.
W. WALLER, 79, City Road, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. Telephone 807 Avenue.

THE BEST NEW YEAR'S GIFTS!

H. SAMUEL'S REMARKABLE OFFER!

10/6

A STARTLING REVELATION!

THOUSANDS of choice and desirable presents **GIVEN AWAY FREE** to purchasers of H. Samuel's Manufactures. **GREAT MONEY-SAVING** opportunity. A Handsome New Illustrated Volume, considerably improved and enlarged to 168 pages, is just issued from the press, and contains important information to the **BEST INTERESTS** of every reader. Shows **AT A GLANCE** the wisdom of **SENDING DIRECT** to H. Samuel, and the special advantages secured. The pages are adorned by over 2000 beautiful engravings taken from the actual goods, and the entire work is the key to a **STOREHOUSE OF TREASURES** that are supplied direct to purchasers at **FACTORY PRICES!** Large profits annihilated. Manufacturer and wearer hand in hand. All the latest and best designs, fresh and new, from the hands of skilled workers. **HIGHEST QUALITY** at lowest prices. Thousands of testimonials received prove the **EXCELLENCE AND VALUE** of H. Samuel's manufactures. **CHOICE SELECTIONS** of all kinds of Watches, 7/- to £25. **DIAMONDS, GOLD AND SILVER JEWELLERY**, Clocks, Electro-Silver Plate and **CUTLERY** of handsomest, most serviceable, and best wearing patterns. **FIELD GLASSES**, Musical Instruments, **BASSINETTES**, Sewing Machines, &c., &c. Read the extraordinary testimonials which fill many pages of this book, the **FREE EXPRESSIONS OF OPINION** from the actual wearers, placing beyond all doubt the **IMMENSE SUPERIORITY** of the goods, and the **GREAT SATISFACTION** enjoyed by all purchasers.

STOREHOUSE OF TREASURES.

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL

A separate sheet is also enclosed with each volume giving full particulars of H. Samuel's

SPECIAL FREE BONUS GIFTS

with complete lists of presents distributed free to purchasers of H. Samuel's manufactures. No expense has been spared in the printing and preparation of this most useful book, and purchasers have found it to be worth pounds to them by enabling them to **SAVE MONEY** through sending to H. Samuel instead of paying the heavy retail charges elsewhere. **BEWARE** of Worthless Imitations, Puzzle Competitions, &c. Send direct to H. Samuel from your own fireside. All that is necessary to secure this remarkable offer is to **WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS** clearly, and send it to H. Samuel. By next mail this excellent work will be packed, posted, and presented to you

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

H. SAMUEL'S NEW "MARVEL"

Lever. A strong, well-made Lever movement, jewelled, adjusted and accurately timed. In stout close-fitting case of a special material, exactly resembling Real Silver in appearance. Crystal glass front. Complete with key, full printed instructions and

BONUS FREE PRESENT

to any address on receipt of H. Samuel's price, **10/6**. Ladies' Watches in Real Silver cases, supplied by H. Samuel, **10/6**. Cut this from *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, and enclose it with all orders.

SEND **10/6** TO-DAY!

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL allowed. Full amount returned if dissatisfied.

WRITE BY FIRST POST — **WE SEND NEXT MAIL**

Largest English Watch Manufacturer

H. SAMUEL, 97, 99, 101, 33, 89, & 121, MARKET STREET, **Manchester**

And at Rochdale, Bolton, Preston, and Leicester.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

A GIFT OF £5

NOTE CONDITIONS.

A Cheque of £5 will be presented to the person whose letter is first opened each Monday morning. Each letter to contain an order for 3lb. of our Invalids' Tea, enclosing P.O. for 6s. 6d.

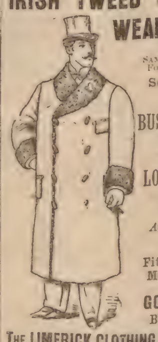
Mention Paper.

INVALIDS' TEA

Entirely new Process. Prepared according to Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's Recipe. Invalids as well as those in health may enjoy drinking this Tea without the least fear of the injurious effects which so frequently result from using other Teas. Price 2s. per lb. 3lb. and upwards carriage paid. Terms Cash. *Established* 1875.

J. WILLIAMS,
TEA MERCHANT,
WAIN HOUSE, TONYPANDY.

IRISH TWEED CLOTHING WEARS BEST.



SAMPLES and MEASURE FORMS on Application.

Send Post-Card to-day.

BUSINESS SUITS 17/6 and upwards.

LOUNGE SUITS, 24/6 and upwards.

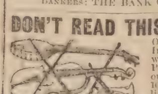
All Goods Carriage Paid.

Fit Guaranteed or Money Returned.

GOLD MEDAL, BELFAST, 1895.

THE LIMERICK CLOTHING FACTORY, LTD., LIMERICK.
BANKERS: THE BANK OF IRELAND.

DON'T READ THIS! UNLESS YOU LIKE MUSIC.



One of our facile Self-Instructors is given with every instrument. Price lists free. Violin outfit, complete, 6/6, 10/6, 21/, 35/. Mandoline in Box, 8/6, 10/6, 14/6, 17/6. Banjo, 5/6, 9/6, 11/3, 25/6. Melodeon, 5/2, 7/11, 11/7. Auto-Harp, 5/, 7/9. Cornet in Case, 23/9. Flute, 3/, 5/6. Zither, 5/9, 10/6. Dulcimer, 5/, 7/6. Set of 4 Violin Strings, 1/. A single article at wholesale price and carriage paid. See testimonials in price list. THE STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S Dept.), 92, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, London.

VALKYRIE CYCLES

HIGH GRADE ONLY

THE SPRINGFIELD CYCLE Co. LD.
SANDIACRE, NEAR NOTTINGHAM
LONDON DEPOT—38 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.

DUNLOP TYRES.

"SWIFT" SEWING MACHINE.

Why Pay More? 14/6 Why Pay More?

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED.

This newly invented machine (The Swift) is the wonder of the age in producing a thoroughly reliable **FAMILY SEWING MACHINE**, suitable for Dressmaking and all kinds of Family Sewing equally as well as those costing four guineas. Easy Instruction Book and Complete Set of Accessories for **14/6**, with handsome Cover, **3/-** extra. Write for Illustrated Circular, or call and see the Machine at work. Sent to any address, securely packed in strong wood case, upon receipt of P.O.O. Extra Needles, **6d.** and **1/-** per packet. Address—

P. LEIGH & CRAWFORD, 31, BROOKE STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

We want you to TASTE DOWDEN'S ORIGINAL & RENOWNED NON-ALCOHOLIC GINGER-WINE

A Good Cold Preventive.

So send us **6d.** for Sample Bottle, or get a Full-Sized Bottle from your Grocer for **1s.**

THE BEST & PUREST MADE

DOWDEN LIMITED, DOCK ST. LONDON
AND OF ALL GROCERS.

COMFORT IN WALKING.

Beetham's Corn Plaster

CURES when all other Remedies Fail.

IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC

In Relieving all Pain and Throbbing, and soon Cures the

WORST CORNS & BUNIONS.

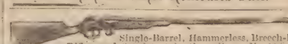
It Softens and Removes all **HARD CALLOSITIES** on the soles of the feet. If you suffer, try a Box; you will never regret it.

READ THIS. "Kinellar Lodge, Kinaldie, N.B. "Sept. 12, 1891.

"Dear Sirs,—Your Corn Plaster has proved A COMPLETE CURE. I had one corn on the sole of my foot for OVER 27 YEARS. I tried several cures, but was none the better until I applied your Plaster. "Yours gratefully, ALEX. MURRAY."

Boxes, 1s. 1½d., of all Chemists, or post free for 14 stamps, from the Proprietors,

M. BEETHAM and SON,
Chemists, CHELTENHAM.



15/- FOR ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot-Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long distance shooting; 15s. each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol grip-stock, 20s. Cartridges, 6s. 100. Double Barrel Breech-loaders, from 30s. Air-Guns, 12s. 6d. Walking-Stick Guns, 12s. 6d. Revolvers from 4s. Send 3 stamps for Price List. MIDLAND GUN CO., BATH ST., BIRMINGHAM.

D'ALMAINE'S

PIANOS FROM 10 GS.

ORGANS FROM 5 GS.

Every Instrument warranted for ten years. Carriage Free on approval. Easy Terms. Full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class Instrument.

D'ALMAINE & CO. (Estab. 112 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

R.A.O.B.

A splendid Buffalo Pendant for Watch-Chain. Gold, 21s.; Silver, Hall-Marked, 3s.; Ormolu, Gilt, 1s. These **BUFF** Pendants were designed by MASTERS, Art Jeweller, RYE, designer of the **QUEEN** Commemoration Brooch: Gold, 15s.; Silver, 3s.

Catalogue of Watches and Jewellery Post Free. All goods 20 per cent. below London Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MASTERS, RYE, SUSSEX.

ROYAL INITIAL LETTER BROOCH

(*Registered*).

Hall-marked Gold Brooch, in Velvet Lined Case.

9/6

Brooch is same size as illustration.

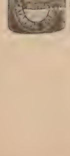
ANY LETTER sent post free to any part of the World. This is the handsomest and best Gold Initial Brooch yet made. Only made in Gold.

MASTERS, Art Jeweller,
RYE, SUSSEX.

LADIES' COMPLEXIONS,

however bad, beautified and rejuvenated. Wrinkles removed. Loose flabby skin tightened and 10 years taken off the age in a month. Stamped addressed envelope for particulars and testimonials (guaranteed genuine under a penalty of £1000).

MADAME ELISE,
1, GRANVILLE ROAD, LEWISHAM, S.E.
ESTD. 16 YEARS.



DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING BOTTLE

Cures Nervous Headache, cures Cold in the Head, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness or Dizziness. Price One Shilling. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. *Refuse Worthless Imitations.* Post Free, 15 stamps, from

MACKENZIE'S CURE DEPOT, READING

Woodward's "Gripe Water."

DOCTORS ORDER IT.

SAFEST and BEST REMEDY for all disorders of INFANTS and CHILDREN.

AIDS TEETHING.
PROMOTES DIGESTION.
PREVENTS CONVULSIONS.

W. H. MORSE, M.D.—
"A SCIENTIFIC & NOTABLY HONEST REMEDY."

ALL BABIES LIKE IT.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Stores, 1s. 1½d.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists, or a box of it sent (with testimonial and directions for use), post free and free from observation, to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists, or a box of it sent (with directions) free from observation, post free, 15 stamps. —Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

VARICOCELE.

Every Man suffering from Varicocele and allied troubles should read my Treatise, describing its Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Speedy and Painless Cure, without surgical operation or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free. 3 stamps. **J. MURRAY,**
7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

TO THE MARRIED

AND THOSE INTENDING TO MARRY

OF BOTH SEXES.

Read carefully my New Book, which treats Every Branch of this Delicate Question of Large Families, as commended by an eminent London physician. Send postal order, 1s. 6d., for improved edition, in sealed packet with distinct address to the Author, Mr. WALLACE-DOUSE, Science Lecturer, Kingsley House, Nottingham. An M.P. writes: "Book valuable, reliable, and moral. Poverty banished, comfort in homes secured." Name this paper, please.

TOOTH-ACHE

CURED INSTANTLY BY

BUNTER'S Prevents Decay. Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights Prevented.

Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

NERVINE

Now is the season for

VELVETEENS.

TO ENSURE GETTING THE GENUINE

LEWIS'S 'WONDERFUL' Velveteen at 2/- a Yard

Send a postcard direct (mentioning this paper) to LEWIS'S in Market St., Manchester, who will forward a large Box of PATTERNS POST FREE

BLACK AND ALL COLOURS.

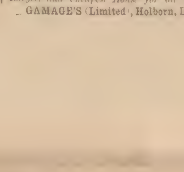
Fast Pile. Fast Dyed. Every Inch Guaranteed.

LOGO—The New Game.

LOGO—The New Entertaining and Instructive Parlour Game. Full of Amusement. Any number of Players. Suitable for old or young alike of both sexes. Price 7½d., post free.

THE "LOGO" GAME CO.,
LONGWOOD, Near HUDDERSFIELD.

XMAS OR NEWYEAR'S GIFTS



"HAPPY DREAMS."

The most Acceptable Gift for Girls or Boys.

GAMAGE'S "RUGBY" BICYCLE,

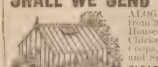
£4 19 6

Is made for boys (as illustrated), or with drop frame for girls. A sound, serviceable, guaranteed machine, 24 inch Pneumatic Tyres. Only a limited quantity. Must clear for rebuilding.

Largest and Cheapest House for all Sporting Goods.

GAMAGE'S (Limited), Holborn, London, E.C.

SHALL WE SEND YOU A CATALOGUE



of Greenhouses, from 30s.; Poultry & Rustic Houses, Iron Buildings, Chicken House Runs and Coops, Timber, Iron, Glass, and Sundries?

CLEARANCE SALE NOW ON, at extraordinary low prices to clear. Send to-day, as when once cleared cannot be replaced at anything like the price. **W. COOPER, Horticultural Provider, 755, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.**

EADE'S PILLS

CURE GOUT.

"The first two pills took the pain away."—JAS. PETTENGALL, 2, College Park Villas, Kensal Green, W.

EADE'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS

CURE RHEUMATISM.

"I would not be without them if they cost £1 a bottle."—A. MOUNTAIN, 16, Burton Crescent, Dewsbury, Leeds.

EADE'S GOUT PILLS

CURE RHEUMATIC GOUT.

"The second bottle made me all right, nor has the pain since returned."—A. CHADWICK, West Street, Firgove, Rochdale.

EADE'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS

The safest and most effectual CURE for LUMBAGO, Pains in the Head, Face, and Limbs, requiring neither confinement nor alteration of diet, and in no case can their effects be injurious.

Sold by all Chemists, in Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

GEORGE EADE, 72, Goswell Road, London.

EADE'S PILLS.

A BOOK FOR LADIES.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every married woman, and it will not harm the unmarried to read. No book is written which goes so thoroughly into matters relating to married women. Some may think too much is told. Such can scarcely be the case, for knowledge is power and the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in envelope from

Dr. T. R. ALLINSON,
239 Box, 4, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W.
In return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

DRUNKENNESS

CURED. A Lady having cured her husband secretly of intemperate habits will gladly send particulars of the remedy on receipt of stamped envelope. Mrs. P.I.P. BARRINGTON, 4, Featherstone Bldgs., London, W.C.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING

If BURGESS LION OINTMENT is used. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per box. Post free from 59, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE FREE

15/- THE **"EVERY-DAY" SILVER WATCH**

A Good Timekeeper. Genuine Silver Cases. Jewelled and Warranted. Sent Free. Gent's full size, or Lady's Engraved, **15/-** STRICTLY WHOLESALE PRICE.

THE "SOVEREIGN" WATCH. LADY'S KEYLESS.

A beautiful little present. Hall-marked Silver Cases. Floral Engraving, New Opal Fancy Dial, only **20/-** Post Free, but Wholesale Price.

BLACK STEEL KEYLESS WATCHES. *Gent's size*, **9/6**. *Lady's size*, **10/6**.

Send for the Catalogue, and you will find in it valuable advice "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH," also all articles which surround this advertisement.

WE ARE NOT SHOPKEEPERS.

Ours is a Wholesale Warehouse, and we will supply you at wholesale prices with

RELIABLE WATCHES.
We are Practical Manufacturers.

JEWELLERY OF ALL KINDS,
Silver, Gold and Diamond.

ELECTRO-PLATE AND CUTLERY, SILVER WARE, TRAVELLING-BAGS, DRESSING-CASES, SEWING-MACHINES MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

ALL MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

Twenty-Two Years Advertisers in this Paper.

C. LANGDON DAVIES & CO.,
123 & 125, Bristol Street, BIRMINGHAM.
WATCH-CLUB AGENTS WILL FIND GOODS UNEQUALLED

FREE Send Six Stamps to cover packing, also stamped addressed envelope for Price List, receive Allies Gold Imitation Diamond Pin for Lady or Gent. RENNIE & Co. (Dept. 50), 42, Grafton Street, Glasgow.

Post Free, Three Stamps.

ON the MODERN TREATMENT of NERVOUS DISEASES and EXHAUSTION in MEN by LOCAL ABSORPTION. Fully up to the advanced ideas on the subject.—THE MARSTON CO., 249, High Holborn, London, W.C.

---

100 YEARS' REPUTATION.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS.

Cure all obstructions, irregularities, anaemia, and all female complaints. They contain no irritant, and have approval of the Medical Profession. Beware of Imitations. Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists. The 2s. 9d. Box contains three times the number of pills.

OH! SUSANNAH.

IF YOU COUGH USE GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES

Ill Struggle with em

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMASTIDE.

PEACE, & PLENTY OF PATTISONS'

A Christmas Box of Good Cheer.

Order through your Wine and Spirit Merchant.

PATTISONS' Ltd., Highland Distillers, LEITH—BALLINDALLOCH—LONDON. Head Offices: CONSTITUTION ST., LEITH.

In Matchless Superiority
Our Winter Dress Fabrics
Stand Forth
Fresh and Foremost.

OUR SEASON'S SPECIALTIES IN

'SHAWSWATER' DRESS FABRICS

COMPRISE

SERGES in all Weights.

"Glendaruel" Coating Tweed.
"Cruachan" " "
"Imperial" " "
"Strathcur" Spiral Tweed.
"Trossachs" " "
"Staffa" Scotch Tweed.
"Breadalbane" "
"Grampian" "
"Ochill" "
"Cairngorm" "
"Clyde" "
"Machrihanish" "
"Chicola" Epingline.
"Duplex" Poplin.
"Cotele" Corduroy.
"Madonna" Costume Cloth.
"Moresque" " "
"My Queen" " "
"Shower-Proof Coatings, &c.

Samples on application to

FLEMING, REID, & CO.,
The Worsted Mills,
GREENOCK.

PURE, WHOLESOME, DELICIOUS.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

BIRD'S CUSTARD WITH TINNED FRUIT.

The Simplest and one of the most Attractive Dishes for Luncheon, Dinner, or Supper. As an article of Diet BIRD'S CUSTARD is unrivalled for Nutriment and Delicacy of Flavour.

POWDER

The unfailing Resource of every Lady of the House and successful Housekeeper. Affording a constant variation in the daily menu.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

A Sample Bottle SENT FREE

to any householder in the United Kingdom who will write to Stone's Sample Department, 23, Cross Street, London, E.C., stating that they have never tasted Stone's Ginger Wine, and would like to do so.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

is noted for its stimulating qualities as giving great relief in case of colic or flatulence, and as an excellent digestive. Try a wineglassful after dinner.

SOLD at 1/- and 1/3 the FULL-SIZED Bottle, by all the leading Wine Merchants, Stores, and Grocers, or on draught, at Bars and Refreshment Rooms, at 2d. a glass.

WITH PRESENTATION PICTURE IN COLOURS. PRICE SIXPENCE.

"THE STAR OF KLONDYKE"

THE GOLDEN NUMBER OF THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

XMAS. 1897

SCHWEITZER'S "THE ANTI-DYSPEPTIC COCOA."

Cocoatina

Flavoured with **VANILLA** is now the fashionable afternoon beverage in lieu of Tea.

Possesses remarkable nourishing and sustaining qualities.

OFFICE: 10, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C. INLAND POSTAGE, THREEPENCE.

IN THIS LIFE'S FITFUL DREAM!

'TRUE GREATNESS has LITTLE, if ANYTHING, to do with RANK or POWER.'

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S.

THE BEST OF US IS JUST A SENTRY AT HIS POST.

LIGHT WHEN THOU ELSE WERT BLIND!

STRENGTH WHEN LIFE'S SURGES RUDEST ROLL.

'There are three Lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In **tracings** of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

'**HAVE HOPE.** Though clouds environ now,
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No Night but hath its Morn.

'**HAVE FAITH.** Where'er **thy Barque is driven**—
The Calm's disport, the Tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the Host of Heaven.

'**HAVE LOVE.** Not Love **alone** for **one,**
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling Sun,
Thy Charities on all!

'Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Faith, Hope, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.'—SCHILLER.

A GREAT HEART AND A LITTLE HOUSE!

'HAPPY IS THE MAN WHO SOWS THE GOOD AND TRUE: THE HARVEST WILL NOT FAIL HIM!'

Absolute veracity is more needed **now** than at any former period of our history. That of which our age stands most in need is a man able to gratify every just desire, and yet to be **contented with a little. 'A great heart in a little house,'** says Lacordaire, 'is of all things here below that which has ever touched me most. **Happy is the man who sows the good and true: the harvest will not fail him!'**

Here is a fine specimen of Honesty and Truthfulness. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre has told the story in his 'Etudes de la Nature.' He was serving as an engineer under the Count de Saint-Germain during his campaign in Hesse, in 1760. For the first time he became familiar **with the horrors** of war. Day by day he passed through sacked villages and devastated fields and farmyards. Men, women, and children were flying from their cottages in tears. Armed men were everywhere destroying the fruits of their labour, regarding it as part of their **glory.** But in the midst of so many acts of cruelty, Saint-Pierre was consoled by a **sublime trait** of character displayed by a **poor man,** whose cottage and farm lay in the way of the advancing army.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A captain of dragoons was ordered out with his troop to **forage** for provisions. They reached a **poor cabin,** and knocked at the door. An old man with a white beard appeared. 'Take me to a field,' said the officer, 'where I can obtain **forage** for my troops.' 'Immediately, Sir,' replied the old man. He put himself at their head, and ascended the valley. After half-an-hour's march a fine field of barley appeared. 'This will do admirably,' said the officer. '**No.**' said the old man; 'wait a little, and all will be right.' They went on again until they reached another barley-field. The troops dismounted, mowed down the grain, and, trussing it up in bundles, put them on their horses. 'Friend,' said the officer, 'how is it that you have **brought us so far?** The **first** field of barley that we saw was quite as good as this.' 'That is **quite true,**' said the peasant, 'but it was **not** mine.'—SMILES.

THE MORAL:

It takes ONE talent to make money, TWO to keep it, but HOW MANY to USE IT? as that poor peasant did in his hour of great trial. SUCH a CHARACTER should command the ADMIRATION of the WORLD for Honesty of Purpose, because HONESTY of PURPOSE is ABOVE THE WORLD.

'And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

'The Drying up a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.'—BYRON.

'Peace Hath Higher Test of Manhood Than Battle Ever Knew.'—WHITTIER.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—'From the days of Naaman the Syrian to the present time the simplicity of a remedy often militates against its acceptability in the eyes of the ignorant sufferer. As the captain of the host of the King of Syria rebelled at the injunction 'Wash and be clean,' so the dyspeptic of to-day, in only too many instances, treats with ungrounded contempt a curative agent at once so natural and efficacious as ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' And this in the face of evidences of its value as numerous as they are unimpeachable. In this particular case, however, Mr. J. C. Eno, whose name is more prominently connected with saline preparations than any other manufacturer, may rightly claim to have generally educated the public mind up to an approximately appreciative understanding of the remedial virtues possessed by this compound. The labour has been an Herculean one, demanding not only an almost heroic amount of strength and courage, but also an infinite measure of wit and originality that have scarcely met with the recognition so justly their due. Did the world stand still or did the generation that is to be benefit very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famous 'FRUIT SALT.' *It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.* In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however arduously won or freshly gathered; and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' *Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics,* the *bon-vivant* no less than the man to whom the recommendation, 'Eat and be merry,' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous.'—*European Mail.*

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of *abominable imitations* are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED what would otherwise have been a SEVERE ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been Imposed upon by a WORTHLESS Imitation.

J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON. Prepared by J. C. Eno.'s Patent

MR FOX'S HUNT BREAKFAST ON XMAS DAY.

Image © THE SCOTTISH LIBRARY BOARD. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

"THE STAR OF KLONDYKE"

CHRISTMAS ANNUAL OF THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER 1897

WRITERS.

MISS CLO GRAVES, KATE BISHOP ("KAY BEE"),
HOWARD PAUL, LIEUT.-COL. NEWNHAM-DAVIS,
WILLIAM MACKAY, JOSEPH PULLAN,
HENRY CHANCE NEWTON, L. GODFREY-TURNER,
W PUXLEY PEARSE ("TROOPER TOMMY" OF THE "P.I.P.").

ARTISTS.

HARRY B. NEILSON, DUDLEY CLEAVER,
A. J. FINBERG, HANA,
SIDNEY HIGHAM, RALPH CLEAVER, AND OTHERS.

EDITOR—JOHN LATEY.

THE STAR OF KLONDYKE.

BY CLO GRAVES.

CHAPTER I.—THE LAST SHOT.

BILLY BURGOYNE was "broke," it was announced in Clubland. Ere long the rumour crept into the papers, and the Ten Tribes looked askance. Beautiful Billy, Billy the generous, Billy the cheery, Billy the dashing, Billy the plucky, Billy the pet of the "Rag" and the "Jockey Club," Billy the crack steeplechase rider. Billy was at the end of his sporting career. Presently the name of the Hon. W. Burgoyne was gazetted, and the Official Receiver kindly took charge of his affairs. His stud went up at Tattersall's, the entire string going for a mere song. Then Billy, who rented chambers in Tuke Street, St. James's, mixed a brandy-and-soda, lighted one of his few remaining Partagas, threw himself into a great leather-covered chair, and began to reflect. He had five sovereigns and a few personal effects remaining from the great smash. And he must turn out of the chambers, the cosy old chambers, on the morrow. After that—the Deluge. Billy was not well read, but he recalled that classical sentence, and it seemed to him appropriate.

There was a knock at the outer door.

"Come in!" Billy shouted; but nobody came. Then the electric bell rang, and he jumped up and hurried out.

Before the electric bell had ceased to vibrate, he had opened the door. Nobody stood upon the door-mat. Nobody was in view. Only the sound of retreating footsteps, light footsteps pattering on stone pavement, echoed back from a lower landing.

Billy hung over the dingy stone balusters, and peered down into the dimly lighted well.

"High-heeled shoes," he muttered. "Now who——?" But, on the whole, he was not desperately bent upon identifying the visitor who had knocked and rung and run away. As he banged the hall-door he saw an envelope in the wire letter-box. He dipped for it and examined it without much interest. It was a fat envelope, not over-clean; it bore the proof impressions of a thumb and finger quite laboriously stamped upon obverse and reverse. He opened it, expecting to find a begging petition or a sample of soap. It contained three new bank-notes, folded into a little square. Each was for a hundred pounds, and our William bit his lip and grew red as he refolded the crackling beauties. The money was a godsend, but the manner of its coming smacked of anonymous charity; and all his life long, easy-going William had been a giver, not a taker. Then he went back to his arm-chair before the fireplace, drank off his brandy-and-soda, relighted his cigar, and began to ruminate once more, running his eyes absently over the collection of notes, letters, bills, and County Court summonses that fringed the mantel-glass. All at once a photograph enchained his wandering attention—the photograph of a dandy four-in-hand drawn up before a certain well-known coaching hostelry at Barford

Photo by Hana, 443, Strand.

DIMITY DARLING,
THE STAR OF KLONDYKE.

BENSON'S ENGAGEMENT RINGS

IN

HALF HOOP, MARQUISE, GIPSY,

AND ALL OTHER DESIGNS

Set with Brilliants, Emeralds, Rubies, Pearls, Sapphires, Opals, and Turquoise, of the Purest Quality.

5000 *at Makers' Cash Prices, showing 33 per cent. Saving.*

SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL.

SIZE-CARDS SENT FREE.

BEST XMAS PRESENT.

BEST XMAS PRESENT.

Old Jewellery and Watches taken in Exchange.

LUCKY WEDDING RINGS & KEEPERS
From 10s. to £5.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK of Watches, Rings, and Jewellery of all kinds, sent Post Free.

BENSON LTD., **62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; 25, OLD BOND ST., W.**

(Steam Factory adjoining Norton House, La Belle Sauvage Yard.)

And 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.

"Strongest and Best."

—HEALTH.

Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa

"The Richest in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents. There is no better food."

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

Being Highly Concentrated it is more economical than other Cocoas.

200 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS

AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

170 YEARS' REPUTATION.

MUSIC FOR THE PALACE, THE MANSION, THE VILLA, AND THE COTTAGE.

CAMPBELL'S MELODEON MAKES A CHARMING CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

GRAND NEW MODEL for Season 1897-8.

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE MAKES CHEERFUL HAPPY HOMES

CAMPBELL'S PATENT

GOLD MEDAL BRITISH PATENT. № 4492.

BROAD REED GERMAN PATENT. № 24110.

MELODEONS

"CHAMPION."

HAPPY HOURS FOR ALL!

CAMPBELL'S MELODEONS have Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The Solemn Psalm, the Soul-Stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these Charming Instruments.

NO KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC IS REQUIRED BY THE PLAYER.

We have received the unprecedented number of over a Hundred Thousand Testimonials and Press Notices. Read the following Editorial Notices of "Campbell's Melodeons":—

The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says: "THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power the sweetness of the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art. No real lover of music can find fault with Campbell's Melodeon."

The Editor of the *Christian Age* says: "Having seen one of Campbell's Melodeons, we can fully confirm the worth of it, and its perfectly genuine character for fine tone, elegance, and portability."

ENORMOUS DEMAND. SELLING IN THOUSANDS.
200,000 of Campbell's Melodeons have been sold.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Special Offer to the Reader of the Christmas Number, *The Penny Illustrated Paper.*

Campbell's "GEM" MELODEON, 6/9
Campbell's "MINIATURE" MELODEON, 10/6
Campbell's "PARAGON" MELODEON, 14/-
Campbell's "FAVOURITE" MELODEON, 16/6
Worth Double the Money.

Sent Carriage Paid to any Address in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of Postal Order for the Amount.

☞ Send for our NEW PRICE LIST FOR THIS SEASON.

CUT THIS OUT. CUT THIS OUT.

Also the Largest Assortment in the Kingdom of VIOLINS, GUITARS, and BANJOES, FLUTES, CLARIONETS, and FLAGEOLETS, CONCERTINAS, ACCORDIONS, and FLUTINAS, CORNETS and BRASS BAND INSTRUMENTS, DRUMS, ORGAN ACCORDIONS, MUSICAL BOXES. Sole Agents of the New Patent AUTO-HARP, ITALIAN MANDOLINES, ZITHER BANJOES, SPANISH GUITARS, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

Sold only by CAMPBELL and CO., 116, TRONGATE, GLASGOW.

New Illustrated Price-List for Season 1897-8 sent free on application for 1d. Stamp. 150,000 Sent Out Yearly.

N.B.—Campbell's Melodeons are the ONLY GENUINE MELODEONS in the Market. Beware of Worthless Imitations.

BEETHAM'S GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER

HAS NO EQUAL

FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

DURING THE COLDEST WEATHER.

It Removes and Prevents all REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c., ensuring

A CLEAR & HEALTHY COMPLEXION.

Beware of Imitations. Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," the ONLY Genuine. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Post Free 3d. extra, from M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

Bridge. The counterfeit presentment of Billy sat on the box, complete in curly-brimmed coachman's hat and knowing white great-coat, much buttoned. Beside him sat a young and pretty woman, just a little too smartly dressed.

"She 's got 'em all on," he muttered, "Girls of that class never know when to leave their biggest hats and

"WAY OH!"

The Girl that drew Billy Burgoyne to the Nonsuch Theatre of Varieties.

"THE STAR OF KLONDYKE."

puffiest sleeves at home. It takes a lady to be sporting, don't you know?"

Then he jumped in his chair.

"Oh, dash it! It *couldn't!*" he cried. But, all the same, he changed into evening clothes as quickly as he could without a valet, snatched hat and overcoat, and bolted downstairs into the street. Then he got into the cab hailed by an officious loafer, tossed the officious loafer a sixpence, and shouted through the roof-trap, "Drive to the Nonsuch!"

* * * * *

The Nonsuch Theatre of Varieties was reached in two minutes. Billy was fairly familiar with the building. He went round to the stage-door and sent in his card. It bore the following legend in pencilled characters—

"May I come behind?—B. B."

The answer returned was favourable. Billy tipped the uniformed functionary who bore it one of his few remaining half-crowns, and followed him to the stage, as a thundering burst of applause made the boards shake beneath him.

The next moment, as another terrific billow of applause gathered, broke, decreased, and died away, a pretty girl—pretty through her stage paint, and wearing the large feathered hat, purple merino frock, white apron, and rainbow neck-scarf of a coster belle—looked round the corner of a flat and said, showing two unbroken rows of gleaming teeth in a hearty smile—

"Way oh!"

CHAPTER II.

SNOWSHOES FOR KLONDYKE.

"WAY OH!" returned Billy, with an answering smile, for Dimity Darling's good humour was infectious. Then he assumed a sterner expression, and said, "I have come to speak to you seriously about—something. Of course you have seen the papers?"

"Three papers," said Dimity; "*Era*, *Stage*, and *Referee*. Never read any others, except sometimes the *Pink 'Un*."

"Well," returned Billy, "of course you know what 's happened, and though we 've always been friendly—the long and the short of it is that you must take it back without any bones."

"My friendship?" asked Dimity, with a tear in each eye.

Pathos was not supposed to be in her line, though she advertised as a serio-comic. Billy was staggered Before he could couple on to the train of his original intentions, her expression changed; she laid her hand—a strong but small and prettily shaped hand—upon his arm, and said—

"You won't go back on me, will you, if I ask you a favour?"

"Not if I know it!" responded Billy Burgoyne.

"Then lend me six hundred quid," said Dimity. Her voice was sweet if her vocabulary was slangy. "The fact is, I 'm broke. I 've a good engagement here, and the other halls pay well; but, the fact is"—she hesitated a moment—"mother costs a lot to keep. You wouldn't believe it unless you saw her at meals, and she wouldn't like you to."

Billy dimly recalled the loftily feathered, maroon-plush upholstered, colossal individuality of the parent to whom Miss Darling referred. But his mind was occupied with the ascertained fact that Dimity had not, in a fit of sympathetic generosity, on hearing of the ruin of a friend, sent him the three hundred pounds. Perhaps, if he had noticed the triumphant twinkle that the little woman's plentifully blackened eyelashes concealed, he would not have been so easily thrown off the scent.

"Then you—then I——" he began, when their dialogue was interrupted by the approach of two stout, smiling, hook-nosed, double-chinned men, gorgeous with jewellery and pimples. They raised their hats, which they wore very much on one side, and one spoke, with an Hebraic accent—

"Have you thought over our propothithion, Mith Darling?"

Miss Darling, with a child-like expression which was a thought overdone, replied that she hadn't had a moment for thinking since the night before.

The Hebraic gentleman spoke again—

"Thith ith the gentleman I thpoke of. Mithter Harry La Barge, of the Dawthon Thity and Klondyke Variety Amuthement Thyndicate."

Miss Darling bowed. Mr. La Barge, whose pimpled face was curiously cracked and seamed, as were his hands, conveying the impression that he had been originally made of chinaware, broken, and carefully riveted, responded with another flourish of the hat.

"The garntee," said Mr. La Barge, in an accent which might have been termed American, only more so, "is eight hundred dollars per week."

"And expenses paid?" put in Miss Darling, who evidently *had* had a minute to think since the day before.

Mr. La Barge blinked a moment and then agreed.

"Then I 'll sign to-morrow, Sammy," remarked Miss Darling to the Hebraic gentleman. "Eight hundred dollars a week, with a share."

Mr. La Barge bucked at the share.

"Then," said Miss Darling, "I 'm off." She turned, and shed a slight wink on Billy. "What were the terms you mentioned, Mr. Burgoyne?"

Billy assumed the mien of a theatrical agent, and was about to reply, when Mr. La Barge submitted to share profits.

The Hon. Billy Burgoyne Resolves to Try His Luck at Klondyke.

"THE STAR OF KLONDYKE."

"All right," nodded Dimity Darling. "I 'll sign—that is, if mother goes free."

"Mother?" Mr. La Barge's curiously seamed countenance was contorted into a grimace.

"I never travel without mother," said Miss Darling, who must have been thinking a great deal since yesterday. "She must have her 'exes'; and she doesn't eat much for a woman who weighs three hundred pounds."

The Hebraic gentleman telegraphed to Mr. La Barge: "She will have her way." Mr. La Barge gave in. Mrs. Darling was to have her "exes," and the agreement was to be signed upon the morrow.

Then both the jewelled gentlemen took leave, and Dimity Darling turned to Billy Burgoyne.

"Good-night," said Billy, in answer to her hearty hand-shake. "And, look here. If you can hang on only two days, I think I could promise you two-fifty."

"Two?" Dimity's eyebrows went up.

"Don't you remember? You wanted six hundred."

"Ah! But only six hundred. Nothing less," said artful Dimity, "will do."

"I wish," said Billy, "I could accommodate you; but it 's a case of stony."

"You 're hard up?"

"Bankrupt, my dear, and busted!"

Dimity! Who on earth had given her that extraordinary name? Dimity's face broke into sunny little lights and shadows. She smiled up into the haggard eyes of the ruined swell.

"Buy a pair of snowshoes," said she, "and start for Klondyke!"

"For Klondyke? In British Columbia? The gold region?"

"I 'm going there!" said Dimity.

"To dig?"

"No. To sing. To tip the miners 'Coster Sal' and 'Liza's Feather' and 'Why did She Spank the Baby?' and all the répertoire, to the tune of eight hundred dollars a week," she added, "and a share, and mother's 'exes.' I thought all that out yesterday."

"How much does it take in 'ready' to get there?"

"I saw in a paper yesterday," said Dimity, "that you could do it on three hundred quid. But you 've only got two-fifty."

"No; I 've got three. If I 've really got it, that is."

"Then pack up your mother," advised Dimity, "and start."

"My mother died when I was a boy," said Billy, with a frown. He did not choose to hear that name spoken—in that place—and by a music-hall singer. His eyes and the girl's met again. There were tears on Dimity Darling's cheeks. She said brokenly and ungrammatically—

"If your mother were alive—and knew me—as I am, she wouldn't think it soiled her hand to take mine—though I am only a girl 'on the halls.' Whether you believe it or not, Mr. Burgoyne—it 's true."

She was gone. And Billy went home to his chambers with the words ringing in his ears, "Buy a pair of snow-shoes, and start for Klondyke; I'm going there!"

He went to bed and tried to sleep on the notion. Towards three a.m. he sat up, punched his wakeful pillow, and said emphatically, "All right, Dimity, I will!"

CHAPTER III.

BILLY EN ROUTE TO VANCOUVER.

"BETWEEN Quebec and Vancouver," jabbered a loquacious little old man in rusty black, whose quotations from an illustrated sixpenny route-book of the British Columbia Development Company had bored his fellow-passengers of the steerage to open avoidance and barely stifled bad language from the first day out from Liverpool on the Beaver liner to this, the last day doomed to be spent in active captivity in a stuffy third-class sleeping-car of the Canadian and Pacific Railway—"between Quebec and Vancouver a deal of information can be gathered in regard to this portion of Her Majesty's Dominions, which is very hopening—very, ah!—opening to the mind. Regarded from the scenic point of view, if from no other, it's a revelation!"

He glanced round. His fellow-passengers, with the exception of one man, pretended not to have heard. Some lay upon their bunks with their hats crushed down over their eyes, and snored ostentatiously. Others, with tucked-up knees and pipes in their mouths, stared at the dangling ceiling-straps. Billy Burgoyne, looking a trifle thin and ragged, but otherwise in hard condition, and what he would have termed "as fit as a fiddle," alone received the remark with that admirable assumption of polite interest which had won him golden opinions from the oldsters of his club.

"You allude," said Billy, "to saw-mills and lumber?"

"And grain-elevators," said the little old man, "and other triumphs of civilisation. Fancy a grain-elevator in full work on such a stage as Drury Lane, for instance."

He broke off as the train swung round a corner, and launched itself, apparently, into mid-air. The crash of falling débris was echoed back from the stupendous cliff-faces into which the track had been notched.

"It 's only an avalanche," Billy said, as the little man turned a sickly green. "You 'll have to get used to little things like that if you 're going through the White Pass in the middle of April."

"I'm 'ardier than I look," said the little old man, taking off his shabby hat and wiping the moisture of nervousness from a perfectly bald head with a soiled red cotton handkerchief. "And what females can brave, I can, I dare say. There 's an American young lady attached to this locomotive—by 'er own private couplin' chains——"

Billy smiled, recalling the globe-trotting Yankee proprietress of the private Pullman which had joined the train at Winnipeg.

"She travels with a piannerforty," said the little old man: "a maid, a bicycle, a type-writer, eight—Sara what do-you-call-'em—trunks, a photographic happaratus, and three St. Bernard dogs. Splendour, I call it!"

"She will probably call it something else when she is scaling a precipice with her piano on her head and the other things tied on behind," said Billy languidly.

The little old man changed the conversation. "Them farms and orchards we 're goin' through now look 'ome-like, don't em?" he said, after a pause.

Billy assented reluctantly, and then the coal-smoke of the great Western terminus rose up in a pillar of cloud on the horizon and blotted out that resemblance to England which had stabbed him through and through for the moment with a poignant pang of longing for the old country left so far behind.

"So this is Vancouver," remarked Billy, as he set foot on the edge of the big crucible in which all the elements of the great gold rush were fusing and bubbling together. "A mixed population," he said, as an Iroquois Indian, in war-paint and a new blanket, went by with a yellow-faced, oblique-eyed Chinese coolie, and a Californian miner engaged an affable but oily Esquimaux lady, in sealskin trousers and a green top-knot, in animated conversation. "Bracing atmosphere," he added, as a rancid whiff of oil from a Jewish fried-fish shop, neighboured on the one side by a Salvation Army barracks and shouldered on the other by a Mormon tabernacle, saluted his nostrils. "Dry soil," he continued, as an apparently endless string of bronzed and muscular men in slouch hats, thick jerseys, and high boots, with revolvers and bowie-knives in their belts, and careless laughter on their bearded lips, filed in and out of the American drinking-saloon; "and stirring trade," he ended, contemplating the array of pickaxes and mining-shovels, of wire ropes and dynamite cartridges, of pans, cradles, and buckets, exhibited in the windows of the stores. He spent a day in buying supplies, the necessary tools and implements, and the requisite heavy clothing—the miner's boots or mackinaws: the rubbers: the muck-lucks or woollen sweaters—and the medicines and provisions: "grubstakes," the purveyor called these latter. Then he had nothing to do but wait until the steamer that should carry him and his luggage and his aspirations from Victoria to Skagway Bay had finished coaling. He leaned up against the front of his hotel—the Miner's Hope—and found waiting slow work. Though he would not own it, even to himself, the gold fever burned as hotly in his veins as in those of the other men, who loafed and drank and gambled, and cursed delay twenty times in an hour.

* * * * *

But at last, when the grubby, panting coal-tub of a steamer started upon her voyage along the coast, and Billy sat smoking a short pipe on top of a pile of solid matter, representing nearly the whole of his worldly wealth, he felt his spirits rise. He had strong hands and a muscular body, and pluck and hardihood that had come down to him through a long line of knightly ancestors, whose deeds were inscribed in many a yellow record of the past. And he was going where these qualities were of use to a man who wanted to win gold. Gold! He had seen it, handled it, had a little nugget given him to keep by a rough miner he had met at the hotel, who had shown him two battered leather valises crammed to bursting with the yellow treasure wrung from the frozen clay of the Northern West. In an old

The little Cockney nightingale struck up sweetly in the midst of the savage desolation of the Great White Pass.

"THE STAR OF KLONDYKE" ENLIVENS THE TRAVELLERS TO THE GOLDEN LAND.

petroleum-can the man had nuggets to the value of ten thousand dollars. And, until his wealth could be placed in safe keeping, he would not sleep—the grim, red-eyed wakeful man! He drank, but only from corked and wired bottles, the necks of which he decapitated with his bowie-knife. And all night long he sat over his hoard—stern, watchful, armed, and waiting for thieves who knew better than to come.

"It's life, and I like it," muttered Billy half aloud, recalling these experiences.

"The newness of everythink—what you might call the strangeness and the spiciness," responded a squeaky voice at his elbow. "The charm lies in that—as you might say." It was the little man in black—the loquacious little man of the vessel and the train. He was smaller and more withered than ever, in spite of the bulk given him by thicker clothes; and he still had no perceptible luggage; and he still carried, tucked under his arm, a shabby violin-case—to which he had clung from the moment Billy first set eyes on him.

"Hallo!" said Billy, with a cheerful wink. "Have you taken out your license?"

"I'm not going to dig," responded the little man. "I am not in the mining line, as you might suppose. I belong to the profession—*the* profession"—he tapped his violin-case, "and I am going out to Dawson City to meet a party with whom I am associated in business." He took a dirty card from the lining of his hat, and handed it to Billy. The legend on it ran as follows—

"Professor Boils, Conductor, Répétiteur, Accompanist. Scores arranged, songs composed. Reasonable terms to artists.—30, Vauxhall Road, S.W."

A sudden light broke upon Billy, as he perused the dingy piece of pasteboard.

"Do you know anything of the Dawson City and Klondyke Variety Amusement Syndicate, Limited?" he asked.

Professor Boils bowed.

"I am going out," he said grandiloquently, "under special contract to the Syndicate."

"Do you know Miss Dimity Darling?" asked Billy.

The little Professor beamed. "I should think I did," he responded proudly. "Why, I taught her all she knows, or nearly. I used to bribe her with ha'porths of pease-pudding and sugar-sticks to learn her steps, when she and her mother—a fine figger of a woman, if now runnin' over at the edges, as one might say—lived in the Walworth Road. Excuse me!" The Professor clasped his hands suddenly upon his waistcoat, and turned rather pale as the tubby steamer began to wallow in the coastward swell. Then he made for the forward cabin at an ambling, slip-shod trot; and Billy saw him no more until the steamer touched at the Columbia Company's wharf at Skagway Bay.

CHAPTER IV.

ENAMOURED OF BILLY.

THE north-caster of October blew piercing cold; the drift-ice heaved and wallowed under the steamer's bows; the chopping sea was a blackish blue; the grey sky arched in the desolate rock-bound horizon like a dome of oxidised silver, blackened in places by threatening clouds—harbingers of snow, for the short summer was already over, and the long winter had begun. And Billy Burgoyne, realising the nature of the situation, whistled once, lugubriously, and recalled a familiar proverb about more haste less speed. He was roused from his musings by a light touch. Miss Mamie K. Oram—the American globe-trotting heiress, and owner of the private Pullman, the eight Saratogas, the maid, the bicycle, and the three St. Bernards—stood upon the crowded deck, close beside him, looking anxious and perturbed.

"It doesn't look—nice, does it?" she said, as the steamer bumped against the wharf, and some rough-looking white men, gaunt through their many mufflings, began to shout orders to a dozen or so of miserable-looking Indians and bunchy Esquimaux. Billy could not repress a laugh, short and grim.

"My dear young lady, you didn't expect it to look anything but nasty, did you?"

"I guess I rather expected a kind of nuggety gleam about things," replied Miss Oram; "but it's real new, and consequently interesting. It might be the last corner of the world, that they skimped in making, because Italy and America used up so much of the best material. But it isn't that that worries me, though it's a dreadful delicate and personal matter to confide to a gentleman. I've just been told, and he looked like an authority on the subject"—she pointed to a grimy, unshaven wharf-clerk, who was engaged in chalking numbers on some of her bulky trunks and valises—"I've been told that in the winter nobody in this country ever dreams of washing, or even changing their clothes. It is too cold to take them off, and there are no steam laundries." She ended with a sob as her mind reverted to the piles of Paris *lingerie* stowed away in the Saratoga trunks. "It's just too awful—from my point of view. My maid is resigned, and the dogs don't mind; but I do—dreadfully! I've half a mind to go back to Victoria when this old work-box"—she stamped one small foot on the worm-eaten deck of the *Dawson City*—"starts on the return trip."

"Do," advised Billy earnestly. "It's one of the best ideas you ever had in your life, Miss Mamie! I'll speak to the captain now if you like, and re-book your berth." He turned on his heel. The small sealskin-gloved hand of the fair Yankee stopped him with another imperative touch.

"No!" said Miss Mamie K. Oram, with masculine determination and feminine inconsequence. "Since you are so anxious to get rid of me I'll stay and see the thing through, washed or unwashed." And she kept her word.

* * * * *

"Now the fun begins," said Billy Burgoyne, a day later. "We have to pack everything over these mountains—your bicycle and piano——"

"The eight Saratogas, my maid, the Kodaks, and the dogs," added Miss Oram calmly.

"As well as a few other little things we're likely to feel uncomfortable without," said Billy: "food and drink, tents and sleeping-sacks, spirit-stoves and spirit to burn in 'em, for there's no fuel to speak of in this lively country."

"How do the things travel?" asked Miss Oram. "Not on horses' backs?"

"The route is impracticable even for donkeys," said Billy, "of the quadrupedal kind. Lo! the poor Indian does the Sandow trick at so much a pound porterage. When we get to the other side of the Pass—supposing we *do*, you know—we have got to build canoes to do the rest of the journey in, unless we can buy them ready made from Lo. If the Yukon is frozen, which it probably will be, we sleigh to Dawson. Sleighs and cattle to be hired from Lo, as aforesaid."

"Lo ought to be making a pile," rejoined Miss Oram. "Well, so we really start to-morrow. What made you jump?"

For Billy had started violently. The cause seemed incompatible with its effect.

A snowflake had fallen on his otter-skin glove; others followed it, and the keen numbing smell of coming snow was in the air.

"One minute!" Billy Burgoyne stopped the girl, as, drawing her costly fur more closely round her, she turned to re-enter the log hotel. "It—it's not my business, but I can't see a lady rush into peril through sheer grit and absolute ignorance"—Miss Oram frowned—"when a word of warning might keep her back. It's going to be an early winter, the trail will be frozen up in a few hours; most likely the White Pass, when we get there, will be blocked with snow. They say there are eight thousand white men and Indians before us on the way, and if the worst comes to the worst, we shall have to stick out the hard weather on this side. Do you know what that means? Sleeping between boulders covered with snow, or in a hut like an Esquimaux igloo—starving, perhaps, under this murderous-looking drab sky. You may be rich, but money won't help you where you're going. Be reasonable: you're not driven to venture everything for the sake of the yellow stuff, as we poor, broken, cleaned-out beggars are. You can afford to stay here—if you're bent on getting to Dawson City—till the hard weather breaks and the Pass is open. Take my advice, don't join us when we start to-morrow, and you'll live to thank me for putting my oar in where I had no business."

Miss Oram's face broke into pleasant little dimples, like a gratified child's.

"I'd no idea you took so much interest," she began. Then she broke off and held out her hand. "I'll wait," she said impulsively, "if you will! What do a few hundreds of stupid dollars matter! Be my guest—or my debtor—or whatever you like, here, until the weather breaks: don't *you* venture your life for the sake of the yellow stuff. It may be valuable to—to somebody." There were tears in her eyes. Billy Burgoyne shook his head.

"I've made up my mind, and I'm going to rough it,"

BILLY'S PARTNER AT GOLD-FINDING.—"THE STAR OF KLONDYKE."

"Thank you all the same; but I couldn't take money or money's worth from a lady. You don't understand; but it's impossible. Besides, some friends of mine are on the trail, two days' journey ahead. I only heard it yesterday. They travelled by the Grand Trunk. They had a man with them—La Barge his name is—who knew the ropes. They caught an earlier steamer, and reached Skagway in time to join a party that was just starting. And, for all I know, she and her mother——"

"Oh!" said Miss Oram, in rather a metallic tone. "So the friend you are anxious to overtake is a lady."

"Not quite all that," said Billy, with an involuntary smile; "but a dear, sweet, honest little soul as ever——"

He stopped abruptly, finding himself alone.

CHAPTER V.

A SONG AND DANCE ON THE ROAD.

"MOTHER!"

"Why did you wake me?" whimpered the huge, dishevelled bundle of blankets and furs, heaving its vast bulk into a sitting position. "I was dreamin' such a nice dream, all about the fried-fish-and-potato shops in the Walworth Road. And little Boils came by—him as taught you the first positions in dancin' when you weren't higher than my knee—and, says he, 'Crisp, yellow slices of 'ake and 'alibut, and crisp, yellow shavin's of potato, 'ot and smokin' from the pan: that's the true gold for me.' Oh, dear—a dear! And then to wake and find myself in a snow-burrow with a tarpaulin floor, and no fire but a spirit-lamp, and nothin' to

eat but chocolate and pemmican, and biscuits like pavin'-stones. Ah! that sort o' thing 'ud never 'a done for Boils!"

"Boils is here, mother!" said Dimity Darling, going over and kneeling by her prostrate parent.

"Go on with you!"

"But he is—and Mr. Burgoyne, too."

"That 'andsome swell who sent you a diamond bracelet when you were playin' 'Aladdin' at Drury Lane?"

"Yes; and two ladies and some miners and Indians. And they're nigh dead with cold and hunger, and we're bringin' them in here to have some hot drink and a warm at the stove. Come in, Mr. La Barge."

For it was the agent of the Dawson City and Klondyke Variety Amusement Syndicate, Limited, who pushed aside the tarpaulins that hung before the door of the snow hut and entered. He was changed by privation, and in his furs and woollens looked more like a Russian moujik than the prosperous bejewelled gentleman who had stepped behind the scenes of the Nonsuch Theatre eight weeks before to renew his offer to the music-hall star. The reason of the cracks and seams in his bronzed cheeks was now apparent, for the faces of many of the party bore the same traces, caused by frost-bite. His square jaw looked stern and resolute, and under his heavy forehead, neighbouring his Jewish nose, shone a pair of eyes as brilliant as black diamonds.

On his arm he supported the fur-clad figure of a woman. Another woman and another man, in whose hollow blue eyes was still reflected the cheery smile of Billy Burgoyne, followed. The rear was brought up by a quaint little figure, Professor Boils, still clutching his inseparable violin.

"Oh, that trail!" said Mamie Oram. "With the cairns and crosses, and the abandoned packs of the poor dead miners untouched by the wayside."

"I rather expect, Miss," said La Barge, his heavy black moustache curving in a rather sinister smile, "that if you was to look closer, you'd find that nothing of much value was left in any of 'em. We're not sentimental, we British Columbians, and a dead man's shoes will always keep a live man's feet dry." Miss Oram looked distastefully towards the speaker, and did not answer.

"What with 'unger and cold and fatigue, Mrs. Darling," said little Professor Boils, as that large lady handed him a steaming tin pannikin of cocoa, "I quite lost my 'ed. I thought I was stage-manager of the whole scene, and that the property-men up in the flies were overdoing the snow. 'You'll come to newspaper soon, and then where will you be?' I said to 'em quite angrily. Then the next thing I knew was Mr. Burgoyne pummelling me—'ard—with both fists, and telling me to keep awake, for my life's sake."

"It's no good you offering me your spare rubbers, I guess," said Mamie Oram to Dimity. "I thought my feet were small—and so they are—but you're a real Cinderella."

"She's played the part often enough, Miss," said Dimity's mother, "as Mr. Burgoyne knows."

"Oh! So you're on the stage!" remarked Miss Oram, warming her slim hands over the spirit-stove, and looking curiously at the bright-faced girl—a veritable English rose, transplanted and blossoming in the snows of British Columbia.

"I sing on the halls," returned Dimity simply. "And at Christmas I play in pantomime."

"We'll get up a pantomime at Dawson City," said La Barge, rubbing his hands, "and give the boys some good topical songs, up to date. See if we don't, my girl!"

"We've got to get there first," put in Burgoyne, who, oddly enough, did not relish the man's familiarity.

"We sha'n't be long about that," said La Barge, pulling his heavy moustache. "The blizzard can't last much longer. There's a hard frost coming on, and once the snow is firm enough to bear us on our snow-shoes, we'll make short work of the rest of the Pass and sleigh up to Dawson in the time it would take a green hand to wash a pan of pay-dirt. Eh, Mrs. Darling?"

"It will have to be very hard snow," said Mrs. Darling, "if it is going to bear me—even with a pair of them tennis-racquet skates on; and as for washing dirt—from what I hear of the place we are going to I don't suppose they know the difference between that and washing clean. I'm resigned, and don't murmur—all 'exes' being paid; and I don't run down Dawson City, never having seen it. But I shall be very much surprised if, as regards pleasantness, healthiness, and convenience, it comes within 'alf a mile of London, and especially that part of London which is known as the Walworth Road. Sing somethin', Dimity, for goodness' sake! I want livening up, and so do all of us."

Professor Boils took his beloved violin from its case and tucked it under his chin. Dimity tossed her chin—not the least pretty feature about her—and jumped lightly on a biscuit-keg that stood end up in the corner of the hovel. And the little Cockney nightingale struck up sweetly in the midst of the savage desolation of the great White Pass, and the icy rocks and boulders echoed to the chorus taken up by the gaunt and weary pilgrims who squatted round their spirit-lamps in their rude encampments round about—

Why did she spank the baby?
Why did she stamp on the floor?
Why did she kick the kitten?
Why did she bang the door?
Why did she scratch her hubby?
And sit on his Sunday hat?
You never should ask these questions,
Women are made like that!

CHAPTER VI.

BILLY'S ROUGH TIME IN DAWSON CITY.

DAWSON CITY. Eighty dismal log-huts stuck anyhow on a frozen mud-bank, the waste spaces between littered with wood-shavings, empty tins, and other rubbish. Nothing in the way of eatable offal or refuse came amiss to the bushy-tailed, wolf-snouted dogs that scavenged as industriously to keep life and soul together as did their owners, with whom the fully fed days came to be marked on the almanack with the whitest of white stones. Only two streets in Dawson—First Avenue and Second Avenue. First Avenue was given up to business. Here were the supply-stores, the advance banks (two of them), which lent money to starving miners at ruinous rates of interest, payable on the produce of claims, to be opened when the bad weather broke, and it should be possible, by the use of fires, to thaw the flinty ground sufficiently for digging. On Second Avenue stood the Music Hall run by the Variety Amusement Syndicate.

By day it was a dirty-looking, single-roomed log cabin of double the usual size—24 ft. by 30 ft., perhaps. Its walls were festooned with flags and hung with kerosene lamps. There were rows of rude benches; there was a bar; there was a stage of planks supported on trestles. The orchestra consisted of a guitar, thrummed by a lame Swede, and a violin, played by our friend Professor Boils. And here by night the lamps blazed and the rough miners quarrelled and fought about the bar, and the hungry dogs prowled in search of eatable scraps, and the quarters rattled into the till, presided over by a stout lady whom we have met before, and fiery drinks went down thirsty throats, and the slang songs popular six months ago in London were chorused by men of every nationality upon the globe.

Photo by Hana, 445, Strand.

The American Belle who was smitten with the Hon. Billy Burgoyne.

"THE STAR OF KLONDYKE."

By day the Klondyke claim-holders, Billy Burgoyne among them, sawed lumber for sluice-boxes, or hauled supplies to their camps. There were no roads leading to the great boulder-walled basin where the diggings were; any man might make his own. And as they laboured and toiled in the Arctic cold, they trod on graves of men who had gone before them. An army of moles might have thrown up the soil into these rude hillocks that occurred every three or four yards, but that their shape was ominous, and suggested men lying down. So the winter wore away, and spring melted the snows, and the Yukon burst its icy flood-gates and swirled between its muddy clay banks in the old headlong way. The inhospitable earth lay bare, and clouds of mosquitoes of gigantic size and insatiable appetite rose from the marshy places.

"So near and yet so far," said Billy Burgoyne, as at a depth of six feet from the thawed surface his pickaxe snapped like glass against the frozen ground. "And picks cost five dollars each." Billy's claim was a 500-feet plot on Bonanza Creek, Number Fifty below the great "Discovery." There was gold, Billy knew. There was gold everywhere. He had already picked $500 worth of small nuggets out of the frozen clods with a rusty sardine tin-opener. Something gained, though fortune was yet a long way off. He piled logs upon his bonfires, and made up his mind to hire half-a-dozen miners on the morrow at three pounds a day each, and chance a run of luck.

A shadow fell across his own. He looked up and saw a man he did not like, and who had had recent reason not to like Billy—the Napoleon-nosed, heavy-jawed La Barge, sitting on a boulder several paces away, with a discoloured patch on the bridge of his most prominent feature which was about the size of Billy's seal ring.

"Poor stuff here!" remarked the agent for the Variety Amusement Syndicate, who was also the syndicate and the manager and the box-office keeper, and had been many other things in his time that might be dimly guessed at.

"Think so?" returned Burgoyne.

La Barge offered him a Havana, which Billy declined. It was long since Billy had enjoyed the luxury of a weed, the strongest "plug," by dint of use, had become dear to him; but he was not going to smoke La Barge's tobacco. As he had anticipated, the offer of the cigar was succeeded by an offer to trade for the claim. La Barge had set his mind on building a dancing-saloon and eating-house here, on the banks of the Bonanza—where no gold was to be found.

"I'll give you two thousand dollars, and take my chance of the place paying," said generous La Barge.

"So you're a philanthropist, are you?" said Billy, drily.

"What do you mean?" snarled the man of many irons, turning red.

"A philanthropist," expounded Billy, "is a person who is supposed to live for the good of others. But you and I, Mr. La Barge, who have seen the world, are aware that what he does is done for the good of himself."

"D——n you!" said La Barge, and walked away.

"There you go, you sweating, money-lending, claim-jumping, sneaking scoundrel!" said Billy affectionately, looking after the squat retreating figure. He had for a long time seen completely through Mr. La Barge, if not out on the other side.

When next they met, La Barge's manner was quite hearty. But he made himself felt for all that. Hardly a man at the diggings, who worked for wages and was not the owner of a claim, but owed the man of many irons money, or money's worth. Consequently, Billy could not find hired labour. They would not work for him, and told him so. A Norwegian, a grim, quiet, fair-haired giant, Peter Olafson by name, Billy did manage to pick up. He was kindly, honest, and well disposed, and worked like ten. One day two Government officials, armed with information, a warrant, and some six-shooters, called at Billy's claim and took the Norwegian away. He was wanted by the Canadian police for beating half-a-dozen men with one—used as a club—in a bar-quarrel at Juneau. The beaten men had ultimately recovered, the club had succumbed.

Olafson went away quietly, saying that Billy would see him again. But he did not return, and Billy could get no help. Still he delved and dug and washed unceasingly, and the dirt began to pay steadily, at the rate of £40 a day, sometimes £70. He began to grow nervous as the sides of his old valise began to bulge. Like the lucky man he had met at Vancouver, he slept with one eye open. But one night the cords of his tent were cut, and Billy, struggling beneath smothering folds of canvas, with the weight of an unseen man upon his chest, felt another grab the precious valise. It was gone; and Burgoyne was, to all intents and purposes, a beggar again. He guessed who had beggared him, but he kept a stiff upper lip and made no sign.

"Why does he never speak to me now?" wondered Dimity Darling. She wondered until she could stand it no longer, for friends were scarce in Dawson City, if wooers were oppressively numerous.

Then she put on her hat, and called the little Professor, who pottered about everywhere at her heels like a wire-haired terrier, and went for a walk to Bonanza Creek. Claim No. 50 below "Discovery" was soon found, and there was only one man working on it; and he was sitting on an upturned sluice-box, binding up his knee. He looked up: it was Billy Burgoyne.

"Oh, Mr. Burgoyne!" the girl cried, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing much, my dear," said Billy, with his usual calmness. "Only, you see, as I work alone, and I find shaft-mining pay better than surface-scraping, I can't be sure when I'm letting myself down in the bucket that somebody with a bowie-knife isn't up at the top sawing away at the windlass-rope."

"Is that what somebody has done?" cried Dimity fiercely.

"Just that," returned Billy.

"Who was the wretch?" cried Dimity Darling, clenching her small fists.

"The shadow of his nose was thrown down the shaft by an accommodating sunbeam," said Billy, wiping the mosquitoes from his streaming face with a clay-soiled shirt-sleeve; for the Klondyke summer, if short, is hot. "I shall know that nose when I meet it again. Meanwhile, I'll buy a wire drum-rope."

"But they—he—may try some other plan to hurt you."

"I shall try to look out for that," said Billy, tapping his six-shooter.

"Mr. Burgoyne," said Dimity Darling, after a pause, "does the nose——"

"Nose?" echoed Billy.

"The nose whose shadow was thrown down the shaft when the rope in the drum was cut, belong to anybody I know?"

"To be plain with you," answered Billy, after a longer pause—"yes."

They had not pushed off a moment before they heard the fierce jarring shout of triumph that told them they were recognised. The flash of paddles followed; the canoe of their pursuers shot into sight. There were three men besides La Barge—rowdies and cut-throats every one. Billy glanced at the pile in the centre of the raft, her precious golden cargo covered with gunny-sacks.

"THE STAR OF KLONDYKE": FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

"And you quarrelled with him—about me?"

Dimity was kneeling near him now with flushed cheeks and eager eyes, and Professor Boils, from a distance, was criticising the little scene from a strictly professional point of view.

"I did," said Billy. "The cad boasted of something that I believed he had no right to boast of, that I believe no man has ever been able to boast of without lying, and I knocked him over his own bar. Two days later he came here and offered to buy my claim. I refused to sell, and since then I've been dogged, watched, robbed, and now the cheerful creature is trying to maim me."

"Get a man or two you can trust to help you and keep watch," cried Dimity, springing to her feet.

"Nobody will take wages from me. He has salted my ground too well."

"Ah!" She thought a moment rapidly, and then her whole face lighted up. "I'll find you a partner," said Dimity. "He 's not very strong—almost a boy—and he can only be here by day. But"—she said it almost violently—"you may trust him with your life. Will you take him?"

"You bet," said Billy.

"He will be here at daybreak to-morrow."

She waved him good-bye, and hurried away. She was as good as her word, for when Billy Burgoyne bolted his solitary breakfast of tea and damper, shouldered pick and shovel and limped down to the shaft next morning, he found a slight youth—almost a child, perched on the boulder where La Barge had sat when he offered to trade for Claim No. 50.

"Way oh!" said the boy, and jumped off the boulder.

"Way oh!" returned Billy. Then he started, and cried out, "Dimity! it can't be——"

"It is!" she said, and caught his hand in both her own. "Oh! don't send me away! Let me help you! let me help you! You may trust me with your life!" said Dimity Darling.

CHAPTER VII.

BILLY'S TREASURE.

So this oddly assorted couple toiled together with pick and shovel, at the windlass and bucket, at pan and sluice-box, for three weeks, before the truth leaked out.

She would have bitten her tongue out rather than make mischief, Miss Mamie K. Oram afterwards declared, but her pen, not the organ in question, was the cause of considerable trouble. Finding the attractions of Dawson City pall upon her jaded senses after a few weeks, that adventurous young lady had pushed on to Circle City, once, before the Klondyke craze, a flourishing and well-populated town; now entirely deserted save by two or three Indians and a few dozen dogs.

There was nothing to pay, so Mamie established her guides and porters in free quarters in the public library, and with her maid and the St. Bernards took possession of a neat frame-house, which had belonged to a leading luminary of the judicial bench. When weary of such amusements as the metropolis afforded, she returned with the warmer weather to Dawson City, and, looking up Billy Burgoyne at Claim No. 50 below Discovery—perhaps with some intention of renewing the one-sided flirtation commenced at Vancouver—she found William and his apprentice busily panning out.

"I came to make you a present of a companion," said Miss Mamie, pointing to a St. Bernard she held by a leash, "as I 'd heard you were working all alone. I 'm on the back track to Chicago in a day or so, and I thought you might like to keep Claus here as a kind of souvenir; but I see you 're already provided with society."

Dimity flushed down to the collar of her rough jersey and up to the rim of her cap. Billy faced Miss Mamie with rather a defiant smile.

"I'll take the dog, and gladly, if you really care to part with him. But a good comrade is better than the best of dogs, when all 's said and done, and Miss Darling has proved herself one to me."

Mamie K. Oram would not take back her gift, but she took her leave and went. As she packed up her trunks for Chicago, she stopped to cry a little, and post up her diary, which, in the absence of other literature (she afterwards explained), her maid regularly read.

Now, the maid was a gossip, and admired Mr. La Barge. So on the evening of the following day it came about that Billy Burgoyne, seated in his canvas-roofed, log-rolled hut on Claim No. 50, heard a tapping at his window (artfully glazed with fish-skin), and, subsequently, a voice calling him; and, removing the bars which, held by strong but roughly made staples, secured the door, he admitted Dimity.

She was in her stage paint, and had wrapped a heavy cloak over her ordinary dress. She was pale, and had been crying.

"Mother has found out somehow, and says I am not to help you any more. La Barge has put her up to saying so; and I have come to tell you."

"What influence has La Barge over your mother?"

"He has asked me to marry him, and she has said I must."

"Phew!"

"And she means to stay on in Dawson City and manage the bar and dance-saloon for him after I am his wife. You know, my engagement with the Syndicate is nearly at an end."

"When does it end? I have a reason for asking."

"In three days more."

"Shut your eyes," Billy Burgoyne said.

Dimity shut them tightly.

"Now open them."

She did, and screamed. For Billy had lifted aside the empty barrel which, reversed, served him as a table, and—

"Oh! Is that really a nugget?" cried Dimity.

"It is; and a Daniel Lambert of the tribe. Where do you think I found it? Under this roof, by George, when I was makin' a hole to bury the other stuff. With this and the pile we've already taken out of the claim, we're worth over £80,000."

"*You're* worth it, you mean."

"A share of it belongs to you, you gallant little woman—the whole pile and the digger too, if you'll marry me," said Billy Burgoyne.

He took a step towards her, but she shrank back, covering her face and sobbing—

"I—I'm only a common girl. And once—you were angry because I spoke of your mother."

"But since then I have learned you by heart," said Billy Burgoyne. "Staunchest of little comrades, purest and best of women, my mother, if she had known you as I do now, would have been proud of such a daughter. Come away with me, away from this accursed place, this golden desert, this freezing, burning, starving El Dorado—and come at once." He bent more closely over the slight figure he held in his embrace and whispered, "I've a lumber raft anchored on the river; I've been working at it all night for three nights past. We'll get the pile on board, cover it with casks and gunny-sacks, take the dog"—Claus, lying on a wolf-skin in the corner, pricked up his ears—"and some grubstakes, and race down to Fort St. Michael with the tide. It's nearly two thousand miles. We shall be in danger of being swamped at the rapids, of being smashed by floating lumber, of being rushed by Indians or white men, who may board us on the chance of gold—but we've been together in danger before. Come! We'll send for your mother from Vancouver—unless she elects to stay with her would-be son-in-law—and then we'll be married, my darling, and live happy for ever after—What's that?"

For the dog, who had been showing symptoms of uneasiness for some minutes past, sprang at the window with a fierce bark. The fish-skin, slit with a penknife, hung in tatters from the frame.

"Someone has been spying!" cried Burgoyne. He unbarred the door hurriedly, and the dog rushed out at full speed. Then the man and girl in the hut by the Yukon heard ominous sounds—a scuffle on the gravel, an angry oath, a revolver shot, and then a fearful howl—the death-cry of the gallant St. Bernard.

"He heard most of what I was saying. He bolted when the dog went for him, and now he's killed him!" said Billy, between his teeth. "So much the less our chance. Perhaps the risk is too great for you, dear. I was mad to think of your coming! I'll start alone, or sit on Daniel Lambert"—he kicked the barrel—"night and day until a party of honest men are starting for St. Michaels! The only question is," he ended ruefully, "whether men *stop* honest, in sight of a thing like this."

"I've never gone back on you yet, Mr. Burgoyne," said Dimity Darling, "and I won't leave you now!"

"In life as in death, dear!"

"In life as in death. And so let us start as soon as it is light enough. We're not fifty yards from the river. I'll keep guard with your revolver while you get the gold down to the raft, because I think Mr. La Barge will come back."

"Was it La Barge?"

"Yes, I saw his nose this time," said Dimity Darling.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RIVER FLIGHT.

FOR days the clumsy lumber-raft, guided by a skilful hand—Billy Burgoyne was a first-rate punter—had floated down the swirling, muddy current of the Yukon River. Past the deserted wharves of Circle City, between interminable marshes swarming with game and water-fowl, through desolate leagues of swamp where miasmic exhalations hung in vapour over the stagnant pools and mosquitoes of prize dimensions made life intolerable by day and rest impossible at night.

Those nights!—when the raft was guided out of the rush of the current and poled into some muddy creek; when a fire of sticks was lighted on the bank and on a battered tin tea-tray nailed upon the rough trunks that formed the deck of the raft by the architect and designer of that seaworthy vessel! Salt pork, damper, and tea—damper, tea, and salt pork made the daily rations. But a third of the journey to Fort St. Michael had been overcome.

"By to-morrow we shall be half-way," said Billy Burgoyne on the thirteenth night, as they boiled their kettle over the crackling brushwood. He tossed up his cap quite boyishly, and looked brightly towards his companion, in expectation of an answering smile. But Dimity Darling was not looking at her lover. She was listening with bent head and attentive ear to sounds that the rising wind carried before it down the great tidal river as it rolled towards the Behring Sea.

"Hush! Don't you hear something?"

"Not a sound. What did you think you heard?"

"Listen, and you will hear it, too. The splash of paddles, and voices talking."

"Indians," said Billy, "in a canoe."

"White men!" returned the girl. Then she blanched with terror and cried, "And one of them is La Barge!"

"Impossible! If he meant to follow and overtake us, why didn't he do it before?"

"Because this is the right place to overtake us. Didn't you say there was broken water a mile beyond?"

"Yes, the Lakyeto Rapids."

"Well, if the raft goes to pieces at the Falls and we are drowned——"

"Of course; you're always right, darling."

They heaped wet clay on the protesting fire, boarded the raft, unloosed the painter from the stump to which they had fastened it, and sat, pole in hand, ready to push off at the approach of the enemy. But dark had fallen, the splash of paddles had ceased. La Barge and his companions, knowing the due proximity of the Lakyeto Rapids, had not ventured to advance further in the darkness. That night was spent in watching. Once Burgoyne spoke under his breath—

"Dimity."

"Mr. Burgoyne."

"What was La Barge saying when you recognised his voice?"

"He said, 'Fair snacks with the gold. The woman belongs to me, mates.'"

"And——"

"And somebody—or more than one person—answered, 'Right; agreed.'"

Burgoyne stretched out his hand to meet his little

NATIVE OF ALASKA: "WHY DIDN'T I FIND OUT OURS WAS TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND?"

comrade's in the darkness. They spoke no more till daylight came.

They had not pushed off a moment before they heard the fierce jarring shout of triumph that told them they were recognised. The splash of paddles followed; the canoe of their pursuers shot into sight. There were three men besides La Barge—rowdies and cut-throats every one. Billy glanced at the pile in the centre of the raft, her precious golden cargo covered with gunny-sacks.

"They may get Daniel Lambert," said he, with set teeth and fierce, knotted brow, as the raft shot into view of the rapids; "and probably they will. But they won't get you, Dimity, while I am alive."

"Shoot me, rather. Promise!" urged the girl. They exchanged a glance that meant more than could be put into words at that crucial moment, and then——

"We're aground!" cried Billy Burgoyne.

The raft had been stranded by the force of the current upon a rocky reef that was barely perceptible above the surface of the water. Her golden cargo anchored her firmly. It would take hours—and men—to get her off. And the canoe was upon them.

"Take one of my revolvers," he said to Dimity. She snatched it from his belt and retreated behind the threatening figure, that stepped forward, raft-pole in hand, as La Barge and his followers leapt upon the raft.

The mighty pole, wielded by an expert at quarter-staff play, rose and fell, and a man went down upon the logs. Where he fell he lay, and did not get up again, for his skull was shattered. Then two men rushed in as the pole rose again, and attempted to grapple with Burgoyne.

"Take it," said Billy, pitching it from him with all his force. The men fell sprawling. One floundered into the deep water on the other side of the reef, was caught by the current of the Yukon and whirled away like a feather, the other Billy crippled with a bullet in the shoulder.

"Now, Napoleon!" he said to La Barge, who had hung back, cowed by the strength and grit and desperate bravery of the Englishman.

"Curse you!" snarled the man of many irons, "do you think I'm afraid of you, you drawling, clean-handed swell?"

He fired twice rapidly and missed. Then he drew his bowie-knife—a formidable, dagger-like weapon—and, lowering his great head like a bull, ran in. Burgoyne stepped aside. But the blood of the slain and wounded men lay fresh upon the unbarked logs, and he slipped and fell. He saw the cruel eyes of his enemy, and felt his strangling grasp upon his throat. Then—there was a sharp report and a gurgling cry, and the bulky body of La Barge fell heavily upon his intended victim, shot through the heart by Dimity Darling.

* * * * * *

We subjoin a paragraph from the *Alaska Telegraph*, the one weekly paper which is the pride and joy of Fort St. Michael.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

At the Episcopal Church on Behring Square were united in matrimony, on Thursday, Aug. 10, 1897, within twelve hours of their arrival at Fort St. Michael, after a romantic raft-journey of 1800 miles from Dawson City, the Hon. W. Burgoyne (a member of one of the most aristocratic English families) to Miss Dimity Darling, a gifted and charming young lady, who is, we understand, also connected with the British Peerage, and heiress to vast estates situated near the Walworth Road. The happy pair start in life upon a modest fortune of £80,000, amassed by their joint labour at Mr. Burgoyne's claim, No. 50, below Discovery, Klondyke. We should advise our townsfellows to visit the back parlour of the Bank of Alaska (Limited), where the giant nugget discovered by the happy pair, and humorously christened by Mr. Burgoyne the "Daniel Lambert," is on view. Hurry up!

Reynard's Revel.

(*See Coloured Supplement.*)

I.

FULL often hunt-folks foxward go,
Exclaiming "Yoicks!" and "Tally-Ho!"
And oft reduce
Some crops of use
To quite a useless level.
Then why should not the Fox in turn,
Repose, with boon-companions, earn,
And send forth cards,
With kind regards,
To give a Reynard revel?

II.

There's such a thing as Tit-for-Tat
In Nature (who knows what she's at).
And while men rush
To take a "brush"
In some fox-hunting frolic;
And while, when finished, they "in pink"
Prepare to eat and eke to drink,
Let Mr. Fox
Call friends in flocks,
And hold a Reynard rollick.

III.

So, here note shrewd Squire Fox and Co,
All gobbling gaily—*comme il faut*—
With viands choice
Do they rejoice
To reach the human level;
Yea, many a fox of high degree
(Each he most gentle to his she)
Doth gaily share
The toothsome fare
At Mr. Reynard's revel.

IV.

Then let us greet this merry crew,
Who unto danger cry "Pooh-pooh!"
And now behave
In manner grave,
With primness "*à la* Seville."
Yes, let them now the goblet drain.
And toast each other in champagne;
For Fate will soon
Destroy Mirth's boon,
And stop poor Reynard's revel!

V.

Lo! Gentle Reader, may ye see
Our Artist of the *P.I.P.*
Doth here present
A moral, meant
To soothe the melancholic;
He'd show that 'mid life's darksome blots
There cometh glee—yea, though "in spots"—
That *we* have joys
Our pains to poise,
As Reynard has his rollick!

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

Love is Better Than Gold.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.

I.

GEORGE VERE'S SWEETHEART.

"LOVE IS BETTER THAN GOLD" was the pretty posy in the plain gold ring that Ethel Carteret gave to George Vere in exchange for the little half-hoop of diamonds that was her engagement ring; and indeed it seemed as if with them it would be all love and no gold, for she was the daughter of the Resident at the Court of a little native State, a green-edged patch on the map amidst the pink surroundings of British territory, and he was a penniless subaltern in a native cavalry regiment. The Resident, a widower, though he had but one daughter, had many sons pulling at his purse-strings, and he had always told Ethel that the man who married her must look for nothing from him except a cheque to enable them to furnish their bungalow and start housekeeping free of debt.

Ethel Carteret should have married a rich man, and might have done so had she cared to; but the handsome young cavalry officer, who looked so noble in his long red coat and gauntlets and his blue and white and gold *lungi*, and had nothing beyond his looks and his pay, had won the girl's heart; and one night in the Lucknow race-week, standing on the marble stairs, with the blaze of the lights in the Chattul Munzil behind them, the whisper of the dark waters of the Goomti at their feet, and the plaintive wail of a waltz air giving a touch of delightful melancholy to the glory of an Indian star-crowned night, he told her that her love meant all the world to him; and the few soft words that she answered in reply were an echo of his veiled by her maiden modesty. So the rings passed between them. Her father grumbled. "She had brought her pigs to a pretty market," he said, which was very unofficial English; but he did nothing to discourage the girl, for he had been but a poor man when he married his dead wife, and he allowed George Vere to come and stay at the Residency when he could get leave from his regiment, though he told him very plainly that he could not marry his daughter until he could satisfy him that he was sufficiently rich to give her reasonable comfort.

The Residency was a charming, great-roofed, wide-verandahed building on the borders of a lake. Roses climbed in wild luxuriance over the building, a slope of carefully watered grass lay between the house and the lake, all around was a garden shady with palms and great trees. Across the water, like a pearl in a setting of amethysts, shone the marble palace of the Maharanee, the widowed Princess, who ruled over the State until her little son, a boy of five, should be of age to be placed on the *gadi*. Far away beyond the fertile plain, a great grey shadow against the sky, towered the fortress-palace of Kotahpur, the stronghold where in war the warriors of the tribe made their last stand, the crowning-place of the Princes, a grim, forbidding place of strength where much blood had flown, where much treasure was stored, and which the peasants of the plain regarded with superstitious awe.

The Maharanee was one of those strong-willed women who sometimes rise in India. When her husband died she seized Kotahpur, fought one fierce battle, in which many braves fell, with the chiefs who would have taken her child from her and would have sent her to weep in retirement for the rest of her life, and then ruled over the State, with the consent of the British Raj. There were strange tales whispered of her: tales of cruelty, tales of fierce love—for she was a beautiful woman—tales of long-waited-for revenge.

II.

THE MAHARANEE.

GEORGE VERE spent his first Christmas after the rings had been exchanged at the Residency by the lake, a happy, lazy week, during which he and Ethel rode together, sailed on the lake together, and watched the stars burn in the purple sky. One day the Resident asked George Vere if he would like to see the Maharanee, of whom he had heard so much. She was holding a Durbar that day at noon, at which he must be present, and he would take the young soldier with him if he cared to go. George Vere accepted the offer eagerly. He had a great wish to see this woman, firm in rule and strong in war, who governed her people with such an iron hand.

The Maharanee sat on the throne of State—a throne of beaten gold resting upon two silver lions. She was a beautiful woman, great-eyed, straight-nosed, with a mouth the colour of a ripe pomegranate. Lifted by the dais high above the semicircle of the chiefs, she sat with the sword of the old Maharajah, her dead husband, across her knees, and with her dearly loved little son by her side, and dispensed justice and held council. The Resident's business at the Durbar was of a formal character. He said the few words of congratulation that it was his yearly duty to pronounce, and took his seat of honour on the dais. He asked leave to present George Vere, and the young officer made his bow to the Princess.

When the Durbar was over, the Maharanee detained the Resident, chatting to him for a minute or two, and, very graciously, drew George Vere into the conversation. When they took leave the eyes of the Maharanee followed George Vere as he left the Durbar hall.

Two days afterwards, the Resident was asked by the Maharanee to come to the palace again, as she had a matter on which she wished to consult him. The matter was the reorganisation of her little army. She had too few men to offer them as Imperial Service troops; but she wanted them disciplined. She would give magnificent pay to an English officer, and the man she wanted was George Vere.

It was an unusual request, as the Resident told both the Maharanee and George Vere; but the Maharanee stood high just now in the good graces of the Government at Simla, and the Resident had much influence. Ethel Carteret begged George Vere not to take the post. She had a woman's instinct that it meant danger for the man she loved; but the glint of the Maharanee's gold was before the man's eyes, and he only laughed at the girl's fears. The Government of India gave the permission, and George Vere became for a time the ruler over the Maharanee's forces, and lived in winter in a bungalow near the marble palace on the lake, and in summer in a chamber in the thick walls of Kotahpur.

George Vere was no fool, and he soon knew that the Maharanee liked to look upon him. She sent for him frequently, and the talk would stray from the disciplining of her soldiers to other matters. She was anxious to know everything that he could tell her of the country across the black water; she wondered why no ruler of that land had ever asked a Queen of India to share his throne; and if looks could tell a man that he was loved, then the Maharanee's eyes must have said it. She gave him gifts, rewards for the work he was doing she called them, that were royal; and George Vere saw the time coming near when he could marry Ethel Carteret and carry her away to the great town of the North-West, where she should shine in jewelled beauty among the most beautiful.

"It was for gold, you dog, that you pretended to love me! It was for gold, you dog, that you lied to me! It was gold that you wanted to marry the white woman? You have it now! Eat it! Drink it! Bathe in it! Die in it! I, the woman you laughed at, shall sit here to see you die!"

"LOVE IS BETTER THAN GOLD": THE MAHARANEE'S REVENGE.

The girl, who saw more truly, hated the double game that her lover was playing, and begged him to end it. It was far better to wait another year, another two years if necessary, than to marry and be rich with gold won by letting a woman deceive herself. It was a letter from Ethel Carteret that brought George Vere into great danger of his life. It came about thus. One hot summer's day the Maharanee sent for Vere to come to her chambers in the fortress-palace. The room in which she received him was a veritable jewel set high in the rough stone of the great castle. The walls were all of mother-of-pearl and white marble and silver; the ceiling was of beaten silver. Before the door hung a heavy *purdah* worked in a pattern of white and silver. On the floor of white marble were many rugs and cushions. The light and air came to this room through a window of three arches. Two of these arches, the side ones, were filled with screens of pierced white marble, so finely carved that they seemed like lacework. The third, the centre one, was open, and led on to a white marble balcony of such graceful tracery that it scarcely seemed stone. The balcony hung on to the sheer face of the fortress. Below was a drop of hewn stone and scarped rock, which made a strong man dizzy to look down. From this height the roads in the steaming plain were threads, the rivers thin ribbons of silver, the lake but a short line of light in the distance. The Maharanee was by herself, lying propped up amongst the cushions. She bade Vere sit close beside her. She had dreamed a dream, sleeping at mid-day, she said, and wished to tell him it. This was her dream: The little Maharajah, the son whom she loved better than her life, was coming of age—in her dream. The great men of the British Raj were coming to put him upon the *gadi*. She had given to him his father's sword, and at a gathering of the chiefs had laid down the reins of power. She could not remain as a servant where she had ruled. What was she to do? While, in her dream, she pondered, a man whom she loved said to her, "Come with me to my country over the black water, and there we can forget power and all things of the world, and be happy together."

As she told Vere her dream, her hand had drawn closer to him, and at the end she was stroking his hair. "Could that dream come true?" she asked. "Could the man loved love in return?"

George Vere took the Maharanee's hand and kissed it. "How could a man refuse such an honour?" he said. Then he rose and took his leave, though she put out a hand to detain him. As he went to his own rooms, he thought that matters were becoming unpleasantly warm, and that he had better arrange that he should be recalled to his regiment before very long.

On the marble in the Maharanee's chamber, near to the cushions on which George Vere had been sitting, lay a letter. It had fallen from his breast-pocket. The Maharanee seized it, sent for an interpreter, and had it read to her; one part of it she told the interpreter to read twice. These were the sentences that especially interested her: "Father has been left some money—quite a large sum. He has gone down to Calcutta to take the necessary steps to claim it. He told me before he went that now I shall be by no means a dowerless bride, and can marry when I will. It has made me very unhappy all along, George, that you have not told the Maharanee that we love each other, and are going to be married; that you have let her think you like her, and have taken all her presents. The gold that comes like that will never make us happy. It is dishonourable to deceive a woman. Put an end to it all, George. We shall not be rich, but we shall have enough to be happy. Remember the posy of your ring, 'Love is better than Gold.'"

When Jack found that he had lost Ethel's letter he felt at once a fear that it might have fallen into the Maharanee's hands. He knew her temper, and how outraged her pride would be if she discovered that she had been fooled. But he might have dropped it while riding, or in one of the courts of the fortress. He told his bearer to have it found, and thought little more about it.

III.

THE MAHARANEE'S REVENGE.

THAT night while asleep he was seized, bound, blindfolded, gagged, and carried he could not tell where. On a sudden his bonds were loosened, and at the same moment he was thrown through the air. He fell after a second in mid-air upon what seemed to him to be a bed of pebbles. Bruised and shaken, but with no bones broken, he loosened the bandage round his eyes and untied the gag. It was pitch-dark, he could see nothing; but by the chink he knew that what he had taken for pebbles were coins and lumps of metal.

The day broke. From somewhere high above, a shaft of light pierced down into the darkness. He saw dimly round him towering walls of rough stone, and found that he was lying in a sea of gold. There was gold everywhere — gold coins, gold nuggets, gold vases, gold ornaments. As deep as he could dig his hands, it was all gold. He was in the treasure-house, in the *toshi-khana*, in that mysterious vault where tradition said the wealth of centuries of centuries lay accumulated; and amidst all this gold he had been flung to die.

He moved, felt he was hurt, and lay still, thinking whether there could be any escape, thinking of what the horror of the end would be. The ray of light grew more and more perpendicular. When, as he judged, it must be about mid-day he heard above him the voice of the Maharanee, and looked up. A balcony jutted out from the wall, the balcony from which he had been flung, and the Maharanee was leaning on it looking at him. "It was for gold, you dog, that you pretended to love me! It was for gold, you dog, that you lied to me! It was gold that you wanted to marry the white woman! You have it now! Eat it! Drink it! Bathe in it! Die in it! I, the woman you laughed at, shall sit here to see you die."

George Vere appealed to her, but in vain. She leaned over to see the sight of the man she had loved and now hated, lying bruised and torn amid the yellow metal, laughed at him, and was gone.

In the long night that followed, George Vere began to feel the pangs of thirst. He had tried to scale the walls, but in vain. There was nothing to do but to wait for the end.

The next day the Maharanee came again and looked down on him and mocked at him. "How grieved the Resident will be when he comes back from Calcutta and hears that the man who should have married his daughter lost his way in the night, fell into the Maharanee's *toshi-khana*, and died there before he was found!" she said.

"A life for a life!" cried Ethel. "Your child's life for my lover's! If you come a step nearer, I swear by my God that I will throw the child over and jump after him myself! Give me back George Vere, and I will give you back your child! Kill him, and your child dies!"

"LOVE IS BETTER THAN GOLD":
TRUE LOVE'S RUSE.

She sat and watched him for a time, then laughed and went away.

On the night that George Vere lay hurt and athirst amid the gold, the news of his desperate plight came to Ethel Carteret. There was a man, his face hidden, who rapped at her window in the dead of night. He was a servant, to whom she had been kind, who was now in the Maharanee's service, and who was repaying Ethel's kindness at the risk of his life. He told her everything, and then slipped away as mysteriously as he came.

Her lover was dying, her father was away, there was not an Englishman anywhere that a letter would reach within twenty-four hours. If anything was to be done, she must do it herself. As soon as the light began to break, she ordered her pony to be saddled, and set off on her ride to Kotahpur.

The sun sprang up a red ball over the horizon, the pitiless heat of the Indian day beat down upon her as she rode over the plain all a-quiver with heat haze; but she pressed on. Her lover was dying, and she was going to save him.

At mid-day she came down to the great rock-fortress, lifting its battlements and towers above the scarp, and as she rode up the long slope of the road, guarded by many gate-houses, that hugged the face of the rock, she looked up and saw the marble of the Maharanee's windows, hung like a little piece of white spider's web to the roughness of the walls.

The silence of noon was on the courts as she rode in past the sentries, who saluted as she passed. She stopped at an inner door and called aloud for someone to take her to the Maharanee.

After a time she was taken up the broad flights of stone steps and shown into the room of marble and silver and mother-of-pearl, where the Maharanee lay amidst her

pillows, and the little Prince played with some gaudily painted toys on the floor.

"You are killing George Vere! Release him at once!" began Ethel as soon as the *purdah* had dropped.

The Maharanee lifted her eyebrows in languid surprise. Surely the Miss Sahib must have been dreaming bad dreams. It was the heat, and the Miss Sahib had been very imprudent in riding under a mid-day sun. As to Vere Sahib, she knew little of his movements. She believed that he had ridden three days ago to inspect some of her soldiers at the other side of her State. No doubt he would be back within the week.

"That is false! He lies in your *toshi-khana* dying. Release him, or you shall answer for it with your life."

It was of no use. Threats and appeals were met by the same languid indifference. The sun must have hurt the Miss Sahib's head, the Maharanee said; would she not lie down for a little in a cool chamber?

Ethel was in despair.

The little Prince, the Maharajah, who was to his mother as the apple of her eye, played on while the two women talked. Presently, chasing a runaway ball, he came scrambling to Ethel's feet. Like lightning it flashed through her brain that here was a chance of salvation. She seized the child and sprang with him across the room to the balcony. There she held him high in her arms. The Maharanee had leaped up from among her cushions as a snake starts up to strike.

"A life for a life!" cried Ethel. "Your child's life for my lover's! If you come a step nearer, I swear by my God that I will throw the child over and jump after him myself! Give me back George Vere, and I will give you back your child! Kill him, and your child dies!"

The Maharanee, in a fury of rage, threatened, protested, cursed. Each time that she would have come towards the window, Ethel raised the child to cast him over.

At last the Maharanee was beaten. She raised the *purdah*, and called to those outside that George Vere was to be released and brought to her.

Pale, worn, bruised, still dazed by the sudden light, he came in.

"He is here! He is free! You have a Queen's word. Give me back my child!" shrieked the Maharanee, and in a moment George Vere and Ethel Carteret were in each other's arms, while the little Maharajah ran crowing and laughing to his mother.

In the cool of the evening, as George Vere and Ethel Carteret cantered their horses across the plain towards the lake, which, flushed yet by the dying day, held in its bosom the glory of an Indian moon, the man, who had been silent for a long pause, leant from his saddle towards the girl. "Ethel," he said, "you saved my life. It is yours. Is there anything in the wide world that I could find to repay you?"

"Only your love, George. That is all I want. Love is better than gold. Love is better than anything."

A Bride on Commission:

BEING A ROMANCE OF KLONDYKE.

BY WILLIAM MACKAY,

AUTHOR OF "UNVARNISHED TALES," ETC.

"SEEMS to me, Ben, as this yer's a sorter Providence."

"Strikes me as bein' similarly the same An' a most straightforrard, business-like Providence at that. This yer cirkler would do credit to the captin of a dry-goods store in Noo York."

"Read it to us agin, Ben. There's suthin' that's kinder soothin' in the style of it."

Thus admonished, Ben took up from the rough bench on which he sat a printed document, already much creased and crumpled and bethumbed. Clearing his throat for a declamatory effort, he read in a hoarse monotone and with child-like difficulty the following singular announcement—

NOTICE.

Grand Hotel, Dawson City, B.C.

COLONEL PATTESON K. BLUNT *presents his compliments to the unmarried noblemen and gentlemen at present engaged in seeking for auriferous deposits in the Klondyke Gold-fields and has the honour to inform them that he has just arrived in Dawson City with a consignment of eligible young women, all calculated to render happy the present uncomfortable lot of the miners; and all fitted to adorn that station in society which the operations of their destined husbands will secure for them in the near future. Colonel P. K. Blunt has, during a long and successful career, observed the value of frankness and simplicity in his dealings with his fellow-men. His present enterprise is not a philanthropic one. It is a purely commercial speculation. He will introduce clients, matrimonially inclined, to the young women whom at considerable expense and risk he has imported. Should business be done, he will demand, on the signing of the marriage contract, the sum of one thousand dollars from each bridegroom-elect. Terms, Cash, and first come first served.*

"Seems all honest an' above board," said Abe, as who should challenge his mate's opinion.

"As you say—*seems* all plain sailin': a good course an' an onmistakable chart."

Saying which, Ben rose from his seat on the log bench, and faced his companion. The two were searching each in the eyes of the other for the secret which they knew to be lurking there eager for escape.

"It's a lonely life," ventured Abe tentatively.

"Oncommon," acquiesced Ben, without an accent of enthusiasm.

"'It is not good for man to be alone,' as the Hymn-book says," went on Abe, adding piety to the dead weight of his argument.

"Not for a twelvemonth stretch, it ain't—with a blasted frost about you for nine out of the twelve."

"It's not as if we need deny ourselves the luxury."

"We kin afford it," agreed Ben.

Ben and Abe had been in the early rush to the Klondyke Gold-fields. They had "struck it," and they had struck it rich. Both were citizens of the United States. They had met for the first time on board the steamer at Victoria. No doubt some mutually and unconsciously discovered affinity had in the first place drawn them together. But that which formed the practical basis of the partnership into which they had entered on board ship was the fact that Abe was the possessor of a pair of excellent Indian ponies, and that among Ben's stores was a first-rate sheet-iron stove. Ben had no ponies, and Abe was without a kitchen-range. On a further comparison of the list of stores, it was found that the articles in which the one adventurer was deficient had been put aboard ship by the other. So the compact was made, the strangers became chums, sharing alike the dangers of the Chilkoot Pass and the golden results of their operations on a singularly auriferous "claim."

These men were absolutely true the one to the other. Yet neither knew the other's name. He knew the name he "went by." But he felt certain that, as in his own case, it was the merest *alias*. Abe had introduced himself

The loud and strident tones of an Amazon burst into song—

"Oh, Eerin, me counthry,
Though sad an' forsaken,
In dhrames Oi 'll revisit
Dhy say-beaten shure!"

"A BRIDE ON COMMISSION."

to his future mate as Abe Lincoln. Ben, with the blush of the conscious liar, claimed the style of Ben Jonson. They were Men with a Past who had found it convenient to drop the label that catalogued them in the long ago. And face to face with the fierce and awful forces of Nature, it is extraordinary how little a name, more or less, matters. The man underneath the name, the qualities of courage and cheerfulness and good comradeship—these, indeed, matter much. Sociologists in kid gloves and hot gospellers in white chokers would probably denounce these two as bad men and social pariahs. I take the liberty of presenting them as two heroic souls—a trifle smirched and scorched, perhaps, in that anonymous Past of theirs; but of grit and faith and simplicity all impact.

Success had not spoilt them. They must wait for a contact with civilisation for that inevitable state of grace. But the wealth that they had acquired awakened in them desires to which they had been strangers in the early days of stress and struggle, of exhaustion and starvation. Divine Providence, through the agency of Colonel P. K. Blunt, had now afforded them the opportunity of utterance. So after much fencing with the question, and the exhibition of a shyness more characteristic of a schoolboy than of a bronzed and battered miner, the awful proposition had, in the fullness of time, been broached.

"Say, pardner," inquired Abe, after a long and awkward silence, "you ain't got a wife livin' over there?" and he jerked his thumb in the direction of the United States.

"Never was hitched, Abe—though I escaped like a criminal from the gallows. It was Moriarty's widda, an' he left her to me. She was a pious woman, was Biddy, an' was for carryin' out Mike's dyin' wishes whether I would or no. That 's why I left me home."

"Ran away from a woman!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln; "I shouldn't 'a thought it."

"Aw! You never seen her; you never heerd her. Snakes an' arthquakes, man! she was the holiest terror on the South Pacific Coast. Mike owed me a grudge. That's how he paid it."

"He 's in your debt still, then."

"Aw!" said Ben Jonson, shuddering at the recollection of the escaped liquidation; then recognising the motive that actuated his deceased friend, he muttered in a sort of liturgical response, "Blast him!"

Recognising the justice of confidence for confidence, Abe proceeded to unburden his own soul in so far as it had been concerned in the sex problem.

"I never had nuthin sec-ri-us to do with the wimmin. I never sorter keered about 'em—until now."

After this brief and satisfactory manner the partners agreed that there existed no just cause or impediment why they should not perfect a sadly incomplete state of existence by making a requisition on the Colonel's consignment.

Up to this point all had seemed as easy and agreeable as original sin. But now a great difficulty arose. The partners could not both be absent from the claim at the same time. And their rude notions of delicacy revolted at the idea of one man returning with a bride while the other, still unmated, occupied the same narrow quarters. Moreover, there was this practical objection to such a course. The Colonel's consignment would probably be exhausted before the partner, to make the first journey, should have returned to the gold-fields.

A remarkably brilliant idea suddenly possessed Abe Lincoln.

"Supposin', pard," he ventured, with a natural hesitation, "one on us goes to Dawson an' fetches back brides for both."

"Which on us?" asked Ben, with a not unnatural curiosity.

"Supposin'," said Abe, with that sound, practical sense for which he was famous on the Yukon, "supposin' we toss for it."

"Done!" exclaimed Ben, producing a coin of the Dominion, and honestly delighted at perceiving a method of overcoming that which had seemed an insurmountable obstacle to the realisation of his hopes.

Ordinary mortals would consider the issue to be decided here as somewhat momentous, and the turn of a coin a rather rough and unsophisticated method of deciding it. Yet it was but deputing the selection of a partner for life to another—a system commonly adopted in certain very high social altitudes, of which, I confess, I have no personal knowledge.

Ben spun the coin towards the low roof of the hut, and Abe "called." The coin tinkled to the floor. Abe took the home-made tallow-candle from the table, and in its flickering light the eager eyes and blanched faces of the miners bent over the exposed inscription.

Abe Lincoln had won. Until the supreme moment each man had been fired with an overwhelming desire to be the winner. But no exclamation of disappointment or annoyance escaped the loser. He had submitted his case to the high arbitrament of the Fates. The Fates had decided against him. Instinctively he stretched out that dirty honest hand of his, and his comrade pressed it.

"You 'll do yer level best for me?" said Ben, with strange earnestness.

"I 'll do all a man kin. I 'll do my derndest."

"An' say, pard, you 'll be partickler en askin' this yer Kernel about the gel's—the gel's crackter—you understand. I pit a deal on *that*. Good looks ain't a circumstance compared to good crackter."

"I 'm an amazin' jedge of that, Ben. I 'm quite famil'ar with Sunday-schoolin' an' prayer-meetin', and all that kind o' jamboree. I had a mother onct, and sisters."

"An' say, pard, I don't want no chit of a gel. She mightn't catch on to my rough ways. A nice comely body with big eyes, pritty face, an' plump arms—that 's my complaint, in a manner of speakin'."

"Mothers'-meetin's was also among my arly experiences," observed Abe, in a tone which was intended to impress the hearer with an overwhelming idea of his consequent fitness for the delicate mission entrusted to him.

Matters of a less sentimental kind had now to be discussed. In three days a party would leave the Fields for Dawson City, escorted by a force of mounted police. Abe, bearing an addition to "the pile" of himself and his partner, would make one of the festive cavalcade. Ben, remaining behind, would devote himself to constructing an annexe to the hut, consisting of those sleeping apartments rendered necessary by an altered *ménage*.

Anxiously, if actively, the short cold days went by, and at last the late and sickly sun rose on the morning of that eventful period which should witness the return of Abe Lincoln and his thrice precious charges.

Poor Ben could not possess his soul in peace. After an early breakfast he saddled his horse and was on the rugged road that wound over the iron hills towards Dawson City.

He was unconscious of the cold or of the discomfort of the saddle. For hours his sure-footed pony picked her way along the track. He wandered on, as in a dream, and had covered five-and-twenty miles before he drew rein and was aware of it. In the afternoon the wind bit shrewdly. The rocks rose precipitous by the track, and he turned his horse into a giant cleft that gaped like a wound in the mountain side, to escape for a moment the bitterness of the blast, and to drink a thimbleful of rye whisky that had cost him twenty dollars a bottle.

The flask had just been returned to his pocket when there came down the wind, ringing with strange distinctness through the clear, rare atmosphere, the sound of horses' hoofs and human voices, and the loud chorus of men's laughter. He was about to urge his horse into the track and hurry forward to meet the returning travellers, when the loud and strident tones of an Amazon burst into song—

> "Oh, Eerin, me counthry,
> Though sad an' forsaken,
> In dhrames Oi 'll revisit
> Dhy say-beaten shure!"

He backed his horse into the shadow of the great rock. He trembled in every limb, and a profuse perspiration broke out upon him. The escort approached. The strident voice of the woman had broken out into conversational prose—

"Arrah, wait till Oi 'm Mrs. Bin Janson, wid a million o' money, maybe, to me back. Sure Oi 'll scour the universe to foind the man me husband left me. An' then, be the powers of Moll Konny, Oi 'll raise blisthers on him bigger 'n Macgillicuddy's Reeks!"

This was followed by a roar of laughter from the male portion of the company. Poor Ben shrank farther back into the friendly shadow, the cavalcade swept past, and the awful voice of Moriarty's legacy came to him in waves of sound, and in the stirring words of her national bard—

> "The minsthril buy to the warrr is gone,
> In the ranks uv death ye 'll foind 'um."

"That 's where they 'll find *this* minstrel, sure enough and soon enough," muttered Ben. "Holy Jehosophat, what an escape!" Then he listened for the sounds to die away, and when all was silence he rejoined the track and headed for Dawson City.

How he managed to accomplish that journey he will never know. Fear became the substitute for courage, and urged and sustained him. Fortunately, when, after many days, he arrived at that settlement, there was enough of him left to permit his man of business to identify him: he was enabled to draw on his resources to an extent that would mitigate for him the horrors of the Chilkoot Pass. When he had completed his financial arrangements with Jackson, the agent, he said to that worthy—

"I want you to be so good, Mister, as to write a letter to my pardner. I 'll call it out, and you put it down. He 'll come arter me—you bet he will. When he comes, give 'im the letter."

"But surely, Mr. Jonson, with your splendid workings, you're not going to desert Klondyke and—and Mr. Lincoln?"

"Sink Klondyke! I don't keer for it—not a cuss. But Abe! that 's diff'rent. It 's rough on Abe. Things has happened, Mister—things has happened, do you see, an' Klondyke at present isn't big enough for me an'—an' another party. Heave to with the writin' tackle and take down my last dyin'—what you call 'em. When that 's done, take *me* down to the dod-gasted saloon, an' I 'll set up champagne till one of us is busted. I ken't say no fairer, ken I?"

The following was the letter that Jackson wrote at Ben's dictation—

"My dear Abe,—I don't blame you, nor I don't blame the coin we tossed with. No, nor I don't blame Colonel P. K. Blunt—though perhaps it 's as well he had clar'd out before my arrival in this one-eyed sink of inikitty. Ease the widow's mind with news of my death. She may pick up another husband—and may God help him! I shall make for Europe, and will send my address to Jackson, who will give you this. I ken trust you to see fair about the division of the pile. You 'll think me a all-fired, double-barrelled sort of galoot. But say, pard, I wouldn't face that woman for all the gold in Klondyke. When you was at Sunday-school an' mothers'-meetin' did you ever hear tell of 'a brand plucked from the burnin''? That 's *me*. I 'm that sort o' brand. Your old pal and faithful pard—BEN."

When Jackson read the letter over to the fugitive, he added—

"A most remarkable step."

"Say, Boss, you 've never *met* Mrs. Moriarty, hev ye?"

"Not that I 'm aware of."

"Then, Boss, you hev no means handy of knowin' exactly what a very *un*-remarkable step it is. Come round to the saloon an' I 'll set 'em up. I 'll set 'em up for the hull durned crowd."

Having completed to his entire satisfaction his business arrangements, he devoted the rest of the day to conviviality, and the following morning he vanished for ever from the scene.

Mrs. Moriarty fulfilled her destiny on the lines laid down for her by the unfortunate man who was now flying like mad to put continents between himself and her hated presence. Her mind being considerably eased by the news of the death, by misadventure, of the bridegroom-elect, she began, like a wise woman, to look about her. She cast approving eyes on the giant of the diggings, and that colossal navvy, having allowed a distant admiration to develop into a devouring passion, wooed and married her.

From the very first she evinced the symptoms of a domineering disposition—a trait that, during the honeymoon, evoked the loud and contemptuous laughter of her lord. Upon one occasion, however, she attempted to argue with her husband, illustrating her points, as she made them, with the end of a cudgel. The giant thereupon knocked her down with such force and intention that all the skill of the camp-surgeon could not get her out of bed under the week. Since that event she has displayed a temper tractable to the verge of servility.

Photo by Hana, 413, Strand.

The sort of Bride Ben had in his mind's eye.

"A BRIDE ON COMMISSION."

An Aerial Bridal.

A ROMANCE OF KLONDYKE.

BY J. PULLAN.

I.

THE PROSPECT.

"IMPRACTICABLE, quite impracticable, my dear Kate," said Derring Hardy to his *fiancée*, Kate Booth, as they meandered along the Canadian side of the Niagara river on a mild, fine evening near the end of summer.

"Then what can we do?" replied she, "pledged as I am to you and you to me. You know, that, on our side at least"—she meant the American side of the river—"my parents will never consent to my marrying any but a rich man. They knew in their young days what love, without even a cottage to call their own, meant: and when they are gone, their fortune divided among all of us would not be sufficient to give me a share large enough for two."

"And if it did, I would not take it."

"Not without me, of course," said Kate archly, as she nestled her plump, round figure rather more closely than was absolutely necessary to the manly side of her lover.

"You know," she continued, "their determination that I shall wed Charlie Giltern. I am not yet of age, and how I am to resist father and mother and the whole troop of brothers and sisters, and refuse rich Charlie, is more than I can tell."

"But you don't love him, and you do love me," said the great strong man of twenty-five, as he looked down on the handsome face and into the full dark eyes of his companion of just twenty.

"That 's why I want you to go to Klondyke and get gold—piles of gold, tins full of gold dust, and sacks full of nuggets. You could do it far more certainly than nine-tenths of those who have gone out there, who have neither the practical knowledge, science, skill, nor physique and energy that you have."

Having made this little speech, Kate looked with no affectation whatever, but with undisguised admiration and winsome, loving trust, up to the frank, open face of the truly manly man who had won her wayward heart.

"It is too late now to start, even if I had the capital which is absolutely necessary to pay one's way and buy a claim. Besides, I should have to resign my direction of the Falls Power Electric Works, and my chances of a possible chairmanship."

"You told me that electrical engineering is never likely to command the high salaries which attach to some of the older professions," replied the girl, who, it will be seen, was of an eminently practical turn of mind and of an exceptionally sanguine temperament.

"A still more potent objection is that, while I am away gold-hunting, a certain young and very charming lady might yield to the persuasions and powers of father, mother, and the troop, and even to the persistence of the man of their choice, and I might return with or without sacks of gold, and find my now Katie Booth his then Mrs. Charlie Giltern."

"If that is why you say the Klondyke scheme is impracticable, quite impracticable, I can, at any rate, see a way of removing that objection."

"How?"

"Make me Mrs. Derring Hardy before you go."

"By Jove! You dear! The man who would not brave anything for your love does not deserve his salt, much less this—and this—and this!"

"And much less that!" responded the would-be bride as she warmly returned the third kiss.

II.

THE COURTSHIP.

IT should be quite understood that Kate Booth was American by birth and association, and in manner and style. Though really "as good as gold," she had always allowed herself, and had always been allowed, without check, a degree of personal freedom and unconventionality which would certainly have shocked and astonished the average British matron as much as it would have delighted and possibly captivated the average British man. She knew well the fascinations of her many charms, and for a year at least had made rather more than coquettish play with them. Half-a-score of dudes had been more than "mashed," as they said, by the light *abandon* of this Yankee flirt, whose very presence gave gaiety to the balls and fêtes of Buffalo City, and still more to the surprise-parties whenever her smiling face was revealed among them. It was at one of these homely affairs that she had met Derring Hardy, who, strange to say, had never, since he was sixteen years of age, had any love affair whatever. Her sprightly frankness and lively wit, to say nothing of personal endowments blooming into womanhood, did not at the moment quite enthral him as the dudes had been enthralled. No. But he did allow himself to say to himself, "By Jove! that girl would brighten a man's home and life if she liked him enough to share both with him. She 'd be worth working for, you bet."

"That 's the husband for me if ever I have one," had been the mental note of Miss Catherine Booth when she allowed herself to think seriously, as she sometimes did. It was therefore not quite a surprise when they met at another party. They understood each other. They loved each other. Hardy was received at her home, but was not encouraged. They became plighted to each other nevertheless, though he could not be regarded as an eligible husband while he remained a man of no fortune and of little prospect of anything beyond the salary paid to the worker who gives practical and useful application to the theory of the scientist.

"By Jove! I 'd marry her to-morrow if I could take her a thousand miles away from her people, the chappies and the girls of her set. All I could offer here would be far beneath their style, and Kate would soon become aware that all her love and admiration for and of me would be required to fortify her against humiliation. The only other chance I see is taking that post at Bellefonte, in the Alleghanies, to light up the place. There we should certainly have more than a cottage and plenty of the purest water in the world, and in the winter I could shoot bears."

SNOWSHOES AND SLEDGES: A MID-DAY HALT ON THE SNOWY ROAD TO KLONDYKE.

III.

THE CHANCE.

BUT there was another chance, and this is how it came about.

"Why, Derry, what 's put you out to-day, you look quite excited? You are just the man I was seeking. Leonville is really very ill, and wants to see you badly. He can't start to-morrow, and I will not start without him."

"You are not funking it, are you?"

"Certainly not. Neither I nor he. But without him I will not go, and with him as he is I clearly cannot go."

"How very unfortunate! For the wind seems to have set in strongly enough from the south-east to have

carried the balloon and both of you forty-five miles an hour as nearly over Klondyke Fields as wind could possibly take you."

"That is just what Leonville is moaning about now. If I could have arranged all the balloon fittings and made the plans as you have done for him, and you could have undertaken the journey, your cool temperament would have saved you from the wrack which at the last moment reaction after long tension has made him."

"Glad to see you, Derry," was the salutation of a sick man in a pleasant room at the hotel within sight and sound of Niagara Falls. "But it 's all over with the expedition so far as I am concerned. I've broken down. Derry! I've broken down!" And the erstwhile fervid enthusiast burst into tears. "I'm not ashamed of this, Derry. The scheme was my life, and it's broken. People will say I 've funked it. I haven't. It was not like Andrée's, an untried voyage over and into desolation, but was a flight over land all the way, and we were provisioned for six weeks. Floater cannot manage the car, and will not go without me. If I could even leave my bed, I would start, if only to save appearances and to give Floater a chance for the $3000 he has advanced."

"Look here, Leonville; I want to go to Klondyke. You can't go, that 's clear. Will Floater trust me? My junior is ready to step into my shoes at the works, and I 'll go to-morrow."

"Just what I wanted you to say; just what I half expected you to say. You've saved me, Derry, my boy. Boy, did I say? You noble and brave man! You deserve the fortune you 'll win if ever man gets his deserts in this world. You know everything about it, and you can manage the balloon. But Floater won't go. Between ourselves, I think he funks it just a little bit, and is not sorry to cry off."

"Nor would I if I were as rich as he. I 'll go alone, and I 'll start this very night. We cannot afford to lose six hours of this wind. Stop! No, I 'm too fast; I can't start before to-morrow at noon."

"You must arrange with Floater."

"Done, my dear boy, done! Give me your hand on it!" exclaimed Floater himself, whose presence in the background they, in their excitement, had not noticed. "If you are ever able to recoup my outlay, you will. I have the same faith in you as in Leonville. You know mining and miners' ways as well as I do. Leonville does not. Therefore I should have gone with him. I should only embarrass you."

"Gentlemen both, and credits to whatever country you sprang from, my langour is on again. You will find my medicine, Floater, in that ice-pail there. It is labelled 'Lemoine,' and it is, my doctor says, life-giving. You 'll both try it with me, won't you?"

So they drank "Success to the expedition" in Lemoine champagne.

"And now I 'm off to Buffalo to arrange with my junior and my principals, and with—well, I 'll be here ready to start before noon to-morrow. You will see, Mr. Floater, that the 'Magnet' is fully inflated in her shelter by eleven o'clock. No fuss, mind. You are to be the only witness—you and the gasmen, who are to hold her till I soar."

IV.

THE BRIDAL.

IT was more than fortunate that Mr. Derring Hardy had arranged to escort Miss Catherine Booth home from a friend's house in Buffalo that very night.

"Certainly I approve," she said, when he told her his plan.

"I've got all the apparatus in the car, and if I alight on ground where there is gold, I 'll have it. But I start at noon to-morrow?" he added inquiringly.

"Why, certainly. Then we will say whatever hour you please and where you please for the fulfilment of my part of the contract."

"You dear! Then will you meet me just here at nine o'clock, and I will have all arranged for the ceremony?"

"I will," she said. "You will also arrange for your bride's very modest trousseau, which will be packed in a box in the course of to-night, and carried by a trustworthy servant to the railway station, to be taken to the balloon 'Magnet.' That is where Kate Booth chooses to begin her honeymoon. Mrs. Hardy will prove herself worthy of her husband by sharing his danger."

"Why, Kate, you stagger me, you appal me, you overwhelm me!"

"There, does that appal you! Now go!"

Everything was beautifully arranged.

"You bargained that there was to be no witness but myself and the men in the balloon-shed, and here you have brought Miss Booth, dressed like a bride, and blushing like one, I declare." So said Mr. Floater, at the car of the "Magnet."

"Because she is one," said Derring. "Allow me to present you to Mrs. Hardy."

"Yes, Mr. Floater. There are the 'lines'—showing her marriage certificate. So there need be no scandal. Thank you for providing so well for our honeymoon trip. Good-bye!" And away they soared on the wings of the wind, still a fresh Atlantic breeze, blowing quite forty-five miles an hour. The gasmen stood stagnated, until dollars thumped on them as wedding largesse from the aëronauts.

"Let me catch my breath again, for it seems to have gone," exclaimed the bride, as they darted up a quarter of a mile in a few seconds. "How puny everything seems down there, even the mighty Niagara and the Falls; the big houses are like huts!"

"And how very fine and large we look, don't we?" said the enraptured bridegroom, as he gazed on his beautiful wife and she on him.

"Well, I dressed in white, from my hat to my very shoes, because you said you liked to see me so. This, you see, is both my bridal and my going-away dress. I have very strong boots in that box for mining at Klondyke, and a rational costume if I am permitted to wear it. And how very gay and festive you do look, my dear husband! And so grand and romantic in that Astrakhan cap!"

"I thought you would like me to look so. Now, aren't we floating beautifully?"

"Exquisitely. What an expanse of country below us, and how fast it seems to speed along under us! Is that little thin streak really Niagara?"

"Certainly. But we shall soon lose all that. The heat of the sun is expanding the gas, and I hope we shall soon rise through these clouds and get a little condensation from the moisture. Shut your eyes, dear, for a few moments."

"Now look around."

The balloon swung in mid-air. Below them a vast bed of cloud, white and filmy, shut out all sight and sound of the earth; around were huge cloud-banks, tipped with the golden rays of the sun; rimming the horizon was a splendid rainbow, while high overhead the vast clear blue dome of the empyrean, cloudless and bright, overarched the celestial scene.

"I cannot find words for all this!" she said as she gazed rapt in amazement. "It is too grand for words! It is ideal! And how exhilarating this fine air is!"

"Vast and solitary, is it not?"

"Vast it may be, but never solitary whilst you are here. Had ever bride before so enchanting a scene for her nuptial trip?"

"Yes, the brides of the gods."

"Then you be the god Mars."

"Don't you feel the air rather chilly? Shall we open your box and get some warm clothing for you? Could I

ESQUIMAUX DOG USED FOR SLEDGE-DRAWING.

have imagined your daring and devotion would have brought you here, I would have had a better bower for us."

"What was intended for two men," she replied, "will surely do for a man and his wife, because they two are one, you know. I wonder what they will think of us on earth?"

V.

THE HONEYMOON.

MEANWHILE, the voyage was delightful. All through the days and all through the nights the "Magnet," true as her name, sailed steadily north-west at a rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour.

"Why, what a natty housewife you are!" Derry exclaimed as Kate set out breakfast in the car. Tea was made by the use of the safety-lamp, and sweetened with saccharine; the bread-and-butter was fresh and nice, to be taken while it lasted before falling back on biscuit; condensed milk, and a couple of boiled eggs did the rest. Lunch and dinner were equally enjoyable meals taken in cloudland as the aëronauts sailed with luxurious ease through balmy air, pure and exhilarating, and just sufficiently warmed by the rays of the sun.

"That is what keeps us so well up," said Derry. "I don't want to see more of the earth than is necessary to judge our speed, and I certainly do not want more speed, or we may overrun Klondyke in the night and be carried on into desolate wilds, Heaven knows where."

"And I don't care if only you are with me and we may live together. The recollection of this ecstatic voyage will always sustain me whatever hardships we may meet, and you shall see how I can work with you and for you. Look, there 's biceps, isn't there?" And she pushed up a loose sleeve to show a well-rounded arm.

"I know there is," he said, and smiled. "We may need all our strength and endurance. At the rate we are going, and in the direction shown by the compass, we may reach the Klondyke Fields in the course of the night or early in the morning. So I must keep watch while you sleep."

"We will take two or three hours' watch each, as they do on ships. I 'll wake you up, and you shall wake me up in turns. Isn't it strange that we feel no fear and no dread of falling?"

"Not at all. The illusion that if we fell we should rest on those fleecy clouds generally removes all sense of fear from the amateur aëronaut, and that is another reason why I wish to keep above them. Besides, if we are seen from the earth, telegrams will fly all over the world stating that Andrée's balloon has been seen hovering over North-Western Canada."

It was an anxious night, and cold. Derring allowed his wife, now clad in warm, strong clothes, to take watch for two hours while he slept, a period which the devoted Mrs. Hardy extended to four hours, and never told him of the pious fraud. At daybreak they were over a thick white mist, which lay like a sea just beneath the car.

"I don't want to waste any gas," he said, "as I must do if we don't have to land before the sun gets power; but we will put out a little sand-ballast to keep us above the fog, which may be only a few feet above land or water. See, there it ends. Give me the field-glass, dear. By Jove, there are huts and clearings and works and mines! That 's Klondyke, as I 'm alive!"

VI.

THE DESCENT.

"TELL me to do something. Make me do something. Are we to descend now?" ejaculated the excited Mrs. Hardy.

"No, dear, no. We should knock over the huts on the heads of the sleepers, and make such a commotion that our lives wouldn't be worth five minutes' purchase. Empty that bag of sand. Now another—and another. Yes, she rises. We shall ride a thousand feet above the huts, and will try to land over that high ridge beyond, which does not seem to have been exploited. Now 's the time for your nerve, Katie. Prepare for a hard thump against the ground. Sit down, dear, and take particular care that you don't get arms or legs broken. Now for it!"

An awful thud was the salutation of Mother Earth to the two of her recreant children who had deserted her.

"No bones broken!" gasped Derring anxiously as the balloon rose again spasmodically for another short flight.

"No. I 'm all right. Are you? May I stand up beside you now?"

"Yes, the next bump will not be so heavy. Good Heavens! What 's this? We are going down into the earth! My God, save us! Oh, Katie, what have I brought you to?" And the big, strong man stood appalled, pale as death, and shivered like an aspen-leaf.

And well he might. For the car was sinking into a vast cavity, hemmed on each side by rugged walls of rock. For a moment the big balloon swayed above them, then all was still as the grave. They hung, as it were, on a balance, motionless and helpless.

"Oh, Kate, we seem going to perdition! Aren't you terrified?"

"No, never! While your strong arm is round me like that I 'll go with you even there!" And the brave, bonnie woman looked what she said.

"Hark! what 's that?"

"We 're aground, by Jove!" exclaimed Derring, as the slight crunch which caught his wife's quick ear was followed by a gentle scraping and then a firm settling of the car on the earth. The balloon, being protected on all sides from the wind, remained stationary.

"Shall we get out and see what it 's like?" said adventurous Mrs. Hardy.

"By Jove, no, you goose! If either of us left the car now the other would be shot up like a rocket into the skies, and probably seen again no more. Gently, my dear, gently. Give me that strong net."

VII.

THE MINE.

DAWN was opening into daylight as Derring put the net over the car and drew up and into it several heavy pieces of rock.

"Surely these are not nuggets!" exclaimed his partner, who had prettily admitted she was a fool to suggest leaving the car.

"No, my dear. These are to counter-balance your weight; and when we get in as much as you weigh you can get out. By the by, how much do you weigh?"

"You 're a goose now," she said, as he hugged her more closely than was absolutely necessary to guess her weight.

"I 'm sure there 's something glitters in that one," remarked Katie, as more pieces were hauled over.

"You are right, my dear. That 's gold. You have found it. There 's your first nugget," as he broke off a piece the size of a small bean.

"So this is your wedding present. I 'll treasure it always. And I 'll make you a present some day."

"Now you can explore your fairyland, or gold mine, or whatever you find it. Don't leave the side of the car; see that there are no monsters or dragons about to chaw up a tender and toothsome young wife."

"Derring, it 's such a big, rough place. Cliffs all

round thirty feet high, and a thick bed of earth above. The cliffs seem to sparkle when the sun shines on them, and about half way up there seems to be a rim of sparkles."

"I've hauled in all the pieces near. We must put more in till I can alight," was the reply.

This done, Derring and his wife explored their retreat, while their aërial chariot stood safely anchored, screened from observation and sheltered from any whiff of wind. Herein lay their safety, for very little gas would escape. He was in high spirits. Immediate danger to his beloved one was over, and from what he had seen of the fragments of rock there was gold to be got for the taking.

"And so there is, Katie, so there is. That rim you saw first, and see now, is a rim of gold, or clustered nuggets, as I do live by bread and cheese!"

"And ——" she added.

"Why certainly, and more," was the response.

"But how can we reach that rim? We have no ladder, and I don't see how steps are to be cut in the rock?"

"Goose again. Do you see that balloon? Did you see the cables inside? Those cables shall be fixed to the car, and you shall hold them. The car shall be lightened till it rises with me flush to that rim, and whichever way the wind blows, ever so lightly, when the top of that balloon rises above the edge of the cliff I shall be alongside the reef and will pick it."

"Let me go first! I'm so light, you know, and you can hold me so easily."

"Done!" And it was done. Katie, rationally attired, and armed with a pick, was easily raised and gently wafted flush with the reef.

VIII.

THE NUGGETS.

"TELL me what it's like?" cried Derring, anxiously.

"Oh, Derry, it's full of nuggets as big as eggs, and bigger. I can almost pick 'em off with my fingers."

"Pick 'em—with the pick, I mean, and we 'll finger them, I warrant you!"

And so she picked and picked and picked until the weight of pieces and lumps of gold, pure and mixed, pressed down the balloon by their own weight, and with the last handful she took the car and balloon sank gently down to the floor again.

"Here's your treasure! Just look!"

"Here, indeed, is treasure twice told," he said. "We have made a fortune before breakfast."

"I'd forgotten about that," she replied; "but here goes!"

Over that refection Derring was serious.

"Our difficulties are not over," he said. "We can raise our gold—untold gold—to the surface, and bury it in separate mounds, which we can mark, and this we can do without much risk of the balloon being seen. Then we must fill our pockets and make our way quietly by night to the road beyond Klondyke, and enter that place as new chums. We must then see the chief authority or banker, and must get a safe conduct for our treasure. We can pay for it, my dear; we can pay for it ten times over, however extravagant the demand may be."

"Why not take it all to Buffalo in the balloon when the wind suits?"

"Impracticable, my dear; very impracticable. 'When the wind suits' begs the whole question."

"Impracticable is what you said when I first suggested your coming here before we were married, and if it has been practicable to get here on a south-east wind, why not slip away some fine night on a north-west one."

"With gold nuggets instead of all our ballast?"

"With nuggets instead of ballast."

"We 'll wait."

Days and days in the mine passed before that westerly wind came with sufficient north in it to take them south-east. Provisions were running down, and as these were consumed the weight was made up in gold. Rain-water had been caught in sufficient quantity to supply their needs. Each in turn had soared to the extent of the cable held by the other and weighted with gold, and so had refreshed their eyes with the sight of the barren plains and hills beyond. But to leave the balloon was impracticable. They never saw more of Klondyke than the smoke from the huts. The situation was monotonous and even serious. If the vastness of their treasure became known, the treasure-store and the means of access would be found out, and sufficient gold would be got in a month to depreciate the value of the metal all over the world.

IX.

THE RETURN.

ON one cold and gloomy day, presaging the coming of winter, with all its horrors, the wind veered round to north-west, and blew in fitful gusts of fearful intensity. Gold had palled upon them. It had lost charm. But they knew what it would do for them at home. Yet the gilt had worn off the gingerbread. They had become two commonplace recluses, neither bored by nor tired of each other's society, but bereft of all sentiment, devoid of wit and pleasantry, and simply dying of ennui.

"It's neck or nothing now," said Derring on that eventful day. "And I 'd give all the gold we have to be to each other as we were when we came here."

"And so we shall when we get home again—rich people, and welcomed by everybody."

After one wilder gust than ever had passed, and ere another came on, lumps of rock were pitched out of the car, and the balloon rose high in the darkness of the night. The next fierce swirl carried away the "Magnet," the passengers, and their gold. "We're doing fifty miles an hour as I judge by those lights of a town flying under us beneath; and God help us if we sink too low and strike anything! Throw out all you can, Katie—pots, pans, crockery, everything you can to keep us afloat till daylight. We are clear of the town now."

Daylight came and found the aëronauts racing along with flying clouds and over scuds of mist. Anon the thunder rolled and lightning flashed, and the fiends of the air seemed to have been let loose.

"Oh, Derring, this is a terrible price to pay for our gold," said the poor shrinking woman, as she cowered beside her husband. "Cannot we descend?"

"Impossible. We should be dashed to pieces and our gold scattered over miles of the earth."

The storm was too fierce to last. Calm succeeded. An evening breeze wafted them towards a small town.

"We are sinking, Kate, and we shall strike the houses of that town at nightfall if we do not throw something out to raise her sufficiently to carry us over. Then we must land at all risks."

"There is nothing but gold," replied Kate moodily. "Ropes, anchor, seats, my box and yours—everything except what we stand in and the gold."

"Then some gold must go. Empty that bag of small nuggets. Quick! we are swooping down; the lights are under us—electric lights!"

X.

THE REALISATION.

HONEST John Pinderhorn, seller of sweeties, was shutting up his little shop beside the bubbling fountain of Bellefonte at the base of the Alleghany Mountains, when patter, patter, patter, splash and splash fell around and before him, and a great wave of air, caused by some huge bird or monster, seemed to overshadow him. John was a superstitious man, and thinking that retribution was upon him, recollected all his sins. Then he got a lantern and saw bits of gold lying about. John picked them up and put them in his secret drawer. The first grey streak of dawn and nothing else saw John gathering more from his roof, and fishing them up from the bubbling fountain.

* * * * * * *

Saved from collision with the town, the balloon rose a few hundred feet, and just grazed the tops of trees before coming down squash on an open plateau. A smart tug at the valve-rope released a puff of the little gas that remained, and the "Magnet" was crippled, and soon lay a prone and inert mass beside the car. The night was bitterly cold, and the two millionaire adventurers, shivering and famished, were fain to creep under the folds of the balloon for protection from rain, which began to fall fast. Thoughts of what their gold might do for them gave hope to gild despair. Break of day proved them to be in the open centre of a forest, within half a mile of a town. Luckily, Derring had in his pocket a few dollars, and Kate had ever kept faithfully sewn in her corsets all the fortune in notes which she could call her own. She was able to make her way to Bellefonte, and, hiring a cycle at the first shop she reached, went about without suspicion, and got provisions. A spade and a day's work by Derring hid the treasure securely. The balloon and car were dragged away into the woods, pockets full of nuggets were taken to Pittsburg, and easily converted into coin by Derring as an adventurer from Klondyke. A whole year was lived there and thereabouts, varied by irregular excursions to the treasure-store, until it had all been realised. Then Mr. and Mrs. Millionaire Hardy, with their baby—named Ariel—restored themselves to their delighted relatives, and became again the brightest of the bright. They alone know where the mine is, and how to reach it and work it.

WINTRY HARDSHIPS OF THE ROUTE TO KLONDYKE: A SLEDGING PARTY.

"Yes, the next bump will not be so heavy. Good Heavens! What's this? We are going down into the earth! My God, save us! Oh, Katie, what have I brought you to?" And the big, strong man stood appalled, pale as death, and shivered like an aspen-leaf.

"AN AERIAL BRIDAL": ROMANCE OF THE NEW EL DORADO.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS IN KLONDYKE: "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

What Klondyke did for a Lover.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER I.

HAL AUBREY'S BEWITCHMENT.

IN running over in my mind the list of people I have known in many parts of the world, having been something of a traveller, I should say that the most dare-devil, reckless, yet attractive man I ever encountered was Hal Aubrey. He was a gentleman by birth, had inherited a large fortune, enjoyed superb health, had hosts of friends, and was generous to a fault. He was a handsome fellow, too, with the limbs and chest of a gladiator, and a head that reminded one of the traditional and pictorial Greek god. But he had a sad habit of going on what he euphemistically called "frolics," that lasted sometimes a week or more, when he would commit the most appalling follies. He would break mirrors with bottles of champagne, upset carriages, light cigars with five-dollar bills, smash hats, scatter sacks of flour over people, and chuck omelettes, to make yellow cartoons, he said, on the walls of any private restaurant room he happened to be dining in. When these orgies were over, no one was more truly sorry for the trouble he had caused than Hal, and his first care was to ascertain the extent of his mischief and send cheques in payment of breakages and other mischances that had come about through his mad exuberance while in his cups.

And yet to know Hal well was to like him. His good spirits were so irresistible, his generosity so spontaneous, and his whole nature so frank that one could not help feeling well towards him. You instinctively felt he could not do a mean action, even if he were to try. There was a brightness, a sweetness of expression in his deep, laughing blue eyes that completely won you, and you forgot his exasperating escapades. He never refused a friend or even an acquaintance a reasonable favour, and he would go miles and put himself to any amount of absolute inconvenience to gratify a lady for whom he had the slightest regard. I have known him stop up three nights with a "pal" who was on the sick-list, when out West hunting big game, and he did not evince the slightest symptom of fatigue. He could go to sleep in his clothes for an hour in an armchair, wake up, and appear as refreshed as if he had been inhabiting the most luxurious bed in Christendom all night long. His health and vivacity of spirit seemed inexhaustible.

A few years ago I went on a wheeling tour in the United States with this big, splendid fellow. We had been through the State of New York up as far as the picturesque Adirondacks and the lakes, and on our way back to the Empire City we stopped at Cornwall-on-Hudson for a night's rest. I was not in the best of health, and Hal was a-fire with wine, but made me a promise of reformation when he got back to the city. Like Rip Van Winkle (and, by the way, we were not far away from the *locale* of Washington Irving's immortal legend, which is on the Hudson) he protested he would "swear off."

Cornwall is a pretty little town in the Highlands at the foot of the Storm-King Mountain, and Hal and I, having left our wheels at the hotel where we were to put up for the night, had gone for a quiet stroll and entered an old churchyard, a sweet, still place, with the calm of grass-clad graves and luxuriant trees. There was evidently a rehearsal of sacred music going on in the little church, and we paused to listen to the solemn melody. To my surprise, Hal seemed quite affected by the surroundings, and then there happened a little incident that quite influenced his after career in life. As we were passing out of the churchyard, there entered at the same moment an idle, innocent child, with the most expressive and beautiful eyes I ever beheld in human head. Hal stopped, gazed at her with evidences of emotion, and called my attention to her. She was a very young girl, simply attired, not more than twelve years of age, and was playing with a white mouse, that, attached to a little silver chain, crawled over her childish breast. She was certainly a vision of girlish loveliness, and the incarnation of purity and innocence.

I felt Hal absolutely tremble as he regarded the girl with glowing eyes.

"By Heaven!" said he, "I should like to have that child place her hand on my head and give me her blessing. I feel she would make me a decent, reasonable man. She is—the most darling LITTLE ANGEL WITHOUT WINGS I ever gazed on."

It seemed almost ridiculous. Every effort had been made by all the friends that Hal ever had, to arouse in him serious thoughts, but without avail. He looked as if the romance of ages lived in his breast, his eyes were so dreamy and his smile so tender; but the poetry in him evidently expended itself in mere expression, for never by word or deed did he cease to be hopelessly self-indulgent and only intent on pleasurable excitement. He ran riot, only remaining staunchly loyal to his friends. Religion and love he had left behind, if he ever knew them. Just to live a stormy adventurous life, to open bottles of wine, to look into the eyes of vicious women, and to scatter his fortune disdainfully around him as he moved from place to place—that had been the ambition of Hal, who now stood in that Cornwall churchyard exalted by the mere presence of a beautiful child.

And she was indeed attractive in her simple beauty. She was bareheaded, and her soft brown hair fell in rich clusters over her neck. But it was the supreme splendour of her eyes that arrested our attention. It might be supposed that in the eyes of one so young the full force of character, that completes true beauty, must be absent. But had the soul of this graceful, innocent girl inherited all the mysteries and emotions of centuries, no more wondrous eloquence could have gleamed through her starry lashes.

Hal spoke to her, and she replied gently and straightforwardly. We affected to be interested in the little mouse she was caressing, and she told us, in her childish way, that it did not suffer from being chained, and laughed in simple, unaffected fashion when Hal told her the mouse was fortunate to have so sweet a jailer.

It is not difficult with an easy tact to engage in conversation with country-folk, and in a few moments we learned from her that her name was Ada, that her mother lived close at hand, and was a widow. When we knew the address, Hal started off to find the house. It turned out to be a modest little frame edifice, with a sign in the window—

MRS. ADA LEE, DRESSMAKER.

A few moments later Hal was in earnest conversation with Mrs. Lee, who was by no means an elderly woman, and he proposed to her a scheme that at first startled her beyond the power of expression, but which, by the sustained eloquence of her visitor, finally fascinated her.

"It is, after all, a simple matter," said Hal, after telling the mother how enchanted he had been with her daughter's loveliness. "I have never done a deed in all my life that has brought real comfort to my mind. I am rich, and I want to make your little daughter happy. She confers a blessing upon this earth by her mere existence, and the earth owes a debt to her. I will have her educated to perhaps become as clever as she is beautiful.

Photo by Hana, 403, Strand.

"How could I ever forget her? I remember her divine eyes, her simple beauty."

"WHAT KLONDYKE DID FOR A LOVER."

There is nothing extraordinary in this. It is only my sudden desire to do it that astonishes you. Money will be paid to you, and one day you will be proud of your darling child. Pray look upon this offer not as the act of a madman, but of a romantic desire to do a good deed."

In the end, this unexpected and handsome offer was accepted, a good school was found for the child at Newburgh, six miles distant from Cornwall, and it was arranged that she was to visit her mother every Saturday evening and remain with her over Sunday. Hal further suggested that he should visit Mrs. Lee and little Ada twice a year, to see how she progressed, and to "feel the bewitchment," as he expressed it, of the girl's "celestial eyes." All the details were mutually agreed to, and every three months Mrs. Lee received a cheque, which she promptly and gratefully acknowledged.

After this curious incident, Hal Aubrey seemed a different man. He was more *répandu* in society, largely curtailed his pleasures in the flowing bowl, and incessantly talked in affectionate terms of his little adopted girl at school. As Mrs. Bloomfield Moore says in one of her beautiful poems, "It was as if some power had passed from her, drawing him from his evil ways." He kept his word, and for three years he visited Cornwall at intervals to see the mother and child, and always returned with glowing accounts of how beautiful his *protégée* was growing. I had a suspicion that he was becoming attached to the mother as well as the daughter, but I was mistaken. But he often spoke of her comeliness and amiability, her industry and devotion to Ada.

* * * * *

Five years passed, and Ada had left school, and now resided with her mother. In the meantime, by a series of unfortunate Stock Exchange transactions and speculations, Hal had lost the bulk of his fortune, but he was still young. He had not long passed thirty, and he was as handsome and vigorous as ever. Ada was now seventeen, and she was as beautiful as a young girl as she had been as a child.

One day he met me in Broadway, when he had just returned from Cornwall. I had been absent in England and had not seen him for some time. He told me of his heavy losses, of his imprudent investments, and wound up by asking me if I remembered little Ada, whom he had met in the country churchyard.

"How could I ever forget her?" I replied. "I remember her divine eyes, her simple beauty—yes, I can see her now as plainly as I did five years ago. She must be a fine young woman by this time. Let me think—yes, she is in her eighteenth year, eh?"

"You are right," he returned. "And now for a scrap of news. I've kept track of these people all of these years, and Ada has grown into young womanhood, and is simply adorable. I attribute my reformation to her—why, I can't exactly say, but as a child she had a strange psychic influence over me that I cannot and do not desire to explain. Well, my dear boy, I have proposed to her, and she may be one day my wife. Her mother, who is the soul of gratitude, consents, and I think the girl shares the mother's feelings."

"But," I said, "you tell me you have lost your fortune, and you surely do not desire her to share your poverty!"

"By no means. I've explained all that, and I start next week to the Klondyke to see what is to be done in the Yukon region. I'm as strong as a lion, as you know, and if there is gold to be found by patient search, I'll have my share of it, depend upon it. I have now something to live and work for. My wasted years reproach me, and I shall make amends. Ada quite appreciates my devotion to her, and she is not only grateful, but affectionate. You will understand how these emotions will stimulate me to unceasing work."

We dined together *tête-à-tête* that night at the Holland House, and parted at midnight. I was going to the country—to the very Cornwall, by the way, where he had "met his fate"—to visit kind friends, and I wished him "God Speed and Good Luck!" in the new El Dorado. He promised to write me when opportunity offered, if pens, ink, and paper could be procured. I was really delighted to be assured of his complete reformation, though regretting his financial losses, and somehow I felt sure that his wonderful physical strength, undoubted pluck, and splendid energy would bring about rich results. I also felt certain that his love of the girl with the wonderful eyes, and his hope of an early marriage, would shield him from temptations among the motley horde of miners, with whom gambling and strong drink are formidable and destructive factors. A new career had opened to him.

CHAPTER II.

HAL'S LETTERS FROM DAWSON CITY.

I CANNOT do better here than to give some extracts from Hal's letters, written from time to time, which will illustrate his progress, and at the same time they convey to the reader the true state of the country where he had gone to repair his shattered fortune.

* * * * *

"At last I have arrived at Dawson City. The steamer I was on was wrecked in the Yukon, and another boat took the passengers from the stranded vessel and transported us to St. Michaels. There was rebellion amounting almost to mutiny, and the life of the leader of the expedition, a Mr. Wood, who resigned the office of Mayor of Seattle to conduct the party to the gold-laden placers of the North, was in peril. Happily, I saved my equipment after a stout fight.

"The prospect of a social winter in Dawson is not cheerful. There is gold enough to purchase and support a Dukedom, but when food is scarce, gold is unconsidered. Gold that will not purchase bread is poor stuff indeed.

"That is the dark side of the picture. Happily, I brought canned provisions to last six months, so I shall push on. I have just met a man with his wife and child, who are on their way to San Francisco, who have done well. The woman has a necklace of nuggets, in which every bead is worth more than its weight in gold coin, for it is the brightest, purest metal I ever saw. The child was born in the Klondyke region three years ago. She is the first white child born there, so that she may possibly figure in the history of the gold country when it comes to be written."

* * * * *

"I met another man, an interesting old-time miner, who overflows with stories of his experiences, not only on the Klondyke, but in other mining camps on the Pacific coast. He protests that there is untold gold in all parts of the Yukon country, and he exhibited many nuggets taken from the various creeks of which we hear a great deal. He travelled all the way from Dawson to the creeks in his canoe, and he asserts that he never struck a pick in the ground of the claim that he staked out."

* * * * *

"I have become quite intimate with this practised miner, whose name is Hismore. He seems to have taken a kindly fancy to me, and he offers me his claim for the nominal price of $100, spot cash. He seems an honest old chap, and I shall close with him. He has given me a chart of his claim and transfer papers, and he says if I go to work there in real earnest, I shall realise my best hopes. He fears he is too old to stand the labour, the wear and tear of digging, and he dreads the scurvy, of which he has had a bad attack. 'You have youth and strength,' said he; 'now go and do your best.' I hope the old man's predictions will come true. He is sixty-two years of age, and not strongly built, but is wiry and resolute.

I shall go and follow the excellent advice he has given me. He has written down his address in Trenton, State of New Jersey, and if my purchase turns out as fortunate as he predicts, I will not forget his kindness, his liberality. We dined together on salmon, peas, tomatoes (all canned), and I was lucky enough to purchase a stale loaf of bread, for which we paid a dollar. It is more easy to buy wine or whisky than food. Drinkables are to be had in profusion, but, as I have intimated, eatables are scarce. Boatloads of spirits, especially rye whisky, have been sent here the past year, to the neglect of food. Speculators have relied on making money out of the thirst rather than the hunger of the gold-seekers."

* * * * *

"My old mining friend, whose claim I have purchased, told me that the gold which was found in the placer mines of the Yukon is the accumulation of an immense amount of disintegrated rock. If the veins near the surface have been rich, an enormous amount may be expected from the placers. The gold of the placers in the Klondyke region is probably of local origin, arising from the disintegration of the rocks through which the stream and its tributaries have flowed."

* * * * *

"I have reached my claim, and I must give you an idea of the journey *en route*. Each man started with eight hundred pounds of supplies, including provisions, and also tools with which to build a boat. These supplies were hauled on a sledge by myself and two strong, but eternally howling Esquimaux dogs, I going on as leader, the dogs behind me. I could only haul on this sledge about four hundred pounds at a load. I would then proceed five miles and unload, and then return for the other four hundred until I had my outfit moved to the spot where I left my first load. Slow, worrying work this, I can assure you. I doubt if Job himself would have tackled this task without groaning."

* * * * *

"Crater Lake is near the pass we crossed, and it remains frozen, I am told, all summer. I crossed the lake on my way down the mountains to the chain of small lakes below, and then continued my journey for three hundred miles before I found suitable timber for building a boat. Our party camped for a short time at the head of what is known as the Grand Cañon, and we ran this cañon in our boats. It is three-quarters of a mile long and sixty feet wide, and the great stone walls rise precipitously two hundred feet high. The river is half a mile wide above the cañon. The enormous suction draws the water to the centre, and on this central upheaval of water leap and whirl dangerous, nasty looking breakers. Our party prepared to make this awful run through the cañon. We lashed the steering-oar fast, discarded coats and boots, and bade 'Good-bye' to those on shore. We shoved off, and the rapid current carried us quickly to the mouth of the cañon, and there our boat seemed to hesitate, as though afraid to proceed. It was only an instant's pause, for as quick as a flash we shot into a cauldron of seething waters. All we could do was to catch our breath, in a startled sort of way, as we were shot through the clouds of blinding spray. Before we had time to realise an entire sense of fright, we were out of danger, and had run that three-quarters of a mile through the cañon in a few seconds over two minutes. That is racehorse speed, or a Derby winner's time, is it not?

"The scene that lay before us when we had emerged from these wild waters was agreeably impressive. We sailed along quietly between gently sloping banks that were covered with wild flowers of brilliant hues. But there was something lacking. Not a single bird could be heard. That entrancing picture was set in a desolate country, over which reigns the stillness of death. I met an old man who had resided in the vicinity of that cañon for ten years, and he protests that he will leave his bones there. He said he would like once more to hear a bird sing, a cock crow, and look into the eyes of a bonnie lassie, and then he would be ready to 'pass in his checks'—in other words, to lie down and die.

"I must not forget to tell you about the mosquitoes. They are larger, and more of them to the square yard, than in any other country, I believe, on earth. They never let up on a fellow in the summer. They have actually, I am told, driven men to commit suicide where nets could not be arranged. I stood on a mountain side on a day in June and saw the sun set at 11.45 at night. It dipped behind the horizon, and rose again at a quarter past midnight. There is no night here at this time of the year, but it will change in a few weeks and then there will practically be no day."

* * * * *

"I must tell you of a pioneer woman gold-hunter on the Yukon, a Mrs. Willis. A year ago she was a laundress with an invalided husband. She 'struck it rich,' as the miners are wont to say in their jargon, on the Klondyke, and to-day her gains are estimated at $250,000. During her laundry career she introduced the first 'boiled shirt' into the Yukon gold camp, and paid $2·50 for a box of starch with which she stiffened the cuffs and bosom of the first shirt. Her assistant in the laundry was an Indian squaw, to whom Mrs. Willis paid $24 a week and board. Her rude log-cabin cost her $35 a month, and for one winter's supply of wood she paid $250. She is winding-up her affairs here, and laughingly declares she is going, on the money she has made, to set up as a swell in London and Paris. She will have no trouble in getting through her little capital in those great capitals.

"There are tents in all directions. The absence of conventionality here is quite remarkable. Any form of etiquette as recognised in polite society is unknown. If the people one meets ever had manners, they have left them at home. Everybody speaks to everybody, and introductions are not needed. A man asks your name; he says his is Jones or Brown or Robinson, as the case may be, and you shake hands and are supposed to be acquaintances. If you have a flask in your pocket and it is duly charged, you ask him to take a 'pull' at it. If he has one, he does the same, and henceforth you are fellow-Klondykers. A person who puts on the slightest suspicion of airs, or 'frills,' as it is expressed here, is marked for the most brutal kind of irritating chaff, and often something worse. 'One person is as good as another' is the universal social decree, and any violation of this democratic dictum is sharply resented."

* * * * *

"I have reached my claim, and have been at work. My prospects are bright; I believe the diggings here will turn out well. I have engaged three labourers (Irishmen) at $15 a day, and the second day we took out what will yield, I estimate, at $300. We have put up a sort of tent or shelter, and what with the canned stuff I have, the broken bread I can purchase, and the extract of beef, which, with condensed vegetables, makes a decent soup, I fancy I shall rub along. I found I had run out of matches. I sent one of the men to see if he could purchase a box from some of the pathfinders in my neighbourhood, and

Photo by Hana, 443, Strand.

Mrs. Lee, the Pretty Young Widow.

"WHAT KLONDYKE DID FOR A LOVER."

he could not get a box under half-a-dollar—price in New York, one penny. Sydney Smith, I remember, said he was ten miles from a lemon. I can go him a dozen better than that. I am five hundred miles from a box of matches, as far as a shop is concerned. Whatever one gets here must be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, from the inmates of tents who may happen to possess what you require, if they can spare it, and at their own price. But I keep up my spirits, and, happily, my pluck does not fail me."

* * * * *

"Information has reached our camp in regard to the route to the Yukon by what is named the 'White Pass.' The United States traders are beginning to realise that this pass is now open to all the world, and is the shortest and least difficult trail to the Upper Yukon. We have also news that a firm at Juneau (Alaska) has contracted for the carriage of forty tons of freight and the passage of three hundred sheep through this pass. This will require the use of at least four hundred pack-horses, and it will settle the question as to which is the better pass through the ranges. It is expected that the passage from Juneau to Klondyke will be made in two weeks, as against four weeks by the American route. Both the Chilkoot and White Passes are practically on the boundary between the United States and Canadian territories. They are in the same latitude, and are only twenty-five miles apart. After reaching the head of navigation, the Juneau parties bound for the Yukon turn west through the Chilkoot Pass. If they traversed the White Pass, they would turn east and pass the mountains on the east side. The Chilkoot has been the usual route, for some unexplained reason."

* * * * *

"It should be known that Americans were the pioneers in the Canadian Yukon. The journals of Canada are, however, demanding that the Dominion Government place Customs officials at the Canadian passes. A company at Victoria, that was said to be organised in one hour, and raised at one meeting $50,000, offered the Government of the Dominion that sum yearly for a period of ten years, and pay all expenses, for the privilege of collecting customs at the Canadian passes. At present all goods coming in from the United States escape duty. The merchants of Victoria (British Columbia) regard this as an injustice to them. For the last ten years an English company has been studying the 'lay of the land' between Chilkoot and Circle City, with a view to establishing a quicker and more practicable way of transportation to the goldfields along the Yukon. The representatives of the company think that the roughness of the country and the limited open season will not justify capitalists in constructing a railway or tramroad any long distance."

* * * * *

"Great news! A wealthy syndicate has offered to purchase my claim and some adjoining ones at a handsome figure. A rich vein has just been discovered, and the belief is that it crosses my ground. I have asked $25,000 for the right and title, and I am to have a definite reply by the end of a week, after two experts have gone over mine and the adjoining claims."

CHAPTER III.

CLOSES WITH WEDDING BELLS.

IT is unnecessary to continue these quotations from my friend's letters; and, indeed, the correspondence suddenly ceased. Suffice it to say that Hal sold his claim at a handsome price, and also received a snug sum for his entire outfit and the unused canned goods that remained on hand. The little magnet at Cornwall drew him back to New York without delay, his only stop of any length being at the town of Seattle, where he was to cash the cheques he had received from the purchasing syndicate. The payments were all *en règle* and satisfactory; and, as brown as an Indian from exposure to sun and wind, and bearded and booted almost past recognition, Hal arrived in New York City. He had not even tarried to purchase new garments, but wore the suit he had used in the goldfields. He registered at the Holland House, where I was staying. I was prepared for his coming by a telegram from Seattle.

"And now, my dear friend," said he, "congratulate me on my good fortune. I am not a millionaire, but I have enough to keep a pack of wolves from half-a-dozen doors. I consider myself in enormous luck to be able to sell out at a fine figure, and let the others do the rough work. They are welcome to all the gold they can find, if it runs into millions. It is a dog's life out there, and none should attempt it who are not hearty, rugged, patient, and enterprising. The Yukon is no place for lazy, torpid people. Tell your friends, if you find they have contracted the gold fever, not to think of going there in the winter; and if they take my advice they'll wait a year or two at least, when the routes will be improved, transportation will be less difficult, and something approaching order and system will have been established."

I need hardly say I cordially received Hal with hearty congratulations on his unusual good luck. "And now," I suggested, "your first move is a bath, a shave to remove that superfluous hair about your face and neck, then some untravelled, spotless linen, afterwards new clothes and——"

He interrupted me. "Allow *me* to finish those suggestions. Then I start at once for Cornwall. I am sure Ada—'sole inmate of my heart and house,' ahem! Byron, slightly modified, so please you—is awaiting me with beating heart and glowing cheek. Remember, I am her first love; she has a fresh young heart, one that Cupid has not toyed with. I have had several letters from her, and I am proud to say I have awakened the tenderest sentiments. No more carousing for me, *mon cher*—that page in the book of my life is closed for ever. I shall permanently settle down after I take my dear wife for a pleasure-trip to Europe. There is no reason, because I have seen quite enough of the world and its ways, that she should not have a glimpse of sights and scenes abroad. It will enlarge her understanding and give her an education that books or reading cannot possibly effect. Don't you agree with me?"

Of course I did. I remained in the United States to be present at the wedding, which, at the earnest request of both Mrs. Lee and the sweet little bride, took place at Cornwall. Hal would not listen to any delay when he appointed an early day for the nuptials, and he sent Mrs. Lee a goodly sum to purchase a trousseau.

The young bride looked a vision of loveliness in an ivory duchess satin costume, the skirt covered in part with a foamy creaminess of exquisite old Alençon lace, and trimmed with orange blossoms and white heather. As they stood at the altar in the full flush of their happiness, they looked a charming couple—he every inch a strong, stalwart, handsome man, and she as fair a maiden as ever the sun shone on. A hum of admiration passed through the group of sightseers as they passed out of the church.

At present they are in the South of Italy, enjoying, without a shadow of doubt, their honeymoon. Hal is far better off than he thought he would be, as some of his speculative investments have recovered themselves, and he will be able to purchase that fine old estate on the Hudson called "Idlewild," where once a famous poet resided, and on which my friend had set his heart.

The Pirate of Klondyke.

BY FRED T. JANE.

THE town of Catsmash is to be found upon no map, save, maybe, in the latest guide to the Gold Region. Before the rush for Klondyke set in, it was an obscure village boasting a dozen small shanty houses and a liquor-saloon; now, as a convenient starting-point for Alaska, it has grown in importance: the houses have increased tenfold and the liquor-palaces twentyfold. Here flock all those far-sighted individuals who realise that it is better to spend a year or two in making a "pile" in comparative comfort by supplying the necessities of others more adventurous, than by risking life and health in the gold-fields on the chance of attaining wealth at a single bound.

But besides the enterprising trader, there are others who find themselves at places like Catsmash—folk who have come back from Klondyke and already spent their gains; folk who, seeking to find their ways to the gold-fields, have got stranded en route for want of funds; and finally, an assortment of strange characters, ne'er-do-wells and scoundrels generally, of the kind who always drift to points like Catsmash. And of these last Silas Dunning was a fine, full-blood specimen.

"I reckon," said he, as he stood with a friend at the bar of the Three Roaring Goldseekers, "I reckon that there'll soon be piles made up Klondyke way."

"That's a moral," said his friend Hurst. "A bloomin' moral—an all-fire eternal fact. You're white, Silas."

"Show me the man who says I ain't," demanded Silas, who had a touch of negro in his veins. "Waal there," he went on, "guess I'm the long head here, anyway. There'll be gold coming down from Klondyke soon."

"It's coming already—shiploads of it."

"I know: I've seed it. Hull ship full of it. I peeped into the hold of one and seed it myself; chuck full of gold, not quartz, but gold, red and shining. Half-a-dozen fortunes in one ship; why the stuff that gets into the cracks in the timber would set me up for life."

"Which, as you won't get it, don't make you no forrarder."

"Won't I? It's just that I guess I will. What's to stop me taking it, anyway?"

"Police, soldiers, guns. Don't you be a fool and get lynched for nothing."

"Police? Waal here, mebbe."

"And Klondyke and all the way, too."

"Mebbe. But not on the water. There's no Canadian police nor Yankee soldiers on the water."

"Nor nary conveniences handy for holding up."

"Ain't thar? Waal, I guess you're wrong, some. What's to stop doing the pirate, anyhow?"

"Pirate?" ejaculated the other. "Gat along; that game's played out."

"I said pirate plain, didn't I? What I sez I means. Here, bend your ugly head over a bit this way. I've heard there's a ship-load of folk to be back in about three weeks from now, bringing Lord only knows how many million dollars' worth of gold, all packed loose and handy to get at. The miners have guns, mebbe, but revolver bullets don't fly far. Give me a small ship and some old iron, and I'll let 'em fire at me all day long. I'll make an ironclad—a sorter *Stonewall Jackson* and the British *Majestic* rolled into one. See?"

"Not quite," said Hurst—"Black Hurst" he was generally called by his intimates—"not quite. Them things cost dollars, an' neither you nor me have got the damage for it."

Silas suggested that they should steal a small steam-tug, the only ship that the harbour boasted of; but the other negatived the proposal as too risky.

"They'll miss it," said he, "and warning be sent along that would mean a gun-boat or some war-ship arter us. You ain't going to try and whip a war-ship with yer old biler-plates?" he added.

"No," said Silas; "I reckon not. But what's agin buying the thing. Let Old Sausage stand in and do it." He turned to the girl who minded the bar—

"Fetch the boss, my cherry, and tell him there's a fortune hanging to the tail of his coat, if he only knows how to grab it."

Herr Kraust, the owner of the Three Roaring Goldseekers, was called for, and presently sauntered up—a big, red-faced man, who looked none too scrupulous where money was to be made.

"Vell?" said he in German English.

"I've a notion to put you in a way of fortune-making," said Silas blandly.

"You haf, haf you? Ja! Zat ist ver kind. Vat do you look vor to make outer it? You zink me like von leedle paby, ja! Nein, nein. You gehen am teufel."

"See here, boss," said Silas, "this ain't no curly. 'Tis a straight up-and-down tip I'm giving you."

"Ja! I know," said the landlord, feeling for the pocket behind, where he carried his revolver. He had seen and heard of Silas before to-day, and fancied that no harm could come of having a weapon handy. "You just gehen," he repeated.

"All right," said Silas, making a show of departing. "Bimeby, don't you say I didn't offer you your share and you wouldn't listen—a million dollars for half a day's takings to be laid out by yourself, and you wouldn't listen.

It was too late then: in a moment they had seized, bound, and gagged her.

"THE PIRATE OF KLONDYKE."

Waal, good day, there's others who won't be such blame fools."

"Vait von leedle moment," said the landlord, "I vill hear vat 'tis. But I sall pay you nodings—nodings to you."

"You ain't asked," said Silas laughing. "Waal, Herr, it's like this. There's a tug-boat in this harbour that I want the loan of. It ain't no blanky use to no one. You git me the use of that yar boat, and I'll wager a month hence to hand you on a million dollars' worth of gold—good, red, shining gold. And you can hev the boat back likewise an' no questions axed."

"It is questions zat vould be asked," said the German reflectively. "You von bad man, who vould steal ze gelt from ze poor beople vat haf made it. I know, ja. And zen you ask me to help, and rob myself of vat I make here. It ver wrong. I most haf *two* million tollars' vorth. Sall ve do pusiness?"

Silas protested, and Black Hurst added his word, but the German was obdurate. Presently Silas was struck by an idea that had not previously occurred to him: he showed signs of acquiescing to the landlord's terms.

"Let us talk it over in private," said he. "The gal's a-listening."

"Boof!" ejaculated Herr Kraust. "Zat ist you gonscience zat troubles you. Vat ze teufel does it matter to ze fräulein. But gom zis vay."

He led the pair into a small back parlour, called for drink, and then carefully closed the door.

"Ve can talk now," he said. "Vat is ze grandt game zat you vould play?" He still kept one hand near his revolver, but his face was innocent as a lamb's.

Silas detailed his scheme at length. There is no occasion now to relate it in full; its working will appear later on in the narrative. Briefly put, it amounted to his taking command of the tug, the *William L. Wisdom*, manning it with a scratch crew of desperadoes, and then passing himself off as offering towing services to any homeward-bound ships. A gun or two would be carried—enough to sink a merchant vessel—and the first likely looking craft would be towed or driven into shallow water, fired at till she sank, her crew and passengers massacred, and the golden cargo seized at leisure.

"'Dead men tell no tales'—that's the motto for safety," said Silas, as he concluded. "That's me—safety in business investments!"

"And a ver goot one, too," said Herr Kraust thoughtfully. "Ver goot indeed. Ach! but it seems easy. No one vill know but vat they is wrecked."

Details of how the booty was to be disposed of were then gone into, and that having been satisfactorily arranged, Silas Dunning and Black Hurst rose to go.

The girl Susie was serving customers in the bar. Hurst remarked as they passed that she was a "tarnation white-faced gal": but their interest ended there. That Susie, as she concocted strange drinks dear to the frequenters of the bar, hid an aching heart behind her ample bosom, did not occur to either of them: they had never probably heard, or, if they had heard, certainly never remembered, that Susie had a lover at Klondyke. And only yesterday she had had a letter from him to say that he had found gold, and was coming back to marry her, with gold enough to keep them in comfort for the rest of life. Coming back, doubtless, in the very ship that Silas would attack. Little they guessed how she had heard their conversation in the back parlour as she crouched against the wall listening, with teeth tightly pressed upon her lips lest some cry should escape her. She knew, yes—but in a place like Catsmash who would listen to her? What could she do?

Arrangements for handing the tug over to Silas and Hurst were quickly made. The boat was not leaky, but she was in a shocking state of repair. Under the pretext of mending this, Silas armour-plated her with bits of old sheet-iron, old boiler-plates, chains in festoons, and so forth, till she was bullet-proof over the greater part of her length.

Particularly he devoted attention to the bridge before the smoke-stack, where the wheel was, hammering up a very solid iron structure here in the night, and taking care to test it by firing at it with a rifle at short range. Silas had no notion of risking his life or person more than he could help. He then painted his ironwork hastily, also by night, so that altogether no curiosity was aroused. Only, the people of Catsmash laughed much at the mad enterprise of the man who fancied there were dollars in running a steam-tug on the strength of one ship calling every fortnight. It did not strike them as "good enough."

In about a week these preparations were complete, and Silas had also secured an old field-piece that the local blacksmith had once taken as old iron in lieu of a hopeless debt, and with which he was glad to part at any price.

"I wants summat to attract attention," said Silas, as he traded for the gun with Herr Kraust's money.

"I guess so—all tugs have 'em," said the blacksmith, who was keen on selling his artillery, and who winked largely to his friends when he had accomplished it. Catsmash then decided that Silas was "off his rocker," and thought nothing serious when he began to purchase war-like stores—powder and shot, as well as some dynamite.

* * * * *

"You haf a loog ver white—ver pale," said the German landlord to Susie one evening—the same upon which the fitting out of the *William L. Wisdom* was completed. "Vat is ze madder wid you? I do feel quide zorry vor you."

And then the girl gave way, weepingly confessed how she had heard of the plot, and tearfully prayed him to stop it.

With many an oath the German swore that she must have been dreaming, that the idea was impossible and absurd.

"Id is von goot zing zat you told me, and did not go to Monteville and dell ze bolice," said he. "Vor if so you did, then vould zey haf put you in a lunadick asylum. Go to bed like a goot girl, and zink no more zuch zilly zduff. Ach Himmel, vat a man you must dink me vor to be! Ach Himmel, it make me veep!"

But when the girl had gone his expression changed. "Ze dead men dell no tales," he muttered, "and zo wif dead fräuleins. Vere ist mine von leedle revolver. It vould be a bity, a tousand bities, zat she should dell tales."

He listened. The house was in silence. Susie slept and dreaded nothing. He took off his slippers and stole towards her room, the revolver in one hand, a large carving-knife in the other.

"Id is von bity to gill a fräulein," he muttered to himself, "aber it moss be. Dagegen ze ozers, Zilas and Hurst, moss go ze zame vay by and by. Ze dead man dell no tales. Ha! ha! Ach mein Gott, vat ist zat? Ach! help, help!"

His voice died in his throat as a scarf tightened round his neck. It was not released until he lay a lifeless corpse upon the floor.

"Guess and reckon he'll tell nary a tale," laughed Black Hurst, as he kicked the corpse. "Now, we'd best settle the girl, pard, so's to be safe and sure."

"I dunno," said Silas. "It might be onlucky. She won't know nothing, and no one would heed her if she did tell. Likewise and also, she might be blooming useful. Handy to put the blame of Sausage's death on to."

"I sez kill her," persisted Hurst.

"I sez let her bide—it's onlucky to kill gals," reiterated Silas. "Durned onlucky and waste of good material."

A door up the passage opened, and Susie came stealing down. She was on her way across the frontier, bent on warning the Canadian police. They might do what they liked, if only they would have the tug-boat kept in harbour or a gun-boat sent to watch it. She would then have saved the man she loved.

She did not see the two men, who had drawn into the shadows, till she was close upon them—not indeed till, with a cry of horror, she stumbled over the prostrate form of her late master. It was too late then: in a moment they had seized, bound, and gagged her.

A stormy altercation followed as to whether she should be killed or no. Eventually Silas carried the day, and Susie, still bound and helpless, was taken off to the tug, which at once put out to sea.

"Bide quiet, an' keep yerself outer the way," said Silas, as he loosed the trembling girl. "Do that and no harm 'll come to yer. We've business in hand, an' can't be bothered with women-folk now. Bimeby, when things is fixed up and my pile made, I'll make yer Mrs. Silas Dunning, if yer behave yerself and don't get ugly from crying. If yer do, I 'll heave yer overboard and have done with et; so do as yer like, so long's yer don't worry us now."

Then he locked her in the little cabin and left her, weeping her heart out at her lover's hopeless, helpless fate.

The tug puffed along over the lonely seas. The weather was calm, the breeze only stirred the waves ever so little, the sun shone brightly, and the ocean looked most beautiful. Everything breathed of peace, except on board the pirate vessel, bent on its evil mission of outrage and death upon helpless, unsuspecting victims. And down the coast came the Yukon steamer laden with shining gold, a dozen fortunes as its cargo, its passengers miners, cheerful that weary labours were over and rest and peace near to hand.

"Here she comes, Cap'n Silas! Here 'she comes!" cried Black Hurst. "Low in the water from all the gold she carries, and all her sails spread to pull her along the quicker. Reckon they don't guess what 's waiting for 'em"

"Guess not," Silas laughed back. "Load that 'ere gun with old nails and scrap-iron while I get alongside 'em with our boat. When I gives the word, let drive."

"She's haulin' up a white flag," cried Black Hurst presently. "Lummy! she ain't guessed, and goin' to give in right away? But kill 'em, all same, anyway, sez I."

"Not her, I reckon, you precious greenhorn. There's colour in that 'ere flag. Hand me a spy-glass. Why, 'tis a Britisher flag they 've got; I sees the beastly Jack in the corner—hanged if I know why the rest is white."

"They 'll be a durned sight more in a corner soon, I guess," said Hurst, with a roaring laugh, which the crew echoed. "Say, Cap'n, ain't it time to fire?"

"No hurry," said Silas. "We can't hit 'em at this distance. Guess it's polite to show our flag. I've got it—we 'll show 'em a skull and cross-bones flag in style. Ketch on to the wheel and hold it tight as 'tis; and one of you there loafers, fetch me some white paint. That 'ere gal 's got a black skirt as 'll be just the thing."

Amid the laughter of the crew he ran down to the cabin in which Susie had been shut up, presently returning, amid fresh bursts of merriment, bearing in his arms a long black cloak that the girl had been wearing on the night they had carried her off.

"Bully for you, Black Hurst!" he cried, as he dabbed a brush into the pot of white paint. "'Ere 's a pictur!"

He roughly dabbed a rude drawing of a skull and cross-bones upon the cloak, then attached the extempore flag to the signal-halliards.

"When I pulls it up," said he, "then let drive with the gun, and keep it up till I tell yer to stop. Hurry up!"

Hurst and the rest of the men ran forward to where the gun was mounted—Silas remained alone inside his conning-tower. He could not see very well, but the masts of the on-coming ship were clearly visible over the top. He noticed how smart they were.

"'Tis a ship worth collaring, is that," he soliloquised. "Durned if I won't try and keep her instead of this tub."

As Susie's black cloak fluttered into the breeze, the little cannon forward banged out, sending its deadly hail of scrap iron into the other vessel.

"Good!" bellowed Silas. "Good! Bully for yer! Give 'em another!"

Then—but Silas never lived to remember it. A roar like thunder sounded across the water, followed by other explosions all about him.

"THE PIRATE OF KLONDYKE."

Almost like instantaneous magic the sails of the stranger curled up and were taken in. An indistinct shouting of orders came across the water—"Man and arm ship!" it sounded like.

Then—but Silas never lived to remember it. A roar like thunder sounded across the water, followed by other explosions all about him. Torn and riven in a hundred places, the tug *William L. Wisdom* began to settle down in the water, sinking. White boats slipped down over the smooth black sides of the stranger, blue-clad sailors jumped into them, rowing hard towards the tug.

Almost in a moment a boarding-party from Her Britannic Majesty's gun-boat *Ahitophel*, that had promptly fired a broadside into her foolish assailant, came crowding on board the pirate. There was little resistance. Mostly the pirate crew followed the example of Hurst, who promptly flung up his arms, crying—

"Don't shoot, Britishers! I guess we 've made a sorter mistake."

A fact that he had full leisure to reflect on as he sat in a cell on board the gun-boat, waiting till the Law had need of him.

Susie was released little the worse for her terrible adventure, and a few days later had the joy of welcoming back her lover safe and sound from the gold-fields of Klondyke.

For Love and Gold.

BY W. PUXLEY PEARSE.

CHAPTER I.

AT OSTEND.

THE hour at which fashionable people dine is, perhaps, the most pleasant of all the succession of light-footed minutes that go to make up a day at that eminently frivolous watering-place, Ostend. There is just the restful and *dolce far niente* interval between the aimless bustle of the promenade or Plage in the afternoon and the feverish *abandon* of the Kursaal at night, when one has time to think and make fresh plans for the coming hours. So, at least, appeared to think a little group of three men, who, well groomed and bearing that indefinable air which proclaims the Englishman, occupied a table in the window of one of Ostend's great hotels.

They have all the traits of their countrymen in common, but each has his own individuality strongly marked. The tall, fair man with clean-cut face, close-cropped moustache, just hiding enough to emphasise his resolute mouth, with square shoulders which show beneath the black coat enormous possibilities in the way of muscular strength, is Richard Forrester, generally known as "Dick," aged twenty-seven, with a reputation for laziness which is unequalled, and for cool courage in the face of danger which has made him the idol of a dozen of the most famous beauties of London since he returned from an expedition after big game in South Africa, six months before.

Opposite him is Reggie Forsythe, a fresh-coloured, clean-built boy of nineteen, with an income the extent of which he hardly knows himself, but which so far has not spoilt his unselfish good nature. With his upper lip just shaded with down, and his close-cropped hair, he looks almost a child; but he has seen most of the good things the world has for those to whom money is of little object, and he swears undying allegiance to Forrester, who saved his life when in mortal peril from the rude advances of a wounded elephant.

The remaining one of the trio is perhaps the most striking personality there. In complexion he is the direct opposite to the other two: his swarthy face is hard and bronzed by exposure to the sun, except where a cleanly marked diagonal patch over his brows shows the trace of a military head-dress. His eyes, grey, and with the wide-open look of one who has faced death, seem to be continually looking for danger. Obviously a soldier, he has yet a something which proclaims that his service has not been under the Union Jack.

A schoolfellow of Dick Forrester's, Colonel Jack Kennard had gone into the English Army, but, tiring of the monotonous round of soldiering at home, had thrown up his commission after two years, and sought employment under the flag of any nation which happened to have a war, little or big, on its hands.

To-night he had just finished the recital of some of his adventures, when Reggie Forsythe, better known as "the Boy," broke in—

"Well, Kennard, I wish I could have seen what you did. I'm getting jolly tired of messing about, and want something with novelty about it."

"Just listen to our patriarch!" said Kennard, with a laugh. "Eighteen or—I big your pardon, Boy—nineteen, and he's exhausted all the pleasures of life. Why"—looking round the room—"there's enough excitement here to satisfy most men of your years!"

"Blasé youth!" interrupted Forrester, "why don't you fall in love?"

"Is there such a thing, old chap? All the girls I meet seem the same. Their mothers hawk them about like so much fish, and sell to the highest bidder while they're fresh! And those I've seen are nearly all too 'fresh' for me. Yes! I know that's an Americanism, but then, you see, one meets so many from 'across the pond' nowadays that it is as necessary to speak their language as one's own."

"Really, we're very cynical to-night, Boy. Has *la belle Américaine* with the auburn locks been sitting on you again?" The boy blushed, and then, with a laugh, said—

"You 'd better ask Dick about that; he 's been attached to her train ever since he was introduced, and it's jolly difficult to get a word in with Miss Ashton when he's around."

"So that's the way the land lies, is it, Dick, old fellow?" said the Colonel. "Well, I wish you all sorts of luck. Miss Ashton's got thousands upon thousands of dollars, and her 'Paw' is a real elegant old man, so I've heard, and he 'll like the prospect of a son-in-law with——"

"Yes," broke in Dick, "with a rent-roll of next to nothing a year."

"Just so, old chap."

In spite of his bantering reply, Forrester was evidently nettled. His stay in Ostend had been attended with results which decided his future. He had fallen head over ears in love with Miss Ashton, daughter of a millionaire American, who had an eye on the peerage, and, what was worse, he had lost so heavily during the racing season and at the Kursaal tables that his capital had been seriously encroached on. He was deep in thoughts of how things were to end when the Colonel spoke again—

"Well, Dick, brown studies again? What is it now? I declare you are getting a veritable kill-joy, and except when I see you with that admirable American girl you've hardly a word for anybody."

"To tell you the truth, Jack, I *was* in rather a brown study. I was turning over ways and means, and from what I can see I'll have to make a break from England, and try to patch up my damaged exchequer. As far as I can tell, I'm very nearly broke. My solicitors wrote me only this week to say that they could not realise any more of my property, and you know what that means."

"So bad as that, is it, old fellow? Well, you're young and fit as a fiddle. Why don't you chuck this sort of thing, and go to Klondyke? I've been that way myself, and I can assure you that gold is there in tons. It 's hard work, but there 's plenty of excitement, and I'm not so sure that it isn't the best thing you could do. Then, Boy, there 's the very thing you're looking for—novelty, and all the danger even your adventure-loving soul could wish!"

"Not half a bad idea," said the Boy, lighting a fresh cigarette. "But, I say, are you fellows going up to the Kursaal? I promised to meet Mrs. Ashton and her party there. I think the old lady wants to win a few more louis after her luck of the other evening."

"Yes. I'm going to have a last little flutter, and then I'm off back to town to-morrow, and then—well, sufficient for the day, etc."

* * * * *

In the spacious domed enclosure of the Kursaal, dotted with chairs and little tables, between which attentive and polyglot waiters moved quickly and noiselessly as machines, a chattering crowd of people made Babel with their variety of languages. At one of these tables sat the Ashtons.

The daughter is the only one of the party needing description. Above the medium height, with a perfect oval face, large liquid eyes of soft and ever-changing grey, fringed with long lashes that swept her cheek when she looked down, a piquant nose with clean-cut, sensitive nostrils, and a *riante* mouth, whose every movement was an invitation, a wealth of auburn hair, clustering in tiny curls on forehead and neck, and throwing into strong relief the delicate tints of a perfectly natural complexion; such was May Ashton. A girl who would have drawn a glance of admiration from the most misanthropic of men.

"Do you want to play to-night, Lucy?" said Mr. Ashton to his wife.

"Not yet, dad," broke in May, before her mother could answer; "let 's wait for Mr. Forrester; he promised to meet us here after dinner, you know."

"Of course," said Mrs. Ashton, "my wishes count for nothing when Mr. Forrester is in the question. I think you are giving him a lot too much encouragement. He hasn't any money, and not even a title, and I'm sure you are not going to throw yourself away on a man like that!"

"Well, ma! I think it 's real unkin. of you to say that! Why, Mr. Forrester has never said a word of that sort to me, and"—with a sudden flush of colour and a hard little ring in her voice—"suppose he did! I've not come over to Europe to be sold to any man, and when I do marry it will be to the man I love, and no one else."

"Ah! how are you, Mrs. Ashton? Miss Ashton, it is good to hear one's name spoken by friends in a gathering of the nations like this."

"Just in time, Forrester! The wife was saying that you are really too kind to us. Really I don't know what we should have done without you—of course, not forgetting the Colonel and Mr. Forsythe."

For a while the little group talked commonplaces, and then, at the suggestion of Colonel Kennard, a movement was made to the tables in the inner room, where Forrester took his place inside the brass rail and began to play. For a while luck favoured him, and he soon had a roll of notes

The girl did not answer, but her grip of his hand tightened a little, and then a rush of happiness came to Dick.

"FOR LOVE AND GOLD": A PARTING AT OSTEND.

and gold by his side; and, flushed with success, played on, and, as his luck changed, plunged again and again in the hope of retrieving his money. The crowd hemmed round to watch the game, and, catching the fever of excitement, Dick went the maximum repeatedly, winning occasionally, but losing steadily for all that, until his last franc was gone. Then he turned to Kennard—

"Lend me a thousand francs, old fellow?"

Kennard handed a sheaf of banknotes to Dick, who resumed his play. Time after time the luck went against him, and the little pile of coins which he had received in change for the paper dwindled rapidly.

Miss Ashton, who had been looking on with perhaps more interest than any of the others, pressed closer to Dick, and as she glanced at him, and saw the set of his jaw, hard and resolute, she thought he must have looked just like that when he pulled Reggie Forsythe back from the Valley of the Shadow.

"Miss Ashton!" whispered Reggie, who had once or twice asked Dick to stop playing. "See if you can get old Dick to stop."

"Come along, Mr. Forrester, I'm tired of this silly table, and want you to take me outside."

"Of course. I shall be delighted! See? There's the last hundred francs gone! Never mind!" and with a seraphic expression on his sunburnt features, Dick walked away from the table with not a sign of discomposure even, knowing, as he did, that the evening's play had put everything he had gloried in since his boyhood far beyond his reach.

Outside the Dome, on an awning-shaded terrace, where a deep shadow was thrown like a blot on the sea front with its panorama of silhouetted figures thrown up into relief against the waves dancing with phosphorescent ripple in the silvery moonlight, Dick and Miss Ashton sat down at a table half hidden by a feathery palm.

"You had bad luck to-night, Mr. Forrester. I'm so sorry!" Her voice trembled a little as she spoke with genuine sympathy, and it seemed to touch a chord in Dick's nature that vibrated as the wind-swept strings of a harp.

"Are you really sorry, Miss Ashton? But you've said so, and I know you are. Yes, I've lost to-night enough, added to what has gone before, to practically ruin me. It is hard, because for the first time in my life I have had a glimpse of a happiness I never knew the existence of. Now that is all gone, and I must begin again, and endeavour to make up for the years I have wasted. I want to say 'Good-bye!'—you have been more than kind to me since I met you, and I had hoped—well, that doesn't matter now. Good-bye, Miss Ashton!" and he held out his hand.

She placed her hand in his, and as she did so Dick fancied he heard her catch her breath a little.

"It is not so bad as that, is it? Can't you stay? I—we—shall miss you so much!"

"Will *you* miss me, May?"

The girl did not answer, but her grip of his hand tightened a little, and then a rush of happiness came to Dick. Leaning forward so that he could almost feel the girl's warm breath on his cheek, he whispered—

"May, my darling, do you care for me?"

"Dick!" was all she answered, but there were volumes in the inflection she gave that single word—volumes which brought a joy to the man he had never dreamed of before.

* * * * *

"Good-bye, my darling! God bless you, little sweetheart!" This was Dick's farewell to his beloved as the bell of the cross-Channel steamer clanged out its warnings to shore-going passengers. And as the vessel churned her way out from the pier, with its crowd of handkerchief-waving onlookers, Dick thought of the girl he had left behind, and Reggie cherished fondly the remembrance of another good-bye.

"Mr. Forsythe, you will stick to Dick, for my sake?" May had said the night before.

"For yours above all others, because—I will tell you now, Miss Ashton—I've been beaten by the man I owe my life to."

"Poor boy!" Then, with a sudden impulse she kissed him, as a mother might.

"So," said Dick, when they were out of sight of the little town, with its vista of clean white houses and gaudy roofs shining bright in the sunshine, "we're facing North now, Reg, for the Land of Gold. God grant it may be so for me!" And Reggie added with reverence, "Amen!"

CHAPTER II.

THE LAND OF GOLD.

IN a rough log hut, rudely put together as by unskilled hands, there sat two men, bronzed and bearded, and bearing traces in their worn features of hardships met and faced with unflinching courage. Since they had reached the gold-fields, Dick and Forsythe—for these were the two—had met wit a fair amount of good fortune, and, thanks to the capital at Reggie's disposal, had, in the worst of times, been able to live. In the midst of the lawless horde of rascals, who had seemingly been gathered from the dregs of society the world over, the two Englishmen had, by the exercise of firmness and tact, managed to hold their own. Enemies they had, of course, whose antagonism was the outcome of jealousy in most cases, for the two had "struck it rich," and, by dint of care, had amassed between them as big "a pile" as any man on the fields. With the desperadoes they had to deal with, this treasure was anything but a source of unmixed blessing, and things had now reached a pitch which made them think seriously of getting away with their luck while they yet had sound skins.

At a rough shanty, which did duty as a saloon, a ramshackle building bearing a huge placard which announced it as the Empire Hotel, the whole community was wont to foregather at night, and here, to the strains of a discordant fiddle and a wheezy concertina, some of the men would dance, solemnly and with as much dignity as they knew, while others would throng around the gambling-tables in another room, where poker, faro, and even roulette were the centres of attraction. It was in this choice spot that the climax came one night to Dick and Reggie, just at the time when the miners were thinking of clearing out for the winter to some of the so-called cities, where comparative luxuries were obtainable and opportunities for debauchery were frequent.

They had been toiling all day, washing pan after pan of dirt with varying fortune, and they had decided that at the end of the week they would make tracks for civilisation once more.

"Well, Reg, we've had some pretty tough times, and I hope you've had adventure enough by now. I think I've done fairly well, and when we come to split up that stuff we sent down last year and add what we've got here"—and he tapped the floor with his foot—"there will be a nice little lump sum for each of us."

"Yes, I think so too, Dick; then, old boy, you'll be able to make a decent show to old man Ashton, eh?" And he smiled. Then, with a note of seriousness in his voice he said: "Do you know, old chap, I have a kind of presentiment that I shall never get back to England again! I don't know what makes me feel that way, but I can't help it."

"Nonsense!" broke in Dick. "You are a bit off colour. You'd better come down to the Empire and have a little flutter at the table. You know I've not touched a game since that night at Ostend."

"Right you are. That will be something to do, at any rate."

The scene at the Saloon was a curious one. Outside, although it was nearing midnight, the grey Arctic twilight, which does duty for the daylight of other and more favoured climes, lent a ghostlike appearance to the uncouth figures of the few roughly clad men lounging about. Through the ill-fitting shutters of the parchment-paned windows the faint light filtered into the gambling-den, where a few tallow candles guttered miserably, and lent an indescribably squalid and dismal air to the place. Around a ricketty roulette-table a group of miners were standing, occasionally staking bags of gold-dust, which here answered the purposes of coined money, on the turn of fortune's wheel. They were a rough enough looking crowd; some few there were who could lay claim to decent looks and education when in another place, but here there was little evidence of what had been, and except one occasionally caught the inflection of an educated voice amid the babel of guttural oaths or nasal American remarks, the whole crowd might have been of the same social level. Their appearance was similar, and one might be a type of the whole. Wiry, the result of constant hard work, bearded, with the roughest of clothing, bearing traces of the day's "washing" in the mud-stains which decorated them, the assembled miners were certainly as "tough" a looking lot as one would wish to see. A few good fellows there might be, but there was little of the romance of the gold-fields that a perusal of the immortal Bret Harte would lead one to expect. Squalor and vice were the prevailing characteristics.

As Dick and Reggie entered the shanty, they were received with a few rough words of greeting from those who were not too engrossed in the play; and they, after "setting up" drinks, stood a while at the table and watched the game. Presently one of the miners spoke to Dick—

"Say, ain't either of you two blokes going to take a hand in this 'ere game? Guess you've got enough out of that pay-dirt of your'n to gamble some!" He was getting full of whisky, or what was called whisky there, and seeing that his words had attracted some attention, he went on: "Reckon you are funked of losin' any of your dust, eh? Look 'ere! Me and my pardner Jake there 'll 'ave a little go o' poker with you and your pal?"

Dick saw that there was trouble brewing, and as his interlocutor was a noted ruffian, he thought it best to agree to the game and watch developments. "Certainly, I'll play if you want to. Come along!"

A pack of greasy cards was produced, and the game commenced. For a while the luck was fairly even, and neither of the four had any serious loss. Then the miner who had challenged Dick had a succession of good hands, which made him more boastful even than usual. A crowd had gathered round to watch the plucking of the two Britishers, for their opponents—that is what the combination practically made them—were known as two of the smartest sharps on the Yukon. The game had fluctuated with varying fortune for all parties, when a "jack pot" was started; this went without a bid and ran up to aces, down and up again, by which time there were some few ounces of gold dust on the table. The pot was opened by the big miner. Then all came in, but when the betting started Reg and the other miner, "Jake," dropped out, and the fight was between the other two. Time after time they "raised" each other, until Dick, having put up every chip he had with him, "saw" his opponent.

With a chuckle, and "Well, that's got you, my buck!" the miner threw down his hand—four kings—and reached over for the stakes.

"Half a minute, chum!" said Dick, in his softest tones, and he laid down his "fist"—four aces and the "joker."

With a curse the other man jumped to his feet. "Blast yer hide, you durned Britisher! I'll teach you to cheat when you play with me!" and in an instant he had drawn a revolver and loosed off at Dick. His hurry saved the latter's life, for the bullet just went through his sleeve, grazing the arm, and before the other could fire again, Reggie was upon him. In a moment the whole room was in an uproar. Instinctively the men took sides, and then ensued a scene such as it is the lot of few men to witness. The lights had been extinguished immediately, and in the half darkness the crowd surged across the room, knocking over tables and forms in their course.

The struggle between Reg and his assailant was fierce, and Reggie, being the lighter, was getting the worst of it when a man jerked the other away. In a minute his revolver was in his hand again, and in quick succession he fired all the chambers at random round the room: then the other occupants joined in, and a regular fusillade followed, until someone broke open the door. Then, in less time than it takes to tell, the room cleared. As they got outside Reggie dropped. Dick was bending over him when a voice he knew said—

"Is he done for?" and looking up, he recognised Kennard.

"Hallo, Colonel! You here? Give me a hand to get poor old Reg back to our hut. He seems hard hit." And together the two carried the wounded man and laid him on the rough bed with its pile of skins in the dimly lighted hut. Almost as quickly as it had arisen, the fight had stopped, and now, except for the two or three inanimate forms which were being removed from the saloon, "so's not to spoil the fun," there were no traces of it.

"What do you think, Kennard? Will he live?" said Dick anxiously.

"I'm afraid he's bleeding to death internally, old chap. I've seen men hit like it before, and there is little hope, I 'm afraid."

The two were whispering in a remote corner of the hut, and Reggie lay motionless on his bed, his pale, boyish face wearing a pallor almost deathlike.

"Don't you fellows worry about me," he said presently in a weak voice; "I'm done for. Thank God, it wasn't you, Dick. Dick, I want to speak to you alone for a minute before I go."

The other man left the hut. Dick, kneeling beside the Boy, took his hand and said, "Go on, Boy."

"Dick, I'm going out beyond; but I want to give you this packet round my neck. Take it and give it to May. You don't know that I loved her too, Dick. She asked me to take care of you"—and he laughed a little, with a pitiful attempt to be cheerful. This made him cough, and for a minute it seemed as though the end had come, as blood flowed from his mouth. "See, that's a sign of 'Who whoop!' Dick, dear old man. Hope you potted the beggar who rolled me up. Dick, I loved May. She kissed me once good-bye when we left Ostend; do you remember? Take all the gold, Dick, and get away from this hell; it's all yours, pardner, and you 'll be able to marry May. God bless you both, dear Dick; you saved my life once.

"It's getting dark, old man; hold my hand. Tell May I died thinking of her. Dick, I can see her! She's beckoning to me. May, I'm coming, dear one. Good-bye, Dick. God bless you, old chum! May, I 'm——" He rose up in his bed, then a gush of blood came, and with a last grip of his chum's hand, the Boy fell back, never to speak again.

Tenderly Dick laid him down and closed the eyes that stared in glassy silence at the great Beyond, while the boyish mouth, half shaded with the fair curling beard and moustache, smiled peacefully.

CHAPTER III.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

DICK determined to leave for Dyea the next day. From there he intended to strike to Vancouver by way of Juneau. Before doing this the terrible Chilkoot Pass had to be negotiated, and consequently he made up his mind to get some of the other miners to accompany him.

"Kennard, do you think of going back now? This place is impossible in the winter, and I suppose you don't want to stay?"

"No, I only came up to see if I could buy some claims, and I've succeeded in getting all I want. I'll clear out whenever you want to go. I've got three men with me, and we 'll just make a decent party. All right, to-morrow then! To-morrow!"

The first part of the journey was uneventful, the Yukon furnishing a watery highway, which made it comparatively easy. The White Horse Rapids, known by the cheerful appellation of "The Miners' Grave," were safely passed, and after days of hard work the chain of lakes, which are frozen in winter and on which

ice was already beginning to gather, were reached. In the crank boat they had themselves built, the little party were nearly three weeks going through the Alaskan Switzerland, where the lake shores, clothed with a luxuriant growth of timber, seemed to run clear away to the snow-clad peaks which stood out in bold relief against the chilly turquoise sky. The lakes passed, there yet remained the passage of the Chilkoot. In the grey light, which is all that one ever gets here during the summer in the course of twenty-four hours, the ascent was begun. Over boulders where half-melted snow, sometimes waist deep, almost made progress impossible, the little party struggled. About half the journey was completed when it was found that the few remaining provisions they had left to them had disappeared. No one knew how or he was helped back to the shelter, where he bandaged his ankle and lay cursing his luck.

"Kennard, did you ever see such fortune? God knows how I'm going to get out of this, old chap."

"It's clearing up a bit, I think, and we'll manage somehow; but I wish we had some more provisions. We have only a few biscuits, and it'll be a tough job to reach Dyea."

All that night the storm raged, and it was late the next day when one of the guides said it was time to move on once more. Dick tried to start, but was utterly done, and could not bear to put his foot to the ground; and after a futile attempt to carry him by an improvised litter had been made, a consultation was held. The result of this was that Dick decided to remain with two Indians while the Colonel

In a moment the whole room was in an uproar. Instinctively the men took sides, and then ensued a scene such as it is the lot of few to witness.

"FOR LOVE AND GOLD": A GAMBLING ROW IN KLONDYKE.

where, and the only thing left was to push on as rapidly as possible. To add to their misfortunes, a snowstorm enveloped the party when the precipitous descent towards Dyea was reached, and as they dared not move forward without running the risk of being dashed to pieces by a fall or being buried in a crevasse, a halt was made. Tired, starving, and utterly worn out, the little band threw themselves down under a jutting rock, and stoically awaited the cessation of the storm. The Indian carriers, who bore what baggage the party had, alone seemed indifferent, and as the hours went on, appeared to resign themselves to fate.

Not so Dick, who restlessly arose every now and then and endeavoured to pierce the blinding veil of snow which fell softly and with a firm persistence. He had gone a few paces away from the party, and was returning, when he slipped and fell. He tried to rise, but the effort drew a moan of pain from him: his ankle was twisted, and he was helpless. A shout brought one of the party to his aid, and went forward with the gold and procured some assistance. It would be a weary wait, but it was the only thing to be done. Giving the injured man as many of the provisions as they possibly could, the Colonel and his companion with their sledge started away. They had gone some hours, and Dick was dozing fitfully, when he heard his Indians talking. One suggested that it was ridiculous to wait there with no food, and why not go on and leave the white man to his fate? It would be much easier, and besides, another storm was coming on. Dick knew that any remonstrance on his part would mean that his guards would finish him off, on the principle that dead men tell no tales and so, getting possession of what little food was within his reach, he drew his revolver and waited. Not for long, however, as the Indians, seeing his movements, decided that the time for departure had come. They endeavoured to coax some of the biscuits from Dick, but he simply showed his revolver, and the twain resolved to get out at once.

Alone, Dick's reflections were hardly cheerful. He was helpless, and had no food to speak of. He might last for two or even three days, and then he had nothing to look forward to but the end of all things. His struggles for wealth and happiness would have been unavailing; he would die like a dog. Half frozen, he dozed fitfully the night through; with morning there was no relief. Through the next day and night he passed somehow. Strange phantasies crept through his brain, and his little stock of water was exhausted, and the eating of snow to relieve his throat had only aggravated it. Half delirious, he seemed to be back again in England, a schoolboy; again he was in South Africa, and, as on the day it happened, he saw Forsythe lying in the track of the wounded elephant. He was at Ostend and the parting with May was as though it was taking place. His whole life came and passed before him as a procession; friends and relatives seemed to have come to watch him die.

Then he slept, and the snow falling softly, drifting like feathers over his recumbent form, slowly blotted the outlines of his figure from view, and only his head and shoulders, muffled in a skin, were visible. Steadily the fine pitiless snow drifted, and each hour brought more, until even the upper part of Dick's form was hidden. He was asleep, sleeping the rest which might know no awakening.

How long he lay thus he never knew: he was awakened by someone bending over him and forcing liquid, which burned like fire, down his throat.

He tried to speak, but could not utter a word; his tongue was swollen, he could only look his gratitude.

A party of returning miners had luckily come across him, and it was one of their number who, seeing that Dick still lived, was giving him his last drain of spirit. Aided by these good fellows, he was able to go forward after a while; food and drink had pulled him together a bit, and soon he was able to say how he came to be where he had been found. His companions wondered at the non-return of Kennard, and said so, dropping hints as to his honesty. The reason became obvious the next day, when they came upon his body, with the skull battered in, and stripped of all clothing. His guides had, doubtless tempted by the prospects of plunder, murdered him, and gone on. All th old had vanished with them, but Dick had still sufficienc to carry him home, and the packet he had in trust for May was still safe. Toilsome and weary was the journey to Dyea, but once there all was smooth sailing, and on board the puffing little steam-launch the journey to Juneau was completed. Once there all difficulties came to an end, and soon Dick was on his way to New York—a worn and changed Dick, who still bore however, the characteristics which had in the old days made him a figure to be remarked.

It was a bright day in early spring when Dick arrived at New York, and one who had known him on the Yukon would have had difficulty in recognising this well-groomed man, with his bronzed face and erect figure, as the toil-worn miner who had so nearly handed in his checks on the Chilkoot Pass. He lost no time in making his way to the house of his sweetheart.

The room he was shown into was evidently May's. Traces of her were everywhere, and Dick felt a strange tremor when he saw a photograph of himself standing alone and prominent on a cabinet.

He took it up, and walking to a mirror, stood comparing the features of the picture with those reflected in the glass. He was absorbed in reflections, and did not hear the door open. The soft rustle of skirts awoke him from his dreams, and, turning sharply, he saw May in front of him—May, fresh and even more beautiful, he thought, than when he had parted from her.

"Dick!" she gasped. "Oh, my Dick!" And he, with voice trembling with emotion, said, "Yes, May, darling, it's myself!"

We will draw a veil over the next few hours.

It was after dinner that night when the two lovers found themselves alone again. Then Dick told of the Boy's death and his adventures, the loss of the gold and death of Kennard. May's eyes were moist when he had finished.

"Thank God you are back, my sweetheart!" she said. "Poor Reggie! But I am glad I kissed him."

"Yes, it made him die happily, the memory of that kiss, May!"

Reverently, as one who executes some sacred trust, did Dick hand the parcel to May. She opened it, and disclosed a photo of Reggie Forsythe bearing his autograph. Two letters there were also. One of them ran—

"I know I ought not to say what I'm going to, but I love you, May, and for your sake I am going to stick to Forrester.

"Lately I have had a presentiment that I shall never see you again, and so I am writing this letter, which I will give to Dick at the last. The other enclosure is my will. Think of me sometimes, May, and tell Dick what I've told you; he will not mind—as things will be by the time you get this. God bless and give you all happiness, my love, and grant that neither you nor yours may know such unhappiness as mine—to love a woman beyond one's reach!"

Both were very quiet after they had read the letter; and even the contents of the other, a will, duly witnessed before Reggie had left England, and which left all his property to Dick, could not make them forget.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

The Festive Season.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

Delicious with Plum Puddings and all Sweet Dishes.
So rich, yet will not disagree.
Delicious as a Hot-Pudding Sauce.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

The ONE THING NEEDED with all Stewed or Tinned Fruit.
Enhances the flavour.

LOOK OUT FOR THE SPOUT

but if by accident or otherwise you get wet, catch cold, or have any trouble with your lungs, *Look out* for the nearest chemist, who for 1/1½ will sell you a tube containing six dozen of

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES

The best remedy for Coughs, Cold, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., &c.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH · TRADE-MARK ·

THIS IS THE BRAND OF

BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE.

Every RUDGE-WHITWORTH Cycle is fully Guaranteed.

Catalogue and Handbook Free from

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD., COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

BED-ROCK?
MORNING CALLERS MAY BE EXPECTED
THE BROTHERS SCORCHER – LATE OF THE BRIGHTON ROAD – DECLARE THEY DID RECORD TIME TO KLONDYKE – WHICH THEY CHIEFLY OWE – THEY CONFESS – TO THE EXCELLENT POWERS OF THEIR PACEMAKER!!
THE LATEST ARRIVAL FROM CIVILISATION. "MORE HONOURED IN THE BREECH"...
MY GROG IS THE BEST DONT TAKE MY WORD FER HIT.
THEY DONT.
SOME KINDS OF BASENESS ARE NOBLY UNDERGONE. (TEMPEST III. I)
– UNKNOWN – PASSED IN HIS CHECKS KLONDYKE. WINTER/97 NOT SHOT – DIED NATERAL
IT IS STATED THAT THE CANADIAN PROVINCIAL POLICE DO NOT ALLOW MEN TO CARRY FIREARMS.
AN ILLUSTRATED DREAM OF KLONDYKE.

A COCOA, AND WHAT ELSE?

We will tell you. In the first place, it is not in any sense a medicine. As people become more intelligent, tney see that they should try and prevent disease. It seems strange, when one comes to consider it, that the efforts of medical science are directed to curing, when preventing would seem to be a more rational proceeding. Now it is dawning on the public to try and prevent, or at least to arrest, disease. It is in prevention that Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa plays an important part, acting solely as a first-class nourishing food.

IT STRENGTHENS THE SYSTEM

to resist, oppose, and overcome the attacks of disease. You'll hear someone say, "So-and-so has a strong constitution"; follow that up, and you'll find that So-and-so follows the golden rule of being temperate in all things, and pays attention to diet and exercise. Does he or she keep up this strong constitution by taking medicines or swallowing pills? No, indeed! They have discovered that prevention is better than cure. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa places a means in the hands of everyone to

BUILD UP AND MAINTAIN A SOUND CONSTITUTION,

which enables its possessor to travel his life's journey without the aches and pains which are in many cases preventable. Thus we come round again to sound common-sense based on experience.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is pleasant and palatable, and embodying, as it does, the numerous principles contained in Malt, Hops, Kola, and Cocoa, it imparts nourishment and builds up strength. As a Food Beverage it is invaluable.

BUT THE EXPENSE?

You can try it free of expense. Merit alone is what is claimed for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and the proprietors are prepared to send to any reader who names *The Penny Illustrated Paper* Christmas Number a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post paid. There is no magic in all this. It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is not sickly or insipid, like the ordinary cocoa extracts; on the contrary, it has a pleasant and distinct flavour all its own, and which is much liked. It has all the refreshing properties of fine, well-made tea, but with a hundred times its nourishment.

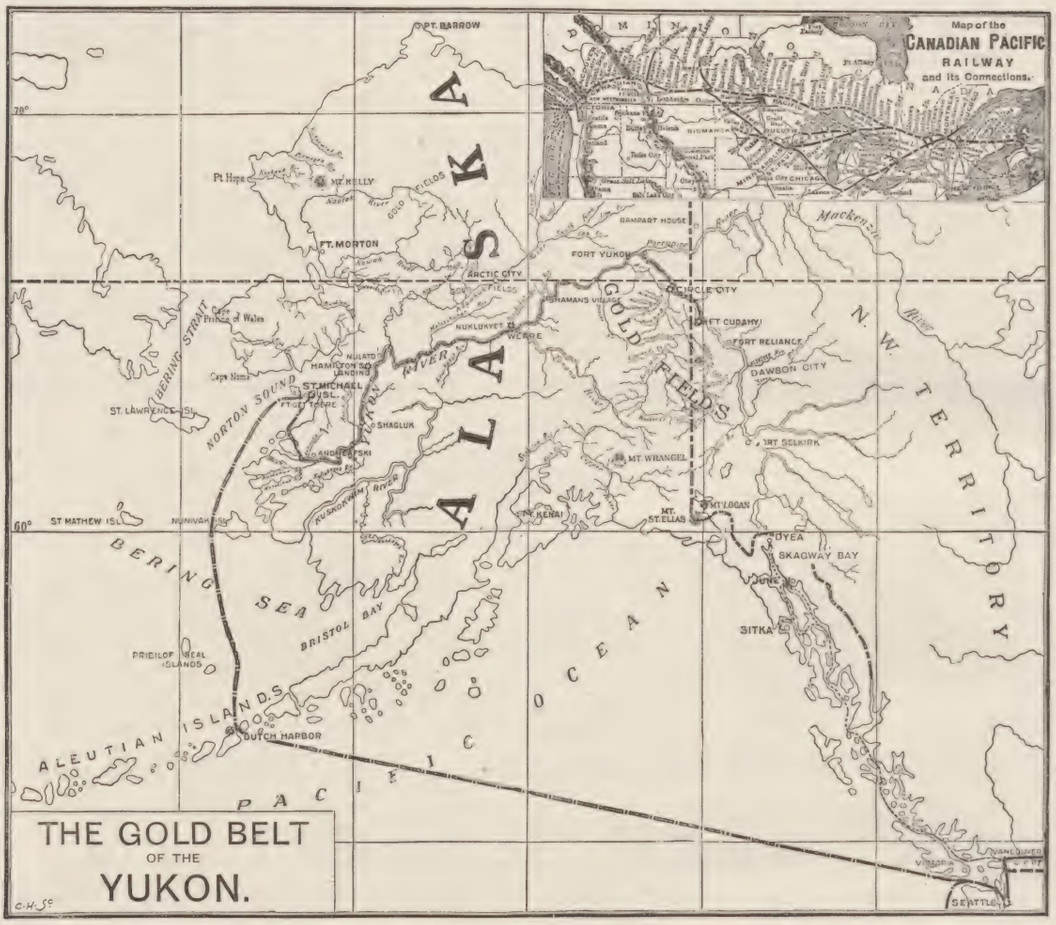
Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d., and 1s. 6d., can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores; or from

DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA (Ltd.), 60, 61, & 62, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, Ltd.

DIAMOND & OTHER GEM JEWELLERY. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE.

WATCH, CLOCK, & JEWELLERY MANUFACTURERS, 65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ROUTE TO THE KLONDYKE GOLD-FIELDS.

It will be seen by the above map that the Canadian Pacific Railway is the most direct route by which British emigrants may reach the borderland of the new El Dorado in Alaska. But it would be folly to start in winter. Persons going to the diggings should leave England next April, so as to reach Vancouver or Victoria in time to start for the North as soon as the routes and rivers are open. The journeys, though not exactly dangerous, are difficult and expensive, and no one should think of going there who is not strong and well supplied with money for the journey and for food. Nor should anyone go who has not some considerable experience in prospecting, and in roughing it in wild and unsettled countries. All others are strongly warned against going there. The most trustworthy information respecting the best routes may be obtained on application to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, London, or to the High Commissioner for Canada, 17, Victoria Street, London. Beware of Bogus Klondyke Companies!

One of the Boys at Klondyke.

A LETTER FROM DAWSON CITY.

BY L. GODFREY-TURNER.

DEAR OLD CHAP,—By this time you have probably heard
Of my luck in this beast of a hole;
But I'm not to be envied, I give you my word,
Notwithstanding the wealth I control.
"I *control*" it, I said! But I *don't*—that's the worst
Of the gold you pick up in this land.
It's your absolute master, old boy, from the first;
It's not yours, *you* are *its*, to command!

I've a ton of it here, and it's all of the best,
But I'm bound to it, Bob, hand and foot.
I'm its sentry, that's all; it allows me no rest;
And I stand just wherever I'm put.
It's as useless as mud as a means to supply
A poor chap with his food or his fun.
Why, I might as well try worldly comforts to buy
With the gold of the rays of the sun!

I'm a millionaire, Bob, and a vagabond too,
And as such I must clearly remain
Till the rigorous winter is properly through,
And the home-road is open again.
When at home I was not, as you very well know,
In the habit of sneering at wealth,
Or supporting the proverbs intended to show
That the principal matter is health;

I was never, I'm positive, heard to declare
That the rich sought for pleasure in vain—
That their gold was a curse, but a glittering snare,
Which could bring to them nothing but pain.

Photo by Hana, 443, Strand.

LONDON FACES JACK MISSED IN DAWSON CITY.

On the contrary, Bob, I'd a feeling, more like,
That I wanted their portion to hold.
But I tell you, old boy, since I came to Klondyke,
I am *sick* of the mention of gold!

It's a wonderful thing what your fancy will show
When you're smoking and thinking of home—
And especially, Bob, when you're wanting to go
To the place where it happens to roam!
I was sitting last night with my pipe in my teeth,
And the smoke to my eyes seemed to raise,
In a wandering cloud, or a buckled-up wreath,
Many pictures of previous days.

And the buckled-up wreath was the serpentine skirt
Of a dancer I'm doomed to admire;
And the cloud was the news of her being a flirt;
And the melting of both—my desire!
And the tight little curls that arose from the stem,
When I paused in my puffing to sigh—
Well, those tight little curls? Never mind what of them:
All that trouble, old boy, has gone by!

What on earth will old Benjamin Solomons say
When he learns of my buckets of gold?
He will come to Klondyke, I believe, right away,
To "dthear phoy" me again, as of old!
Poor old Benjamin, though! He was not a bad sort,
And I *wanted* the money, you know.
I shall pay him, as soon as I get into port,
Every shilling *he tells me* I owe.

When I think of those times, I say, "Jacky, look here!
It is jollier far, without doubt,
To be needy with plenty of gaiety near,
Than be rich with no pleasures about!"
But I'm coming to England, old chap, in the Spring—
I'm already beginning to pack!
Give my love to the boys—and the others! Ching-Ching!
Your affectionate millionaire—JACK.

"Never mind, baby! it will soon grow now."

"HARLENE"

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

THE FINEST DRESSING, SPECIALLY PREPARED & PERFUMED, FRAGRANT & REFRESHING. IS A LUXURY & A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

"HARLENE" PRODUCES LUXURIANT HAIR.

Prevents its Falling Off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.; also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

"HARLENE" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates Children's Hair. Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (triple **2s. 6d.** size) **4s. 6d.** per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 and 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Gold in Britain.

BY KATE BISHOP (KAY BEE).

—:o:—

'TWAS "To the West!" in bygone days, the golden and the free,
For Mammon trimmed his yellow lamp and held it o'er the sea.
And poets sang and sages spake of gold as free as air.
Of gold above, and gold below, and gold, gold, everywhere.
'Twas Mammon's short Millennium, man hastened far away
To search for hidden gold, unheeding gold that near him lay.
Now o'en our dull prosaic time is dreaming golden dreams,
Once more men go to search for that which all around us gleams.
A brighter and a purer gold than golden Klondyke yields,
Found in the noisy city haunts, the quiet country fields.
But "Klondyke" is the cry; "the gold we seek is far more rare.
'Tis gold that shuts the door of life on poverty and care.
'Tis gold that sends the old world round and makes it bend the knee;
And cry man's worth whate'er his birth, whatever his degree.
'Tis gold that wins a smile from earth when it by rights should frown,
And we shall find it in the earth by delving deep and down;
For man may rise by stooping—see that clod of dusky mould,
We probe beneath the coat of clay, and—yes, hurrah! *'tis* gold!"
Ay, gold that makes the world bow down; but what of gold that lies
About our common pathway, though oft hidden from our eyes?

For there is gold in Britain, though but seldom to its gleam
The world bends low, and yet it makes that world the nobler seem.
Which in Time's furnace brighter glows, a metal pure and true,
And here and there and everywhere it sparkles into view.
It may be on the battlefield—a hero sees his friend
'Mid savage foes, with death at hand, yet fighting to the end.
He gives his life to shield and save that comrade in his need—
Is not that metal true, ay, very British gold indeed?
The gold of sturdy Island pluck, unbending in a fight;
No treasure-trove of Klondyke yields a metal half so bright.
Again, a toiler, mean and poor, sees in the busy street
A little child in danger 'neath the horses' plunging feet.
Without a thought of self, to save the helpless one he flies,
And maybe mangled in his stead, the humble hero lies.
Ay, there is England's treasure-trove, the richest on the earth,
The priceless gold of sacrifice and simple honest worth.
'Tis all around us; through dark lives of trouble and of toil
The golden vein of promise runs enriching spirit soil.
Hope, courage, patience, honour, faith, strong to endure and save—
The only gold which e'er shall pass the portals of the grave.

Ay, gold at home and gold divine that takes its tint from love;
Gold which hath pow'r to lift a man his meaner self above.
Man may *not* rise by stooping; he must soar e'er he can mould
The crucible in which shall turn base metal into gold.
Love is the sweet ingredient, if it be true and pure,
By which all passing things are turned to that which shall endure.
Rare gold, in sooth; yet here and there its chastened gleam is found,
As runs a thread of golden ore ofttimes in darkest ground.
We see what we consider to be nought but common clay,
And passing onward, clutch the dross, and fling the gold away;
For 'neath its dark exterior, so rugged to the view,
May hide the wealth which nobly does what Mammon claims to do:
Turn clowns to nobles, make the world perforce admire and own
That true nobility from high heart-riches springs alone.
If we but place the clod within the beams of human love,
And view it in that light which inward worth alone can prove,
And plunge it deep in fountains which in ev'ry heart should play,
The springs divine of pity—lo! no more 'tis common clay.
For through the clogging mire of earth that still retains a hold
We catch the gleam of metal pure and cry, "Hurrah! *'tis* gold!"

A PICTURE GALLERY FOR ONE SHILLING!

14 Coloured Pictures and 9 Black and White.

PEARS' ANNUAL

CHRISTMAS, 1897, contains—

"MERMAIDS' MONEY,"

A Novel by R. E. FRANCILLON, with Nine Original Illustrations by LUCIUS ROSSI.

THE FIVE SENSES.
A Set of Five Full-Page Pictures in Colours. By A. W. HOLDEN.

"GOING NAP."
A Pair of Humorous Plates in Colours. By W. G. BAXTER.

A TALLY-HO! IDYLL.
A Set of Five Humorous Hunting Pictures in Colours. By HUGH THOMSON, R.I.

TWO LARGE OLEOGRAPHS.

Printed in Seventeen Colours. **"CHERRY RIPE" and "BUBBLES."** (Each measuring 28 in. by 19¼ in.)
BEING THE TWO MASTERPIECES OF THE LATE
Sir JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS *(President of the Royal Academy)*,
And forming **the most beautiful pair of pictures ever offered to the public,** and so exquisitely executed as to be scarcely distinguishable from the original Oil Paintings, having, since the Artist's death, a market value of much over **£10,000** the pair.

*** *As the whole Edition has always been sold either before or within a few days of Publication,* **early application is necessary** *in order to secure a copy of this really artistic and marvellous production.*

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
POSTAGE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, FOURPENCE.

Published by the Proprietors, Messrs. A. & F. PEARS, Ltd., 71-75, New Oxford Street, London, W.C., and by Messrs. GORDON & GOTCH, in Australia, and at the Cape.
SOLD BY BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSAGENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Neave's Food
For Infants, Invalids, Children and the Aged.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons, and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."
SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.

In 1lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins @ 1/-

The Dessert Crowns the Feast.

This is especially true when you have those delicious light dishes made with Corn Flour, which look so appetising on a supper-table. Prepared with milk and used hot, Corn Flour makes a delicious substitute for pie-crust as a covering for a stewed fruit pudding. Or, if you use it cold, it makes an exquisite blancmange to eat with any kind of stewed fruit. It also makes a great variety of delicious fruit-jellies, sponges, soufflés, and ice-creams. Of course the Corn Flour used must be good. The *best* is unquestionably Brown & Polson's, and this firm's patent brand is so much superior to ordinary corn flour in strength, purity, and flavour, that no good housewife will regret its slight extra cost. Write to Brown & Polson, 99, Queen Victoria St., London, for a list of excellent recipes for Christmas puddings and light dishes.

HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS

HINDE'S HAIR BIND.

Simply a hook and a band. Holds the hair firmly but without friction. **PRICE SIXPENCE EACH.** The ingenious invention of Mrs. Edith Mackay, it renders the process of tying up the hair so easy that it can be performed without assistance, even with one hand, and at the same time increases the security and obviates all risk of breaking the hair. But better than all it does away with that tedious untying at night, when the weary wearer is in no humour for dealing with troublesome knots.

THE HANDSOMEST HAIR

Is Ruined by the use of Curling Irons. Heat Bleaches the Colour, robs it of its Lustre, makes t Dry and Brittle, turns it Grey, and Destroys all natural tendency to Wavi-ness. **HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS** are used without Heat. They have No Sharp Edges to Cut and Spoil the Hair. They are Sold in Boxes at **6d.** and **1s.** in every Town and Village in the three Queendoms.

HINDES LIMITED, LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM.

A GREAT TRIUMPH.

Warner's Safe Cure the Standard Remedy

FOR

Kidney and Urinary Diseases.

Prescribed by Physicians of all Countries.

No other Proprietary Medicine has this

Distinguished PROOF of MERIT

Positively the only Remedy which cures

Bright's Disease.

Look to your Kidneys and Good Health will be Yours.

Send for directions and diet rules to H. H. Warner & Co., 86, Clerkenwell Rd. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle. Sold all over the world.

Estabd 1785 D'ALMAINE & Co

Pianos From 12 Guineas.

Organs From 5 Guineas.

ALL INSTRUMENTS WARRANTED FOR TEN YEARS. Packed free and carriage paid. **Cash refunded in full if not approved,** and full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for one of a higher class within three years. Easy terms arranged. **Lists post free.**

91, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

COUGHS,
COLDS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR; and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" of Sept. 28, 1895, says: "If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me as likely to be most generally useful, to the exclusion of all others, I should say, CHLORODYNE. I never travel without it, and its general applicability to the relief of a large number of simple ailments forms its best recommendation."

DIARRHŒA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA.

The GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, LONDON, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM. One dose generally sufficient.

Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "TWO DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME of DIARRHŒA."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in
NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a LIQUID MEDICINE, which ASSUAGES PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the NERVOUS SYSTEM when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of
EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.
The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe the Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, **1s. 1½d.**, **2s. 9d.**, and **4s. 6d.**

Sole Manufacturer:
J. T. DAVENPORT,
33, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W.C.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE OLD **FALSE TEETH**

WE BUY OLD or DISUSED **FALSE TEETH**

UTMOST VALUE SENT BY RETURN.
Or offers made and teeth held over until accepted.
(Estd. 1833.)

R. D. & J. B. FRASER,
PRINCES STREET, **IPSWICH,** ENGLAND.
Bankers' References: Messrs. Bacon & Co., Ipswich.

A Carol.

Christmas comes but once a year.
When it comes it brings good cheer.
So 't is said.

But they forget the question,
That wretched Indigestion
Cometh too:

Those dyspeptic pains you rue,
And you wonder what to do
To be free.

* * * * * * * *

If you really want advice,
It 'll cure you, and it 's nice—
Hovis Bread!

Hovis Bread is baked and sold daily by all leading Bakers in the British Isles. 6d. and 1s. Samples of Bread and Biscuits are sent, on receipt of stamps, by

S. FITTON and SON, Hovis Mills, MACCLESFIELD.

THEOBALD'S SPECIALTIES

DON'T GO TO KLONDYKE.

GOLD MINES WE ARE GOLD! GOLD!

AT HOME. GIVING AWAY GOLD! GOLD!

20,000 PRIZES.
OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS PARCELS

are now ready. To obtain New Customers this winter, to make ourselves talked about, we are giving away, free of all charge, to every person buying one of these Parcels, a SOVEREIGN, HALF-SOVEREIGN, SILVER WATCH, PURSE, or some other article. In each Parcel is a list of six questions to answer. The best prizes go to the persons who answer the most questions correctly, but everyone gets a prize, although they answer only one question. You stand as much chance of getting a sovereign as anyone else. Sixty years' reputation. Everything absolutely fair and above-board. Not more than one prize to each customer, but all your friends may join. The most extraordinary and most genuine prize-giving ever advertised. It costs you nothing, and you must win something.

Each Parcel contains the following: A Portfolio of Music, comprising sixty pages of all the most popular and best songs and pieces of the day, full music score in itself worth the money charged for the entire parcel; also a beautiful Leatherette Writing-case, fitted with various compartments; a strong Pocket-knife; a powerful Microscope, magnifying 10,000 times, mounted on ornamental stand with revolving pillars, with set of objects; the Performing Japanese Acrobat; the coloured historical Picture Puzzle of the STORMING OF DELHI and the Four Victoria Cross Heroes blowing up the Cashmere Gate; a coloured Scrapbook with scraps; pair of automatic Performing Mice; an Album containing twenty-four beautiful views of London; the Great RAILWAY RACE GAME with track and model locomotives; the race across the Atlantic with model boats; the enchanting Japanese Fish Game, set of magnetical fish and double-jointed rod; the Klondyke Goldfields—puzzle, find the gold; two Coloured Cartoons—the Society Belle in the Rational Costume and the Latest Thing in Lady Biking; the Headless Lady puzzle, with marvellous optical effect of moving; the Talking Funniphone; a Japanese Sunshade, a pretty Doll; a tiger's and lion's Theatrical Costume; Head-dress for Amateur Theatricals, also a pair of spectacles, moustachios, and false nose for ditto; a 32-page Illustrated Book on the Lives of the Royal House; a Pocket Handkerchief; "Stop, Thief!" new game—five model policemen chasing a thief, real movable metal figures; popular game of Map; a pair of Pictures in oil colours; six Christmas Cards; 12 coloured Flags; a Saloon Spring Pistol; and a handsome Medallion.

GREAT BANKRUPT SALE OF ORGANETTES.

Heavy Failure of American Manufacturer.

This astounding and marvellous assortment of Novelties packed and sent carriage free for 2s. 6d.; two Parcels, 4s. 6d., or three for 6s. The free gift costs you nothing; you may get a Purse, Sovereign, or another prize; something you must get. This is a nice little gold mine. Orders should be sent at once. 20,000 Parcels and 20,000 Prizes. This is a gigantic speculation on our part to gain new customers. We look to future orders to repay us for this great expense.

We have purchased the entire remaining stock of a large firm of manufacturers in the States who have failed. American Musical Instruments always rank high for quality. These Organettes are the popular upright shape in ebonised cases with gilt fancy designs, each fitted with a powerful set of metal reeds, loud enough for a picnic-party, sweet enough for a small room. They play the ordinary perforated sheets of music, which work on three automatic rollers by simply turning handle at side. Each Organette is packed in a box, and will be put free on rail. We have purchased the entire stock at a ridiculous price, so that we can send you one for the marvellous sum of 8s. 6d., or with bell accompaniment for 9s. 6d. Once the stock is cleared no more can be had under £2 2s. Immediate application should be made, as there are only 300 left to clear.

WINTER NOVELTIES.

VENTRILOQUISM, the secret explained, 112 pages, 1s. 2d. THE VENTRILOQUIAL TALKING HEADS, pairs of merriment, over twenty movements, 1s. 2d. Powerful POCKET CARTRIDGE PISTOL, 3s. 6d.; Cartridges, 2s. per 100. Powerful AIR-GUN, 7s. 6d. SELF-LIGHTING POCKET LAMPS, great novelty, 8d. ELECTRIC FUSEE CASES, 8d. Box of TEN CONJURING TRICKS, 1s. 3d. MODEL STEAM-WORKING COBBLER, 1s. 6d. STEAM-WORKING CRANE, 1s. 6d. MODEL REVERSING CRANE, 1s. 3d. AMERICAN REPEATING PISTOL, 1s. 3d. MAGIC LANTERN and EIGHTEEN COMIC FIGURES, 1s. 6d. ELECTRIC SHOCKING COIL, 1s. 3d.; Larger, 2s. 9d. ELECTRIC LAMP, 1s. 3d.
TWELVE ASSORTED GAMES, 1s. 3d.
RECORD KNIVES, Two Blades, Corkscrew, Glass-cutter, and Cigar-cutter, 8d.
MAGIC PURSE, No one can open but the Owner, 1s. 2d.
8s. 6d. BEST CYCLE LAMPS, 3s. 6d. each.
THOUSANDS OF OTHER NOVELTIES.

NEW CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE.
500 ILLUSTRATIONS,
Post free, 1d.

J. THEOBALD & CO., 19, Farringdon Road, LONDON, E.C.

BE SURE TO CUT

IT WILL

10,000 RUGS
GIVEN AWAY!

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER* CHRISTMAS NUMBER only. On receipt of Postal Order for 6s., or 74 stamps, we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our 10s. 6d. genuine SEAMLESS, WOVEN, REVERSIBLE CARPETS, suitable for Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Bed-Room, &c., handsomely bordered and woven in 30 different patterns and art colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sold as an advertisement for the goods of the British Carpet Weaving Company *Below the Actual Cost of Production*. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchasers all middle profits. Over 200,000 sold during the past twelve months.

GIVEN AWAY.—With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome RUG to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS and TWO RUGS for 10s. 6d.

MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials Received.

"50, Berkeley Square.
"The Countess of Selkirk would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet, similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."

"1, Tyme View Villas, St. Helens, Isle of Wight.
"Lady Ida Lowe begs to inform the British Carpet Co. that she is so much pleased with the two Carpets and two Rugs they sent her a week ago, that she begs them to send her, to the above address, two more similar Carpets and Rugs."

SPECIAL NOTE. This offer is made to the Readers of this Paper owing to premises being required by the London County Council for Street Improvements. All Goods must be cleared Regardless of Cost.

All orders despatched same day as received. Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "Union Bank," and made payable to J. HARGREAVES. (Estab. 1872.) Address—

GIGANTIC REMOVAL SALE
OF OUR WORLD-RENOWNED
BRUSSELETTE CARPETS.

ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

Seamless, Woven, and Reversible, Rich Turkey Patterns and Colourings, Superior Quality, with Handsome Border to Match, a Marvel of Excellence and Beauty.

SIZES AND PRICES.

No.	ft. in.		ft. in.	Sale Price. s. d.	Former Price. s. d.
1	2 0	by	6 0	5 6	9 0
2	2 0	"	7 6	7 0	11 9
3	2 0	"	9 0	8 6	13 6
4	10 6	"	7 6	8 9	13 9
5	10 6	"	9 0	10 0	15 6
6	12 0	"	9 0	11 6	18 0
7	10 6	"	10 6	12 0	18 6
8	12 0	"	10 6	13 6	20 6
9	15 0	"	9 0	14 3	22 6
10	15 6	"	10 6	15 3	24 0
11	12 0	"	12 0	15 3	24 0
12	13 6	"	12 0	17 0	27 0
13	15 0	"	12 0	19 0	32 0
14	18 0	"	12 0	22 9	36 0
15	21 0	"	12 0	26 0	42 0

These Carpets are splendid imitations of Real Brussels Carpets, the designs having been carefully copied from the originals, both as regards colourings and patterns, so that when in use it is almost impossible, except by close scrutiny, to detect the difference. All designs are registered, and deservedly considered Works of Art. We can confidently recommend them for use in the Dining and Drawing Rooms, or any rooms and landings where hard wear is a necessity.

We will supply any sized Carpet at 1s. 2d. per yard. Estimates given free on receipt of size.

GIVEN AWAY.

As an Advertisement for the introduction of these goods to all readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* Christmas Number, we have decided to give away to every purchaser a very handsomely woven Hearthrug, 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide, to match Carpets in Colours, &c.

Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials Received.

"9, Bedford Row, High Wycombe, Bucks.
"Dear Sir,—I have seen some of the Carpets and Rugs sent by your firm, and think they are really a marvel. Please forward goods as follows, &c.—Yours faithfully, "Rev. F. R. MAY."

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED.

THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO., 31, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by HENRY JAMES TAYLOR, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, aforesaid.

3 STOPS

DIRECT FROM THE PATENTEE AND SOLE MANUFACTURER TO CUSTOMER AT WHOLESALE PRICES

THE WONDERFUL ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE

SPECIAL OFFER—A FOUR GUINEA ORGANETTE FOR 35/-

3 STOPS

HAVING for many years manufactured and sold enormous quantities of Automatic Reed Organs, Organettes, &c., it has ever been our aim to produce at a Low Price an Organette capable of a **VARIETY OF TONES,** the Organettes heretofore placed before the Public having but a limited compass, and but one range of tone. Without increasing the price of the Orchestral Organette (our latest production) over other instruments in the market we have succeeded in producing

3 STOPS. Vox-Humana, Expression, and Flute.

Two complete Sets of Reeds.

By Royal Letters Patent.

Size, 14½in. long, 13½in. wide, 9½in. high, weighs 5lbs.

THE VERY ACME OF MUSICAL INVENTION, an instrument with as much variety of tone as an Organ costing £25. Every Orchestral Organette is supplied with

28 FULL SIZE AMERICAN ORGAN REEDS, the same size and quality as those used in a cabinet organ. The reeds are placed in a novel manner (patented) over a double suction bellows, and are controlled by

THREE STOPS as follows, viz.: Flute, Expression, and Vox Humana. The music is produced by perforated sheets, which pass around the Organette in endless bands, enabling a tune to be played over and over again without stopping, furnishing the

GRANDEST ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS. THE RANGE OF MUSIC AND TONE IS PRACTICALLY UNLIMITED. By the manipulation of the stops, a tone as soft and sweet as a zephyr, or a loud, long and swelling melody, and all manner of pleasing combinations may be produced at the will of the performer.

A MERE CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

COUPON. 141.
REGULAR PRICE, £4 4s.
REDUCED PRICE, £1 15s.
GOOD UNTIL JAN. 15, 1898
Signed J. M. DRAPER.

Any reader of this Paper who forwards this Coupon before the dates named herewith can receive **ONE** Orchestral Organette at reduced price of **35s.**

WE CAUTION YOU against the many worthless automatic instruments being sold under various names. We alone are also the

SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE

(ne plus ultra) and you must order direct to ensure getting the genuine thing. Remember the Orchestral Organette is **NOT A TOY** but a **LARGE** and **POWERFUL INSTRUMENT,** built exactly on the principle of **CHURCH ORGANS;** they are made in the most substantial manner, highly polished and decorated in gold. They positively improve with age, producing richer and sweeter tones after having been used a few years. For **HOME ENTERTAINMENTS THEY ARE UNSURPASSED.** Bear in mind that each instrument has **FOURTEEN MORE REEDS** than any other Organette in the world, and they are **ORGAN REEDS,** and the special feature is **THREE STOPS,** a characteristic of no instrument except a costly organ. We **REFUND THE MONEY AND PAY CARRIAGE** to anyone not entirely satisfied after receiving it. Any tune can be played with artistic effect by anyone, young or old. You can play **DANCE, SACRED, OR SENTIMENTAL MUSIC** with as much effect as that produced by a **FIRST-CLASS FOUR-PIECE ORCHESTRA.**—Our regular price is £4 4s.; but as we have found a well-pleased customer our best advertising medium, we have decided to sell a limited number, as an introduction to the readers of this Paper, at **£1 15s.,** provided the order is received not later than the date printed in the coupon immediately beneath the illustration of the Organette. We will give a selection of **MUSIC FREE** with each instrument. Send money and coupon by Registered Letter, Crossed Cheque, or Money Order to **J. M. DRAPER, BLACKBURN.** For 2s. extra, the Organette will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom carriage paid. List of Tunes and Testimonials sent anywhere free. Visitors can inspect the factory daily, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturdays close at noon.

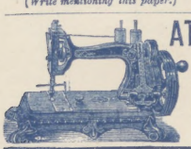
N.B.—ABOVE TIME EXTENDED TO FOREIGN CUSTOMERS. *Address:*

J. M. DRAPER, Organette Works, BLACKBURN. LARGEST ORGANETTE WORKS IN THE WORLD.

EASY PAYMENTS.

Owing to many enquiries asking us to put the Orchestral out on easy payment system, we have decided to sell **A LIMITED NUMBER** on following easy payments—10s deposit and 5s. monthly. Price 40s. FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

(*Write mentioning this paper.*) **J. M. DRAPER, ORGANETTE WORKS, BLACKBURN.**



ATLAS' LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE

Equal in size and quality to any Machine. The best and cheapest for every use. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee. To ensure satisfaction we will send Machine on receipt of 5s. P.O for **One Month's Trial,** and if desired balance can be paid 5s. Monthly.

39/-

Call or write for Designs and Samples of Work.

THE 'ATLAS' MACHINE COMPANY,
182, HIGH STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON;
63, Seven Sisters Road, N; and 14, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.

DON'T COUGH

USE

KEATING'S LOZENGES.

"94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using "Keating's Lozenges" is understated. Since the operation, a specially severe one, performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Sept. 8, 1891, Mr. Hill writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your Lozenges—*they are worth their weight in gold.* I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are."

Sold Everywhere in Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.

THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, THROAT TROUBLES.

50,000 WATCHES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

2/6 each! EGYPTIAN GOLD CHAINS! **2/6 each!**

In order to introduce our **Egyptian Gold Jewellery** to the notice of the Readers of this Journal, we intend **Presenting a Watch,** as shown in engraving, to every Purchaser of one of our **Gold Chains,** which for wear and appearance equals one costing £10. We are daily receiving hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Intending Purchasers should **Send at Once** in order to secure this wonderful **Gift.** Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of **Postal Order or Stamps for 2s. 9d.;** Two, post free, 5s. 3d.; **Locket or Seal Charm, 1s. extra.**

The great success which has attended the sale of our **Egyptian Gold Albert**s has induced others to come forward and offer an inferior article at lower price. Do not be misled by misrepresentations; as a proof of the satisfaction given by us we print a few of the many testimonials received by us daily. Before you buy of us read what our customers say.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

"Hooks Place, Playden, Sussex, Jan 2, 1895.—Dear Sirs,—Thank you so much for sending the Watch, which I received quite safe, and am greatly pleased with it; it is such a little beauty. I did not expect such a good one for that money. Have shown it to several of my friends, and they like it very much indeed. Greatly obliged to you.—Believe me, yours truly, A. WILLIAMS."

"London, N., May 9, 1895.—Dear Sir,—I received my parcel this morning, with which I could not tell you how pleased I was—to say the least, I was immensely pleased. I have already sold the Gent's Albert for 5s., and have got the money. Please add this to your testimonials, as I am so satisfied with them. I remain, yours truly, R. H. C. WOODS."

"8, Claremont Bank, Shrewsbury, Sept. 9, 1895.—Dear Sir,—I think you deserve praise for the workmanship of goods received by me on the 7th. I am very much pleased with the bargain.—Yours truly, ISA THOMAS."

"Oakwood House, Chichester, April 28.—Sir,—Received Watch and Chain; best ever saw for the money; very pleased with it.—Yours truly, F. C. C."

"1, Mentone Avenue, Portobello.—Gentlemen,—I received Watch, Chain, and Ring all safe yesterday, also your catalogue, which I will look over. We are highly pleased with them; they are wonderful at the money. I will do my best to further your interests.—I am, Yours truly, D. B. JAMIE."

"The Plagdell, Warbleton, Sussex. Feb. 21.—Dear Sir,—After purchasing one of your 2s. 9d. Watch Chains, with Seal 3s. 9d., and to see the remarkable value of the articles, I think you deserve some praise for your work. I have had many people look at that Chain and have not detected it yet. I shall do all I can for you in making a sale. If this is any use to you for print you are at liberty to make use of it.—Yours respectfully, WALTER SCOTT."

EGYPTIAN GOLD AND CARBON DIAMONDS.

The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.

Wedding Ring.
Equals 22-ct., and is stamped: has as good an appearance; answers same purpose; will stand all waters.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Engraved Keeper.
Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 30s.; detection defied. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Ladies' 5-Stone Half-Hoop Dress Ring.
Very handsome (our specialité); mixed stones; wear guaranteed; equal to one costing £5.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Five-Stone Engagement Ring.
White or Mixed Stones.
Very handsome.
Post-free, 2s. 6d.

Gent's Single-Stone Lustrous Brilliant Claw Ring.
Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Pearl Dress Ring.
Very neat and handsome, having Five Pearls, undetectable from the real stones. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Double-Headed Snake Ring.
Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
Post-free, 4s. 6d.

The Beatrice.
Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones, Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. Style, quality, and economy combined. Post-free, 2s. 6d.

Ladies' Gipsy Brilliant Ring.
A Perfect Gem.
A Pretty Present.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

LATEST NOVELTY. THE BICYCLE BROOCH.
1s. each; post-free, 1s. 2d.

Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant.
Can be worn without fear of detection.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.

Gent's Massive Blood-Stone Signet Ring.
Really Marvellous Value. Selling in Thousands.
Post-free, 2s. 9d.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES. HUNDREDS RECEIVED DAILY.

"53, Treciyn, Newbridge, near Newport, Mon., Jan. 7, 1895.—Gentlemen,—Your parcel duly received, for which accept my best thanks, as it gives the person for whom I wrote the highest satisfaction. I think it is a marvel of cheapness, and will do my utmost to recommend it to others, and am extremely obliged for your catalogue. Will show it to as many of my friends as possible.—Remaining, yours faithfully, S. HUGHES."

FOR SIZE OF FINGER CUT HOLE IN CARD.

SEND FOR OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED AND ENLARGED CATALOGUE OF REAL AND IMITATION GOLD JEWELLERY FOR 1897. NOW READY. POST FREE.

NOTICE.—Postal Orders preferred. Orders from abroad must be accompanied with 1s. extra for Postage. Foreign Stamps not accepted.

Only Address— **P. GRAHAM and CO., 277, STRAND, LONDON.** (Near New Law Courts.)

SUNLIGHT SOAP